

of the St. Vincent current money, and comparing them with our English coin. Of a verity they have most original names for their pieces, such as are seen below, with their proportionate value to each other.

1	Dog.								
1½	1	Stampee.							
5	3¼	1	Five Dog piece.						
10	6½	2	1	Ten Dog piece.					
20	13	4	2	1	Quarter Dollar.				
40	26	8	4	2	1	Half Dollar.			
80	52	16	8	4	2	1	Dollar.		
640	416	128	64	32	16	8	1	Joe.	
1280	832	256	128	64	32	16	2	1	Doubloon.

One Bitt is equal to four Stampees or six Dogs.

13 Bitts and 2 dogs make 1 dollar.

6 Ditto and 4 ditto — ½ a dollar.

3 Ditto and 2 ditto — ¼ of a dollar.

Besides these there are coins in circulation, called Cut money.

	Span.	Dol.	Bitts.	Dogs.
1 Cut Joe equal to	6	8	0	
1 Cut Dollar —	0	11	0	
1 Cut Half Dollar —	0	5	3	
1 Cut Quarter Dollar —	0	2	4	

A Table, showing the Value of each of the above Coins in the Currency of St. Vincent, and British Army Sterling.

Coins.	Currency.			Sterling.		
	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
1 Doubloon	8	0	0	3	9	4
1 Joe.....	4	0	0	1	14	8
1 Cut Joe	3	6	1¾	1	8	8

<i>Coins.</i>	<i>Currency.</i>			<i>Sterling.</i>		
	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
1 Dollar	0	10	0	0	4	4
1 Cut Dollar.....	0	9	$1\frac{3}{13}$	0	3	8
$\frac{1}{2}$ a S. Dollar	0	5	0	0	2	2
$\frac{1}{4}$ S. Dollar	0	2	6	0	1	1
1 Ten Dog piece.....	0	1	3	0	0	$6\frac{1}{2}$
1 Bitt	0	0	$9\frac{3}{13}$	0	0	4
1 Five Dog piece	0	0	$7\frac{1}{2}$	0	0	$3\frac{1}{4}$
$\frac{1}{2}$ a Bitt.....	0	0	$4\frac{3}{4}$	0	0	2
1 Stampee.....	0	0	$2\frac{1}{4}$	0	0	1
1 Dog	0	0	$1\frac{1}{2}$	0	0	$0\frac{1}{2}\frac{1}{3}$

To bring St. Vincent currency to sterling, take one-third and one-tenth of the given sum, add them together, and the amount will be the sterling required.

To reduce currency to sterling bring the given sum into pence, multiply it by thirty, and divide by thirteen.

So, reader, if thou shouldst ever go to St. Vincent the above rules will save thee a few doubloons, with which thou mayst buy champagne and madeira, and entertain thy friends after the fashion of a prince: then I pray thee, in very meekness and humility of spirit, to remember, not the "fifth of November," or "Guy Fawkes," or "Gunpowder treason and plot," but that very rainy and disagreeable morning in the month of May, A. D. 1827, when thy poor book-maker did worry his patience and his brain in the plan and execution of the aforesaid calculations.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CHARAIB WAR.

“ This Island was troubled during a long period with all the horrors of a civil war.”

I DARE say that my readers are beginning to discover that I love variety,—that I am fond of novelty and change; that my chapters are short; and that one or two, which treat on sugar and molasses, are “ short and sweet ;” moreover, that I cannot bear to dwell for any length of time on one and the same subject. Men, if they can help it, seldom do that which is contrary to their inclinations: now it is quite contrary to *my inclinations* to continue a long and prosy description of the Island of St. Vincent, talking about its mountains, and its valleys, and its streets, and its garden, and its ugly church, and every thing else that is ugly or beautiful therein contained; therefore, as there are many amusing and interesting circumstances connected with the island, that border less on the descriptive, I shall drop for a time the aforementioned subjects, and commence a narrative of the insurrection that took place in the year 1795.—I say commence, for I do not promise to continue my narrative beyond a cer-

tain length; and though the reader shall have the whole account before the conclusion of the Memoirs, yet it will be only in fragments scattered here and there; for when I am tired of the insurrection, I shall fly to the Governor's balls; and from the Governor's balls, to the Soufrière; and from the Soufrière to Kingstown; and when I am tired of Kingstown, I will fly back again to the insurrection.

All the insurrections that have occurred in the West Indies have been attended with melancholy and interesting occurrences; but the public are little acquainted with the horrors and atrocities that marked the progress of the rebels in these revolts; of which the most important was what is called the Charaib war, and commenced in the Island of St. Vincent in the month of March, 1795.

On the 5th of this month, an alarm was fired in the island, by order of the Governor, and the forces of the militia were placed under arms. This motion of his Excellency's, seconded by the advice of the privy council, was only by way of precaution, in consequence of intelligence having arrived from the Island of Grenada, stating that an insurrection had been commenced by the slaves and free colored inhabitants in the town and neighbourhood of Gouyave.

An insurrection seldom breaks out in a single Island; and the inhabitants of one colony have always reason to be on their guard when they hear of a revolt in another. Correspondence is generally carried on between the leaders of the rebellions in the several colonies: for when the slaves in two

or three contiguous islands are prepared to rise, policy demands that their operations should commence at the same time, in order to prevent the possibility of one rendering assistance to the other.

The immediate employment and distribution of the militia force in the Island of St. Vincent was, therefore, a prudent precaution on the part of Government. One half of this force was divided into small detachments and distributed throughout the Island to guard the various estates. As the Chatteubelair and Charlotte parishes formed the north-east and north-west limits of the British territory in the colony, one company was stationed in each of these places, and the remainder were ordered to occupy and defend the fort at Berkshire Hill, which the inhabitants were endeavouring to render stronger and more tenable, by carrying up ammunition for the fort, and stores and provisions for the forces.

On the following day, suspicions were greatly strengthened by the information of a person from Calliaqua, who stated that a Charaib, residing in the vicinity of his property, had visited him with a friendly warning of danger, and besought him to leave the colony "tout de suite;" giving as a reason, that the Charaibs had determined on a general massacre of all the white inhabitants in the island which would commence in less than three days.

On receiving this information, messengers were dispatched by his Excellency to summon the two Charaib chiefs, Chatouay and Du Valle, to Kingstown, while one of the aides-de-camp went to confer with

the Charaibs residing in the quarter of Massarica on the subject of the insurrection suspected ; and by them to forward a summons to the chiefs at Grand Sable, desiring their presence in town at the convening of the council, which was to take place on the following Tuesday.

These precautions, prudent as they were, were not likely to lead a people so crafty as the Charaibs to betray their plans and intentions, and their secret was not to be wrested by these summary proceedings ; their conduct was wily and discreet, and such as would tend to set suspicion on the wrong scent. They gave the aid-de-camp a cordial reception ; and when the subject was opened upon, they displayed the greatest surprise that the slightest suspicion should have been directed against them.

Bad men, in the execution of bad purposes, generally produce most plausible arguments in their favour ; but the more politic sinner resorts to a " ruse de guerre," and urges the strongest and most forcible reasons for not doing what he is about to do, in order that no suspicion may be thrown upon his undertaking. The wily character of the Charaibs was well marked by their reasonable and energetic appeals to the very ties of gratitude and friendship, which they were about to violate and abuse.

" Why," said they, " should we be suspected?—
" we whom ye have restored to our privileges ; for-
" given for our past revolts, and treated in the most
" lenient and benevolent manner ? You have pro-
" tected us from our foes in another quarter of the

“ island ; you have given us habitations on your
“ estates, and land for our nourishment. If we rebel,
“ what are we to gain ?—If we rebel and fail, what
“ shall we not lose ? We will not answer for the Cha-
“ raibs in Grand Sable, they are our enemies ; they
“ may be plotting a revolt ; but we are ignorant of
“ their designs. If they make war, we will not be so
“ foolish : on the contrary, we request the protection
“ of the English for ourselves and our families !
“ We are poor and defenceless ; we owe all we have
“ to the English : why should we revolt ?”

These Charaibs who thus assured the English of their quiet and peaceable intentions, had been residing on the estates and properties in that quarter, during the last nine or ten years, and had derived their support chiefly from the more wealthy inhabitants of that part of the island. They, therefore, deserved less mercy for their treachery, in first expressing their obligations and gratitude, and a few days after making a violent and furious attack, in conjunction with the other rebels, on the same properties.

On the Sunday before hostilities commenced, a measure was taken by the Charaibs of Rebacca and Grand Sable, which I suppose was intended to avert suspicion. A party of men and women came to Kingstown, bringing with them a quantity of fruit and vegetables, which they disposed of in the market-place, and, with every sign of peace, returned unmolested to their own abodes. On the same evening, however, intelligence arrived, stating that the Charaibs and French inhabitants of Mariaqua had

taken arms, and made an attack on the estates in the vicinity, Captain Seton, with a detachment of militia and volunteers, and Major H. Sharp, with a party of armed negroes, proceeded to attack them; they made but little resistance, and escaped with the loss of eighteen prisoners and a few fire arms, that were found in their dwelling houses.

The majority of the Charaibs professed to lament this occurrence, and continued to maintain the peace and friendliness of their designs: nevertheless, the next day the inhabitants of Kingstown received information that the whole body intended to unite to make an attack on the windward side of the colony. In consequence of this, Lieutenant Macdowall, with about thirty-four militia and volunteers, proceeded on horseback to the assistance of Captain J. Morgan, who had the charge of that district, whence they started in a body, to demand the motives of the Charaibs before they should commence their assault. The Charaibs, however, had already begun their ravages; and the troop did not advance far before they observed the residence and estate of Mr. Gilchrist in flames: and their further approach was rendered not a little unpleasant by the irregular firing of the Charaibs from the cane fields, where they had assembled in considerable numbers.

It is always bad policy to attack a superior force, unless the said force is in a very disadvantageous position. Now this was not the case with the Charaibs. They were posted on an eminence. The little troop were advancing in a valley, and were

entirely exposed to their shot; therefore the little troop thought it better to advance no longer, and accordingly they retreated. On joining the detachment under Captain Morgan, they discovered that his position would be untenable, if attacked, from the want of water and provisions; and, as they had no idea of fasting, and fighting to boot, they preferred decamping; and, accompanied by the Captain and his force, they returned to Kingstown; knowing that, if they remained, they would have no chance against the whole collected force of the rebels which was fast approaching.

A party of Charaibs, stationed on the roof of a house, commenced waving their hats to the detachment when it had advanced towards the town as far as Massarica river; on its nearer approach, however, the Charaibs fired; so they gave it the salute courteous and the salute direct. The troops looked around them, and were immediately fired at by some rebels on the opposite side. They were next assailed by a volley from behind; so it was considerably worse than being between Scylla and Charybdis.

The Charaibs, the moment they had fired, always concealed themselves among the canes, so that the troops had no chance of hitting again; they therefore determined to "shoot and run;" and, accordingly, they discharged their weapons; and, putting their steeds into a brisk gallop, were not long ere they arrived in Kingstown. Their original number of sixty was, however, reduced to forty-four, the remaining sixteen having been either killed or wounded

by the Charaibs. These savage barbarians showed no quarter to the wounded who fell into their hands: they usually severed their heads from their bodies, which they mangled in a most cruel and atrocious manner.

On that day the rebels did not advance beyond Jambour river, where they halted until Wednesday; then, however, they proceeded on their march to Kingstown; ravaging, plundering, and burning the cane fields and houses of all the estates on their way, and murdering the cattle and negroes.

These transactions were the commencement of the insurrection in the windward part of the colony. But, reader, before I continue my narrative, I have many other things to think of, many other duties to perform: the first and most important of these is to repair to my dinner, which hath been already five minutes on the table; the next is to tell thee something of the aforementioned ball, given at Government House; and the third is, at present, enveloped in an uncertainty, which the future alone can clear. Suffice it to know, that my history of the Charaib war shall certainly be resumed as soon as I have the opportunity and the inclination to resume it.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE BALL AND SUPPER.

“ Merrily, merrily they did dance,
 “ And after the dance they supped.”

Old Ballad.

READER, the turtle was exquisite, the punch delicious, the champagne divine, and the madeira at the “ summum bonum ” of cool and pleasant excellence ; so that my dinner hath revived my poor body, and enlivened my drooping spirits ; and now I will sit down with all the good nature imaginable, to give thee my long promised description of the ball at Government House.

Perhaps, because I have delayed the said tale, you may think it was an occurrence of no immediate importance ; but if so, you are mistaken.

The entertainment was given in celebration of an eventful period in the colony ; and was, at the same time, a token of welcome and farewell. Transports had arrived with a fresh regiment of troops from Demerara and Berbice ; and the same vessels were destined to bear away with them the old corps, just as the officers were entering into society, and had made acquaintance with the town’s-people.

Perhaps it is one reason why the inhabitants of St. Vincent do not pay more attention to the military, that they are generally sent home, or to another station, as soon as their acquaintance is well formed, and any degree of intimacy and good fellowship commences between them. Be this as it may, it is at least a well known fact, that, on the arrival of a new corps, they always allow the officers and their ladies two good months to get settled in their quarters, before they trouble them with a visit, and sometimes they forget them altogether.

But I am now digressing from my tale of the ball, which was given to celebrate the arrival of the new regiment, and, also, as a farewell entertainment to the officers of the old.

There were more ladies at that assembly than I had ever seen before, or have ever seen since at any party in St. Vincent. The red coats were also pretty numerous, and the gentlemen of the colony were not backward in their attendance.

Of all things in the world, I so love to see a group of Creole ladies mingling in the sprightly dance; then it is that their spirits appear light and joyous, their hearts merry and glad, their conversation lively and interesting. From the ball room lassitude is expelled, and "ennui" dares not intrude itself into the fairy circle of so many charms and graces. If you pay a morning visit to a fair West Indian, you may find her reclining upon a sofa, indulging in that luxury of ease which the intolerable heat of a tropic climate appears to encourage and require. She may

seem lovely and beautiful, but she will still be languid and oppressed: follow her to the ball room, “elle a changé tout cela;” the countenance which, in the morning, looked lovely in its languor, in the evening looks more than lovely in its smiles. She is lively and animated—and hour passes upon hour, and quadrille follows quadrille, and the morning dawns, and the dance continues unabated, and the fair Creole is neither tired nor fatigued.

Perhaps some of the most beautiful girls in the West Indies were of his Excellency’s party: those, however, who appeared to bear the belle, had but lately arrived from England, and were, I must confess, of surpassing loveliness. The dazzling whiteness of the Creole lily was delicately mingled with the redder tinge of the English rose; and in their manners were united the soft and amiable mildness of Creole conversation with the sparkling and animated sallies of English wit. I will confess, however, that the rose disappears, and the animation is dispelled by a long residence in the climate.

The young officers of the new corps were, doubtless, charmed with the scene; they at least entered into it with spirit; and their sweet partners in the merry dance appeared as much delighted with them as sweet partners usually are with the officers of his majesty’s army. Nevertheless, I observed that the ensigns and lieutenants of the old corps, also one or two of the gallant captains, would now and then heave a sigh of regret; but whether it arose from their departure from the green hills and valleys of

the fair island of St. Vincent, or from their reluctance to leave some of the lovely inhabitants of the said green hills and valleys, I wis not.

The party had just finished the Spanish dance when the bands, for there were three present, played a march, in the midst of which supper was announced, and the gentlemen immediately handed their partners to the table.

Supper—loving reader, hast thou not discovered that I am the greatest gourmand under the face of Heaven? that I am a tolerable bacchanalian, and an intolerable epicurean; that I am fond of Tacitus and turtle, of French and fricassee, of Latin and lobster sauce? These very desirable qualities in an author, whose duty it is to mention the various names of the various niceties that grace the various tables of the various governors he may visit, will enable me to give thee a very perfect and delicate description of an equally perfect and delicate “petit souper.”

First, then, in the midst of a very long table, around which sat, “in closest order ranged,” a numerous family of our primeval mother Eve, stood a cake of huge foundation work, but which became, like the waists of some of our most fashionable modern “debutantes,”

“Small by degrees, and beautifully less:”

that is to say, it rose to a majestic height, tapering off, like the London monument, to a majestic point, in which was planted the flag yclept Union Jack. A lace petticoat was, moreover, the decoration that

ornamented its base ; and the sugar that covered, and the figures that adorned it reminded me of Twelfth Night, and Laura, and old England, and sundry other events, that tended not to make me merry. As there were many other cakes of minor size and importance on the table, it may not be improper to state that the large one I have just described stood

“ Like a mighty giant in the midst of dwarfs;”

and being first cut and dissected by a gentleman whose christian name was John, caused a would-be wit to remark, that we had Jack the giant killer at the supper table.

Independant of the cakes, there was a luxuriant display of every thing that could tempt the palate : fruit to the heart's content, fowls, hams, Guinea birds, turkies, pastry, tarts, jellies, &c., all of which the indefatigable guests demolished in a greater or less degree, according to their appetites.

“ Allow me, madam,” said a gentleman, who had a better opinion than other people of his own wit, to a silent lady opposite, “ to send you a little *tongue*.”

“ No, I am obliged to you ;” replied the fair Creole, who had a sheep's head before her, “ but I shall have much pleasure in helping you to a little *brains* :” alluding to his deficiency in that very essential part of a man's caput.

“ Miss C——” said our exquisite, whom I had forgotten to mention as being of the party, “ with your permission I'll *flirt* with a jelly.”

Miss C—— gave her permission, and the exquisite commenced his flirtation.

The same petit-maître once asked, when paying a morning visit, if he should *agitate the bell*.

“If you please sir,” said a gruff old gentleman present, who had a great aversion to the dandy, “and tell the servant to bring me my repository of “titillating dust*,” an expression which he quoted from Joe Miller, in ridicule of our astonished exquisite.

But to return to the supper.—As the wines, which were of the first quality, began to exhilarate the guests, the gentlemen made many speeches, and gave many toasts. The healths of the King, the army, and navy, his Excellency the Governor, the Island of St. Vincent, and many others were drank in three times three. Colonel — rose, and, in a very appropriate speech, proposed the health of Lady Brisbane in a bumper. The toast passed with applause, for Lady Brisbane is greatly and deservedly esteemed in the colony. She has always well and ably filled her high situation, behaving to all around her with mild, yet dignified condescension; while the kindness of her disposition, the propriety of her conduct, and the goodness of her heart have gained from every one the love and esteem which her many virtues and noble qualities so highly merit.

The “ladies of St. Vincent,” a toast given by his Excellency, was also enthusiastically received; and, indeed, it would have been morally impossible to gaze on the galaxy of loveliness before us without wishing health, happiness, and prosperity to the

* A genteel term for a snuffbox.

fairy beings who composed it, for at that period the female society of St. Vincent was in the pride of its splendor, and beauty did not object to share its reign with innocence and virtue.

A few songs succeeded his Excellency's toast; after which the party again resumed their dancing, and the morning gun had fired before the conclusion of the entertainment.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MOUNT SOUFFRIERE.

“ But we stood on the summit ;—all feelings were crown'd,
 Or in awe all absorbed, at the fiery profound ;
 The crater upflinging wild volumes of cloud,
 That rose from its depths like old Titian's shroud ;
 Then, caught by the tempest, rolled grandly away.
 I forgot, for the first time, to long for the day.”

Letter of Lady Seraphina to the Court Journal.

THE period allotted for the stay of the government transports at St. Vincent was limited to one week ; which was thought time sufficient for the disembarkation of the new regiment, and for the embarkation of the old.

Procrastination is one of the great failings of human nature. There were many officers of the —— regiment who had not yet seen the celebrated volcano of St. Vincent, although they had been stationed in the island more than three years. To have left without seeing it would have been always a source of regret ; therefore, Lieutenants L—— and S——, with Ensign A——, determined on devoting three of the six days that remained to them to that purpose ; and, as I thought it a good opportunity, I resolved to accompany them.

Accordingly, on retiring from his Excellency's ball, instead of going to bed, to sleep off the fatigue of dancing, we all mounted our horses, and set off for the Souffrière mountain.

I have before mentioned the mighty and majestic chain of mountains that are seen towering towards the skies, and enveloped in clouds, which are prominent features in the Island of St. Vincent, and render its scenery so romantic and sublime.

The Souffrière, which is one of the loftiest of these island giants, is situated on the leeward side of the island, and lies more to the north than all the rest.

I will pass over our ride, and omit to recount the hospitality of the proprietors of the several estates that lay in our way; neither will I stay to number the many glasses of potent sangaree which contributed to keep up our spirits on the road. Suffice it to say, that we arrived in safety at the base of the mighty mountain; and, after riding part of the way up, were obliged to dismount, and pursue the rest of our journey on foot.

When we arrived near the volcano, the scene that presented itself by no means disappointed our expectations. I guessed it, as the American said, to be some eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, although the summit of the mountain extends, perhaps, nearly one third higher.

On the southern side of the mountain there is an extensive basin, four hundred and fifty feet deep, nearly round, and about four furlongs in width, in the midst of which, to the height of two hundred

and eighty feet, once rose a little mountain in miniature, if I may so call it, which was full of rocky fissures, and covered, in many places, with evergreens and shrubs. The huge crater has long since been in a peaceful state; and a canoe is now floating on its surface, in which the more curious visitors were sometimes wont to row round it for the purpose of sounding its depth. The mountain itself is again covered with trees; and the green verdure has, in many places, concealed the ravages made by its eruptions. As the fame of the Souffrière has spread far and wide, there are few persons who come to the colony, and make any stay, without visiting it. And amongst the residents there are many ladies whom curiosity has attracted to the spot, and who have surmounted all the obstacles of the ascent in their anxiety to view the present state of a volcano, which burst with an explosion of which the awful and fatal consequences will ever be remembered with terror and regret.

The last and most terrific of its eruptions was on the night of Thursday, the 30th of April, 1812, and a brief account of so memorable an event may not be unacceptable to my readers.

Ever since noon on the preceding Monday strong symptoms had been observed of the approaching crisis; and, even before that period, numerous earthquakes had prepared the inhabitants of St. Vincent to expect some extraordinary event.

On that day, however, a violent concussion of the earth, and unusual sounds and noises in the air, in

the vicinity of the mountain, were succeeded by the appearance of huge columns of smoke rising from the volcano, and by the falling of sundry showers of light pebbles, stones, sand, and ashes, on the lands around.

On Tuesday and Wednesday the fall of stones and ashes increased greatly, and the immense quantity of sand and favilla thrown up from the mountain spread all around, and was carried by the wind to a great distance across the island, obscuring the air, and destroying the vegetation and verdure of the surrounding plantations.

On Thursday the horrible and terrific appearance of the mountain, and the alarming progress and magnitude of the falling showers, while it plainly evinced that the event was near its crisis, and that an explosion would shortly take place, spread terror and consternation into the minds of all classes of inhabitants. The Charaibs in its vicinity immediately deserted their dwellings, and flocked to Kingstown; the estate negroes fled from their work, and concealed themselves, in alarm, wherever they could find a refuge from the masses of favilla that continued falling in every direction. Yet all this was only a prelude to the grand event that was about to follow.

The glorious sun was buried in its western bed; the dusk of evening had approached, and at any other time, the negroes would have been retiring from their work, and the inhabitants of Kingstown taking their rides or promenades, and enjoying the

cool air of the evening zephyrs ! but now every one sought shelter from the burning showers, and no one dared to venture out of his abode.

Between the hours of six and seven in the evening, the crater was observed to emit huge pyramids of smoke and flame, and shortly after the boiling lava burst in a torrent from its mouth, and having once found vent, continued overflowing, and covering in its progress all the country around, bearing down all obstructions, and unimpeded even by the lofty hills. The mass of burning sand and ashes that had fallen at times during the last three days, had dried and withered all the foliage about the mountain, so that when the fiery globes of flame burst from the crater, it communicated to the trees and shrubs, and consumed them with destructive rapidity.

It was a truly terrifying and overwhelming scene : the majestic Souffrière, in that awful moment, would not have been unworthy of Virgil's description of Etna :

“ By turns a pitchy cloud she rolls on high ;
“ By turns hot embers from her entrails fly,
“ And flakes of mountain flames that lick the sky !
“ Oft from her bowels massy rocks are thrown,
“ And shivered by the force come piecemeal down ;
“ Oft liquid lakes of burning sulphur flow,
“ Fed from the fiery springs that boil below.”

Dryden's Virgil.

The huge mountain shook from its foundation : and the protracted trembling of the earth was terrific in the extreme. It was, indeed, a dreadful night !

and while the crater continued to emit smoke and flame, and lava and burning ashes from its bowels, the mighty elements afforded their assistance to render the scene more awfully and majestically grand.

The deep thunder rolled in loud and threatening peals, and the brilliant lightning as it passed in momentary, yet repeated flashes, threw a horrid wildness over the scene! meanwhile the earth groaned, and the people were on the brink of despair. So awful and tremendous was the roaring of the giant mountain, that it was heard in several of the neighbouring islands, like distant cannon; and in Barbados, Grenada, and Tobago, it was mistaken for the guns of an invading enemy, and the militia were, in consequence, put under arms.

The showers of sand, pebbles, and ashes also were not confined to the island of St. Vincent alone, they even fell in some of the other colonies, and darkened the atmosphere to such a degree, that many thought it was the approach of the day of judgment.

At three o'clock, A. M. on the morning of the first of May, a tremendous shower of large stones came rattling down upon the streets and housetops; there was then a general confusion, and every one sought a place of refuge from the huge fragments that continued falling.

Had the weight of the stones been in proportion to their size, there is no doubt but they would have crushed the roofs of the houses, and have killed every individual on whom they chanced to fall. As it was they did much mischief, although only seven deaths occurred; the fact is, they were rendered light, and

deprived of their gravity from the excessive heat they had passed through.

A few houses were consumed by flames, and the whole island was covered with the lava, cinders, and other volcanic substances which the Souffrière had emitted from its crater.

The terrific earthquakes, with the tremendous and deafening sounds that issued from the bowels of the mountain, subsided towards the afternoon, but the Souffrière did not cease to be disturbed for a week afterwards; and it was not until the 7th of May that its agitation passed off, and gave place to that calmness and tranquillity which it has ever since preserved.

It is somewhat extraordinary that a volcanic hill in the French colony of Martinique, called the Diamond Rock, emitted a considerable quantity of ashes and calcined earth during the eruption of the Souffrière.

The period in which this memorable event took place will never be forgotten by the West Indians. St. Vincent still bears the marks of it; and, by the layers of petrified lava and hard black volcanic matter that still remain in many parts of the soil, it is easy to distinguish that some occurrence of this kind has formerly taken place in the colony.

Little real damage, however, was caused by the eruption, and many have given it as their opinion, that the island was rather improved than otherwise by its scattering of ashes. The estates in the neighbourhood of the mountain were the chief sufferers.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE CHARAIB WAR.

“The island was internally troubled, during a long period, with all the horrors of a civil war.”

I RETURNED in safety from the mountain.—A week hath passed away since I went thither; the — regiment hath embarked. The transports have sailed, and I am already acquainted with nearly all the officers of the new corps.

But thou shalt hear more of this hereafter; now I am about to fly from fire to sword; from the roaring of mountains to the roaring of cannon; from the eruption of the Souffrière, to my narrative of the Charaib war.

I commenced my tale with an account of the first proceedings of the rebels in the windward part of the island; let us now turn to the leeward quarter, where they were not less active.

Their first march was to Chatteaubelair, where their force was greatly increased by the numbers of French inhabitants who joined them in that quarter.

The French, nationally and individually, have generally shown themselves the enemies of the English; and it was hardly reasonable to expect from them a

very faithful allegiance; yet they declared, that they were obliged rather than inclined to join the Charaibs in their insurrection. Their assertion, however, met with little credit, for it was shrewdly, and I believe justly, suspected, that they not only manifested their readiness to join the Charaibs, but that they were the principal instigators of their revolt.

The army of rebels having left Chatteaubelair, proceeded towards Kingstown, either setting fire to the estates on the road or seizing them in the name of Chatouay, their chief and commander, or some other person of consequence in their tribe.

It appears that they fell in with their companions in the windward part of the island on the following Friday, when Chatouay took the command of the whole body, consisting of about four hundred and sixty persons, including the French and colored people, and marched it to Dorsetshire Hill, in the fortifying of which, they displayed much activity.

With the assistance of the negroes, whom they had taken, and whom they compelled to work, and the oxen, of which they had pillaged the estates, they contrived to get two pieces of cannon up the hill, which they mounted in a very advantageous position, and gave the inhabitants of Kingstown and Fort Charlotte no little alarm for their capital.— These, in their turn, made every exertion for a brave defence, and being joined by a detachment from Martinique, consisting of one company of the 46th regiment, under the command of Captain Campbell, commenced operations.

Major Whytell with this detachment, aided by a considerable number of militia troops, and a few men of the 60th regiment, marched with two field-pieces to Sion Hill; where, finding that the rebels were burning and plundering Greathead Estate, they directed a steady fire against them, and soon drove them to a more respectful distance.

Straggling parties of the Charaibs were now daily advancing near the town, and a few were observed on the estates in its immediate vicinity. As they concealed themselves in the plantations, it was found advisable to burn down all the canes on the properties near town, that they might not be able to advance unseen.

A party of sailors and marines were dispatched to join the English force on Sion Hill: they were taken from the Zebra, a sloop of war, which arrived in the harbour at a very seasonable period. The Roebuck coming in about the same time, and her commander tendering an offer of his assistance to dislodge the rebel force in possession of Dorsetshire Hill, his Excellency, the Governor, deemed it expedient to make an immediate attack on that post; for it could be no longer doubted that the Charaibs were in possession of cannon; and as their post commanded Sion Hill, it was by no means expedient that they should be allowed to retain it.

Accordingly the party destined to make the assault were ordered to assemble before Hartley's house, at the hour of midnight. It consisted of a

number of seamen and marines from his Majesty's ships, Roebuck and Zebra, and a party of sailors from the merchant vessels, headed by Lieutenants Hill and Groves, parties of militia and armed slaves under Major Whytell and Captain Campbell, also a company of the 46th regiment. The united force was placed under the direction of the commander of the Zebra, and commenced its march a quarter of an hour after midnight.

The troops proceeded on their way in solemn silence; and in a short time had nearly reached the principal post of the enemy, when they were discovered by the sentinel, who immediately gave the alarm.

The Charaibs directly commenced a sharp fire of musketry, which the English did not return till they arrived within twenty yards of the enemy, when they fired and charged with the bayonet.

The Captain of the Zebra and Lieutenant Hill, with their seamen, were the first on the bank, which the other commanders mounted in another quarter.

After a short defence, the Charaibs retreated, being entirely routed; although their escape was greatly favored by the night.

Many who sought shelter in the barracks were put to the sword; and Chatouay, their chief, was killed, with a few more Charaibs and French inhabitants.

On the side of the English there were five killed, and the same number wounded.

The enemy left behind them two pieces of cannon; and at the break of day, were seen retreating with the utmost speed towards their own quarter of the island.

As Dorsetshire Hill, on account of its extent, was untenable, our party left it on the following day, and resumed their station at Sion Hill, where they carried one of the enemy's pieces of cannon, and left the other spiked.

They next dispatched armed negroes in pursuit of the Charaibs; who after having dispersed them with success, returned with a few heads and prisoners to the town, which was now, comparatively speaking, in a state of safety.

It could not, however, be said that the enemy were either entirely subdued, or even less active in their operations. The detachment of militia, under Colonel Gordon, stationed at Chatteaubelair, effectually protected the plantations in the immediate vicinity of that quarter; yet the Charaibs contrived to set fire to several of the more distant estates; and numerous parties continued to appear in the windward part of the island, burning the properties, plundering and butchering the negroes in the most barbarous manner, and committing the most horrid atrocities, whenever they found an opportunity.—The mills and sugar works of the estates of Sir W. Young, Mr. Greathead, Mr. Ross, and several others, also a great part of the town of Calliaqua, were fired by the rebels and entirely consumed. They likewise made a point of slaughtering all the unarmed slaves who fell into their hands.

Kingstown and Fort Charlotte were now rendered perfectly secure by the arrival of the 42d regiment, in two government transports under convoy. At the same time, a Liverpool ship arrived at Calliaqua; and nine of the crew were landed to avoid being impressed by the men of war. A large party of Charaibs observing the sailors in Greathead's Bay, surrounded and took them prisoners. A small detachment, from Sion Hill, was sent to their assistance; but, unhappily, failed in the rescue.

To prevent a repetition of such an occurrence, as well as to cut off supplies from the enemy, forces were despatched at midnight, to take possession of Calliaqua. They consisted of a party of grenadiers and light infantry under Captains Hall and Campbell, with a few men of the 60th regiment headed by Lieutenant Farquason.

After a sharp action, they succeeded in dislodging the enemy, who made great resistance, and in taking possession of the several posts; they also recovered the nine sailors, whom the Charaibs had not yet destroyed.

The Charaibs left behind them twenty killed; although, from their practice of bearing their dead from the field, it was impossible to ascertain the exact number destroyed in the action. The English party also lost a few men. Whilst they were in possession of the Charaib camp, the son of Chatouay was taken prisoner and butchered by the negroes.

In the meanwhile, Reader, a sheep hath been butchered in the market-place, and a prime leg

thereof hath been superbly cooked for your poor book-maker; and Lieutenant S—— of the engineers, hath promised to dine with me tête à tête,—so I will leave thee for a while, to eat my dinner, and listen to my worthy guest's account of his last trip in the Tropics.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DOMINICA.

“ We next morning found ourselves under the lee of the high
 “ land of Dominica ; and by midday were at anchor in the road
 “ of Roseau, the chief town of the island, one which at this period
 “ was rich and flourishing, possessing great beauty of situation,
 “ but considered, as was the island, one of the most unhealthful
 “ in the West Indies.”—*Sketches and Recollections of the West
 Indies, by a Resident.*

SCENE.—*The hall of a West Indian dwelling-house,
 a small dining-table in its centre, Lieutenant S——
 of the Royal Engineers, and the Author reclining
 on a sofa.*

*Enter Mat with the dinner.—Mat rings the bell, and
 the gentlemen take their seats at the dinner-table.*

Author. ALLOW me to send you a little turtle soup.

Lieut. S. By all means. Turtle is the soul of a
 West Indian dining-table.

Author. You say well ; yet it is nothing without
 the punch. Turtle without punch is like roast beef
 without mustard, very bad for the digestion.

Mat [aside]. Begar, my massa one pig self. If
 eber he marry, he go lobe e belly better dan e wife.

Lieut. S. Granted ; yet good punch is not always
 to be got. On my trip in T——’s little schooner we
 had the vilest stuff imaginable. Some of our poets

talk of "the bowel-racking pains of emptiness."—Egad, you have no idea of the bowel-racking pains of bad punch.

Author. A propos of that trip of yours; where have you been to? What have you seen? Let me hear something of your peregrinations.

Mat [aside]. Me bin tink dat long word mean fire-flies.

Lieut. S. I have been to Martinique, Dominica, and Montserrat, and seen, I believe, all that was worth seeing in those places. In the latter island my servant was careless enough to leave my portmanteau; but those black fellows are all scamps.

Mat [aside]. He be dam.

Author. That's true enough; but how did you find Dominica, they tell me it is a dirty hole?

Lieut. S. So it is; and I was glad to get out of it. It is a great pity that so beautiful an island should be so unhealthy, for the scenery is really delightful. The mountains and valleys are of a different character from those of this island; and I hardly know whether to give the preference to the cane fields that flourish here, or to the coffee plantations that cover the hills of Dominica.

Author. I am told the troops die off very fast there.

Lieut. S. They do; and not only the troops, but also the inhabitants of the town. The fact is, the valleys are exceedingly deep and marshy, and not being well drained, are probably the chief cause of the prevailing sickness.

Author. How do you like this Madeira?

Lieut. S. I think it excellent.

Mat [*aside*]. Ah! ah! you like all buckra den: you lobe good wine.

Lieut. S. I staid a month at Roseau, which is the capital of Dominica, and partook of some pleasant dinners given by the hospitable inhabitants. When I came away I had a present of two dozen of just such wine as this.

Author. A right comfortable gift, by my faith, and very considerate of the donor; but what sort of town is Roseau, how is it defended, what does it contain? do tell me, for I have always a desire to hear of what I cannot see. This spirit of curiosity is the only feminine part of my character, and I imbibed it from my aunt Josephine.

Mat [*aside*]. Massa aunte, dead long ago, yet he trouble her in e grave self.

Lieut. S. Nay, then, if you will have a description, I will endeavour to give one as prosy, particular, and precise, as the long stories of our friend C——.

Author. Hé bien! commencez donc.

Lieut. S. Roseau, from the sea, appeared a very dirty town, and by no means inviting to a stranger. However, when I landed, I found it better than it looked; the streets were long and well paved, the houses low, and well shingled. Its market-place is moderately large, and the town itself, considering there are women among its inhabitants, is more than moderately silent.

Mat [*aside*]. He, he, he! dat no lie; all women lobe talke.

Author. Have they a tolerable church ?

Lieut. S. Yes ; their church has a very good looking exterior ; but it is by no means well attended, for there are few protestants in Dominica.

Author. What, then, is the prevailing religion ?

Lieut. S. The majority of the population are catholics ; but there are also a considerable number of methodists, and their influence is greatly on the increase.

Author. The garrison, I think, is called—

Lieut. S. Morne Bruce. This is a rocky hill, which rises to a considerable height above the town. The barracks erected near it are by no means good ; the officers are sadly cramped in their little quarters ; and my friend O—— could not give me house-room, so that I was obliged to put up in town.

Author. You have said well of the wine at Roseau, how are they off for water ?

Lieut. S. They have enough, and to spare ; a river runs close to the town ; and indeed the whole country is well supplied with this necessary commodity. I know no island in the Antilles better watered than Dominica. Nevertheless the inhabitants of Roseau are too idle to bring it into the town, although the river is so close.

Author. Is Morne Bruce the only fort in the neighbourhood of Town ?

Lieut. S. No ; there is Morne Daniel beyond the river, Melville's Battery, and Scotsman's Head, also Fort Young, which commands the harbour.

Author. A propos of the harbour : is there much

shipping in the bay, and does the sugar trade thrive well?

Mat [aside]. Ah, ah! massa lobe sugar; he make he sangaree like syrrup self.

Lieut. S. Of the sugar trade I really know nothing; but I suppose it is much the same as at the other islands. I visited several estates, and also one or two extensive coffee plantations. But there were not many square rigged vessels in the harbour while I was staying at Roseau; sloops and schooners were more common.

Author. Are there many fine buildings at Dominica?

Lieut. S. There is a passable court-house, and also a tolerable residence for the Governor; but the present state of Roseau is not to be compared to what it was before the memorable fire of 1805, which nearly consumed it. About the same time it was taken and plundered by the French, and the English forces were obliged to retire to Prince Rupert's, a garrison in another part of the island. The colony of Dominica has been often the seat of war, and actions of no small consequence have been fought in its attack and defence. Like the other islands, it has been sometimes disturbed by insurrections of the slaves. It has also suffered from hurricanes; and earthquakes have been frequently experienced, though of no material importance.

Author. Are there many natural curiosities that distinguish Dominica from the other colonies?

Lieut. S. No, I cannot say there are. The most

remarkable thing in the island is a very fine lake, a considerable height above the level of the sea. There are a few hot springs in the country, and the whole soil appears more or less volcanic; indeed there are many remains of ancient craters to be found, in which there are vast quantities of burning sand. Among the live animals there are snakes, crabs, and crapauds in myriads, but the former are not venomous, and the two latter, when nicely dressed, are not unworthy to be called luxuries.

Author. Did you ride much about the country during your stay in the island?

Lieut. S. No, I did not, the roads are not very good; besides which, you know I hate exertion.

Author. Then, I suppose, there are not many carriages in the town.

Lieut. S. No, there are very few; and indeed there is not much society. There was some lack of ladies, and after living in Barbados I could not bear that. If the worthy inhabitants had not been very hospitable, I should soon have been tired of the place: as it was I was not sorry when I left; and when I embarked again on board T——'s schooner, I welcomed the balmy breeze that sprung up in our favor, and carried us at the rate of six knots an hour toward the island of Montserrat.

Author. Well, I do not think your account will tempt me to Dominica. I prefer taking my bath in the morning, and my ride in the evening, in a more healthy island. Mat, take away the dinner.

Mat. Yes, massa.

Lieut. S. And now, Bayley, you must not forget your promise to excuse me as soon as we had dined. Your dinner was excellent; and, I have no doubt, your dessert will be as good: I should be glad to share it with you; but you know I must keep my engagement with the colonel.

Author. With the colonel! very good, ha! say rather with some fair creole in the neighbourhood of thy comfortable quarters on the hill. However, if you must go, you must; and so farewell. Only promise me a peep at the memorandums you made of your trip to Montserrat and Martinique.

Lieut. S. You shall have them to-morrow, and may keep them as long as you like. I hope you will be able to turn them to account. And now, Adieu jusqu'au revoir.

Exit Lieut. S—— followed by Mat; the Author leaves the dinner table, and throwing himself on the sofa, falls into a sound sleep: when the scene closes, and the curtain drops.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MARTINIQUE.

“ We were enabled to go on shore for an hour or two, and
“ were much pleased with what we saw of this really beautiful
“ town.”—*Sketches and Recollections of the West Indies.*

My friend kept his word. On the following day, shortly after I had breakfasted, Mat brought a brown-paper parcel from Lieutenant S——. I have the greatest objection to open a brown-paper parcel, because it was in such a one that I, some time back, received the melancholy intelligence of the death of a very old uncle, who had lived and died what is called a rich gentleman farmer: yet, reader, do not mistake the purity of my grief. I would not have you infer that I was inconsolable at his death; on the contrary, I consider it quite natural for old uncles to die. It was the poor man's legacy that stung me to the soul. Would you believe it, he left me, instead of the thousand and one sterling, which I expected at his decease, five water-spaniels, a young greyhound and terrier, a fowling-piece, a fishing-rod, ‘Walton's Angler,’ knowing I was fond of books, and two years' file of the ‘Sporting Calendar.’ Hence arose my objection to a brown-paper parcel.

On opening the package of my friend Lieut. S—— I was therefore agreeably surprised to find a very neat journal of his late trip to Martinique and Montserrat, accompanied by very lively and witty remarks on the several scenes he had visited.

I did not forget his permission to turn them to some account: and after considerable trouble (observe I never grudge trouble to benefit my readers), I managed, by extracting some passages and altering others, to complete something like an account of one of these islands.

It appears, from my friend's journal, that T——'s schooner made Martinique before she sailed for Dominica and Montserrat. As an engineer it is not surprising that he should have given a description of so remarkable a fortress as the Diamond Rock.

Martinique was not always in possession of the French; and the memorable capture and defence of the Diamond, when under the charge of Captain Maurice of the navy, ought never to be forgotten by his countrymen.

This rock is some distance from the mainland, and several hundred feet above the sea. It has many cavities, and here and there a ridge towards the summit, on which the English succeeded in mounting several large pieces of cannon.

Their defence of the rock, in the month of June, 1805, was conducted with the usual gallantry of British sailors. Their firing did great execution among the enemy; and it was not until reduced to the utmost extremity, from want of water and amu-

dition, that the little garrison could be brought to surrender to the whole French squadron, besieging them, consisting of two seventy-fours, a forty-gun frigate, a brig, a schooner, and eleven gun-boats; and there is no doubt but that they would have held out even against this force, could any means have been found of supplying them with water and provisions. As it was, their terms of capitulation were most honorable, and reflect the highest honor on the character and conduct of Captain Maurice.

Martinique is, perhaps, one of the finest colonies in the West Indies.—So says Lieutenant S——; and I will give the rest of his description in his own words:

“ The scenery of this little island is beautiful,
“ and the town by no means unworthy of it. The
“ great houses of the estates, as we cruised along the
“ coast, appeared to me more like the country seats
“ of our English gentlemen than any others I had
“ seen in the West Indies. I was much disappointed
“ at not getting a peep at Fort Royale Harbour,
“ which I had heard so much of. We passed it in
“ the night; and it was with great difficulty that
“ I could distinguish La Ramire through a night
“ telescope, and one or two large vessels, that ap-
“ peared like men of war.

“ About ten o'clock, A. M. on the following day,
“ our little schooner made the capital, and glided
“ gently into the harbour of St. Pierre. She was
“ immediately visited by sundry people from the
“ shore, and a boat from the frigate that was lying in
“ the Bay. There was also a little armed schooner,

“ which, I suppose, was a tender to the frigate.—
“ The rest of the shipping consisted of a few French
“ merchant vessels and small craft, with one or two
“ little sloops from the English and Dutch colonies.
“ At midday we landed; and I was not a little
“ delighted with the town of St. Pierre. Really it
“ is a beautiful place—perfectly European; and I
“ know no town in our colonies to be compared with
“ it.

“ Towards evening I made my ‘tour de la ville,’
“ and found the streets neat, regular, and cleanly,
“ the houses good, lofty, and substantial, generally
“ built of stone, and, from their European aspect,
“ might lead a stranger to infer that the colonists
“ had taken some of the minor cities of France as a
“ model for their own.

“ In some streets I saw an avenue of trees that
“ greatly shaded the footpath; and I also noticed
“ deepish gutters, with the water flowing through
“ them. After a short stroll I went back to my
“ hotel; there I found my dinner, which my hostess,
“ I forget her name, had so impregnated with garlic,
“ that I could hardly manage to eat it; and it was
“ with the greatest difficulty that I persuaded her
“ to omit that detestable ingredient in the future
“ preparation of my meals. She never liked me
“ afterwards; and the sprightly smile with which
“ she greeted my first arrival relapsed into a sulky
“ frown. I hate a woman in the sulks. Poets talk
“ of pouting lips—pouting devils, I say—I can’t
“ imagine what people can find agreeable in a pout.
“ I went early to bed, and slept well in my new

“ abode. The next morning I paid a visit to the
“ churches. There are two in St. Pierre; both of
“ them very good, and well fitted up. As the co-
“ lony is French, of course the religion is catholic.

“ From the church I repaired to the Botanic gar-
“ den. It is not so extensive as the garden of St.
“ Vincent; nevertheless, it is in a flourishing and
“ daily improving state.

“ On my return from the garden I determined to
“ go shopping, as I had many commissions from my
“ friends in St. Vincent. I was much pleased with
“ my excursion; the shops in St. Pierre are really
“ shops, and not stores, as in the English colonies.
“ The things were all arranged in a tasty and
“ frenchified manner, ‘*comme à Paris*’; and there
“ was a separate boutique for the various articles
“ on sale. Every one sold something, but not every
“ thing; and I could not, as in St. Vincent, buy a
“ hat, a ham, and a yard of ribbon in one and the
“ same store.

“ I bought some beautiful gloves of French kid,
“ at a very low price, for one or two of my fair
“ friends, and many other things, which I knew it
“ was impossible to procure good elsewhere.

“ Champagne, noyau, annisette, and crême de Chili
“ were among the drinkables, with a few light French
“ wines; I also purchased oil, eau de Cologne, eau
“ de vie, ‘*bon bons*,’ sweetmeats, and many articles
“ of dress. The large Leghorn hats of Martinique
“ are superb, I got one for six dollars, which I
“ thought very cheap. Ladies’ bonnets, jewellery,

“ and other decorations for the fair sex are plentiful
“ and tasty. Books may also be bought here ; I
“ saw several book shops in St. Pierre, which suffi-
“ ciently prove that the inhabitants *do sometimes read*.

“ In the evening I went to the theatre, which is
“ a very tolerable one, and infinitely superior to any
“ I had seen in the English colonies : the actors
“ went through a little comic performance with a
“ taste and spirit that far exceeded my expectations.

“ The French must be amused, and their colonists
“ are not like our English people, always going back-
“ ward and forward, to and from the mother country.
“ France only *was*, but Martinique *is* the home of
“ its inhabitants, and they are attached to it as such.
“ The people of this colony have their friends and
“ relatives about them, and it is only the merchants
“ who require to carry on a regular correspondence
“ with France ; the people told me that they had no
“ *pacquets*, and that all their letters were sent and
“ received by the merchant ships.

“ While I was in Martinique I saw two Charaibs,
“ who came to St. Pierre, and heard that a few of
“ that tribe were still remaining in the country.

“ It is shrewdly suspected by a few, though with
“ what justice I will not pretend to say, that even
“ now supplies of negroes are sometimes smuggled
“ from the coast of Africa to this Island.

“ I was so charmed with Martinique and its
“ beautiful little town, that it was with no small
“ regret that I heard T—— had settled his com-
“ mercial matters, and was ready to make sail for

“ Dominica and Montserrat. The next morning,
“ however, I went on board his schooner, and, a fine
“ breeze springing up, I bade adieu to this fair and
“ lovely island, fully determined to visit it again as
“ soon as I should have an opportunity.”

Reader, here endeth my friend's journal, from
what cause I wis not. I confess myself disappointed,
for I thought it had extended to the Island of Mont-
serrat; but I suppose, either that my friend did not
think the said island worthy of notice, or that he
had not perseverance to describe it.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE CHARAIB WAR.

“The island was internally troubled, during a long period,
“with all the horrors of a civil war.”

THE reader will recollect that I left off my narrative of the Charaib war, at the time when the English had dislodged the enemy, taken possession of Calliaqua, and entrenched themselves on the surrounding heights. Their next step was to dispatch Lieutenant Colonel Seton with a detachment of troops, and a few seamen under Lieutenant Grove of the *Roebuck*, to attack the Charaibs in the north of the island, who were committing their ravages under the command of Duvalle, who had been their chief since the death of Chatouay.

The troops sent on this expedition proceeded by sea, and having contrived to land, succeeded in routing the enemy, and in taking fourteen of their canoes, besides doing much mischief to the houses in their settlement.

The French shortly afterwards, by a timely reinforcement, enabled the Charaibs to take possession of and fortify the *Vigie*, and moreover to send nearly

a thousand of their best troops to attack the English entrenchments above Calliaqua.

Before the attack commenced, a French officer was twice sent to summon the British commander to surrender. The British commander was not in a surrendering humour—British commanders seldom are; so he told the French officer to go his way—not in peace, but in war—for the English intended to fight and not to yield. The Alarm frigate coming in soon after, with her red-hot shot and her dauntless seamen, helped the gallant captain to keep his word and repulse the enemy.

The latter next attacked Dorsetshire Hill, which they succeeded in taking from the English; it was, however, immediately recovered by the British troops sent from Berkshire Hill, under Majors Seton and Whytell, and Captain Forster, who succeeded in routing the enemy, after an action that lasted nearly two hours. The Charaibs left forty-eight killed, and five prisoners behind them.

They were, however, in possession of the Vigie, a very advantageous post; this they continued to strengthen by fortifications, which they are said to have barricaded with sugar hogsheads filled with sand. Their main force was stationed on this hill; and on two smaller eminences, at no great distance, were posted their first redoubt and their advanced guard.

The British troops, under the command of Colonel Leighton, proceeded to attack them, and for that purpose divided into four separate corps. In this

order they advanced from Warawarow River, and after defeating the redoubt and advanced guard, assailed the Charaibs, who had retired within their works, with shot and shell from two pieces of cannon and a mortar.

Finding themselves much annoyed, they sounded a parley; and whilst their messenger was pretending to treat with Colonel Leighton, they endeavoured to escape from their post. They were, however, discovered by the English, and charged in fine style. They did not escape without leaving their post covered with dead and dying comrades.

Vigie being taken, Colonel Leighton having left it garrisoned, proceeded to Mount Young, where he encamped, and dispatched some troops to the assistance of Major Ecuyer in his attack upon Owia. The major took Owia; and the enemy, by an unexpected movement, passed over the mountains, and retired to Morne Ronde.

Colonel Provost, who commanded in that quarter, sent Lieutenant Moore with a detachment to attack the Charaibs; but the lieutenant was killed, and his party put to flight. Shortly after they were again assailed by Colonel Leighton, who had been recalled from Mount Young, and who having taken up his position on the heights, in their rear, annoyed them so effectually with his cannon, that they thought proper to retreat in the night.

The Charaibs, however, returned to Morne Ronde two days afterwards, and took up their position on a pass that commanded their camp; and, being on a

narrow forest ridge, was the most advantageous point for making an effectual resistance.

Against this point, however, the English directed their attack; and, after a sharp and spirited action, which lasted an hour, they succeeded in dislodging the rebels, who retreated, in consternation, to the woods, leaving behind them sixteen killed, and twenty prisoners, amongst whom was their chief and his aide-de-camp. They also left their camp and colours in possession of the English, with a fieldpiece and mortar, besides a small quantity of ammunition, and a few muskets, which they dropped in their flight.

A few days previous to this action a party of two hundred Charaibs had left the main body, and passed over the Wallilabo Heights, into their own country; burning, in their progress, the works and residence of Mr. Hamilton and Dr. Tait, and murdering another gentleman who fell into their hands.

Our troops, in taking Morne Ronde, had got possession of one of the strongest posts in the island.

It would have been impossible to assail it by any other route than the Souffrière mountain; and even by that way it would have been a matter of great difficulty, if the rebels had not previously shaped out a path for some purpose of their own. Morne Ronde was a position of great consequence to the enemy, as it enabled them to procure supplies from the Island of St. Lucia.

The cruelties of the infuriated and barbarous savages, to all who fell in their hands, were of the most horrid and atrocious nature; and it reflects the

highest disgrace on all the French officers who joined, and, in many instances, commanded the Charaibs, that they had not prevented, or at least endeavoured to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate prisoners. How the people of any civilised nation could reconcile to their minds the office of witnessing, with unconcern, the diabolical tortures inflicted by a set of barbarians on the persons of Europeans, however much their enemies, I know not. It must have been revolting to humanity to behold an innocent and unconscious infant murdered at the breast of its lovely and affectionate mother when receiving from her its natural support, to behold savages presenting to a wife the head of her slaughtered husband, with a fiendish grin of mockery and triumph.

Such, and numerous other actions of the same nature, were the atrocities of the Charaibs: their prisoners were always murdered; and a few men of the windward militia, whom they contrived to intercept, were put to death, by having their wrists and ankles severed by many blows from a blunt cutlass, and the infliction of other wounds on their bodies with the same weapon.

But to return to our narrative, Major Ecuyer, in obedience to the orders of General Meyers, who had now succeeded to the command of the British forces in the colony, commenced his march from Owia to Mount Young; but, finding it impracticable, was obliged to return to his former position, where his detachment was surprised and cut to pieces by six hundred of the enemy; only a few escaped.

Whilst the Charaibs were in possession of Owia they took advantage of their position, to procure from St. Lucia those troops and supplies which the French were always willing to grant; and, in a short time, reinforced with a body of five hundred French soldiers, they made their appearance in Marriaqua Valley, and, on the 23d of September, took possession of Fairbain's Ridge, by which movement they deprived the British troops under Colonel Leighton, who had withdrawn from Mount Young to Sion Hill, of any communication with their friends at the Vigie, who were without a supply of provisions.

Colonel Ritchie and Captain Forster were sent with an escort of troops to endeavour to furnish them with these necessaries. On their way they were attacked by a party of Charaibs, whom they would have defeated had not the troops fled at the very point of victory, when commanded to charge the assailants. No cause is assigned for this sudden panic, which enabled the enemy to take possession of all the provisions destined for the English garrison at the Vigie. They also made great slaughter among the men: those who escaped took refuge in Fort Duvernette.

It now became of the highest importance to send dispatches to the Vigie, with orders to the commanding officer of the garrison to withdraw from that post; and, in consequence of a reward of twenty-eight joes to a freeman, and of liberty to any slave who would undertake to be the bearer of such dispatches, Tamaun, a black negro, engaged to perform the

service, and, after a very narrow escape, succeeded in his purpose. The commanding officer received his papers, abandoned the Vigie in consequence, and conducted his garrison in safety to Fort Duvernette.

The enemy took post on the Vigie on its desertion by the English, and collected all their out-posts to strengthen their position.

At this period the English received a powerful reinforcement by the arrival of transports under convoy, with the 40th, 54th, and 59th regiments of the line; and troops were, therefore, immediately sent to take possession of the heights around the Vigie, in order to enable them to attack the enemy's post.

The Generals Irving and Meyers marched a thousand men to Warawarow Valley, and ascended Fairbain's Ridge; Lieutenant Colonel Strutt, with seven hundred and fifty, took the Calder Heights, while the eminences to westward of the Vigie were gained by Captain Boland, with three hundred and fifty men of the 40th regiment. The Vigie Ridge was the next point to be gained, and the two generals dispatched Major M'Cleod on that service. He gallantly persevered in endeavouring to effect his purpose, under a heavy fire of musketry; he failed, however, and lost a hundred men in the attempt.

Fearful of a second attack from a larger force, the Charaibs abandoned the Vigie in the night, and withdrew to Mount Young and Mount William, where they fortified and entrenched themselves. In

the meanwhile their old post was taken possession of by a drunken man, who had lost his way in the dark, and who, finding the important position he had gained, refused to deliver it up to the English troops under Lieutenant Kelly, who came to take it, until the said lieutenant had given him a receipt for the same.

About this time General Irvine was succeeded in the command by General Stewart, under whose direction the war continued.

The English having taken up their position on Forbes Ridge, were attacked by the enemy at three different places. They made a gallant, but ineffectual resistance; and were obliged to retreat to Biabou, where they were joined by Colonel Fuller, with two hundred men of the 40th regiment; and, having dispersed the enemy, marched to the heights about the Vigie. Their total loss in killed, wounded, and missing, amounted to three hundred and sixty three.

General Hunter now arrived from Martinique, and withdrew the British forces to the heights in the vicinity of Kingstown.

The Charaibs took possession of Dubois Ridge, where they mounted a small fieldpiece and mortar, and in the night discharged a volley of shot and shells, which coming from unpractised marksmen, were entirely ineffectual.

In the morning a detachment of the enemy, who had attacked Bowwood House, and committed much barbarity on its inhabitants, were assailed by Major Jackson, with a party of rangers; and, on that

gentleman being seconded by Major Fraser, with another party, were routed and fled, leaving Bowwood House in flames.

At Miller's Redoubt another party of the Charaibs were defeated by Major M'Cleod; and, in the precipitancy of their flight, left behind them many of their muskets and cartouche boxes. On this ridge the English mounted a long six-pounder, which they directed against the enemy's position, and soon forced them to retire to the Vigie. Here they remained until the arrival of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, on the 8th of June, when they were enclosed and besieged in their position by the British forces, stationed around the heights on every side, and consisting of near four thousand strong.

The French found it beyond their power to resist the strong force and active measures now brought against them. They, therefore, surrendered themselves to General Abercrombie; and four hundred and sixty fine men marched out of their garrison, with all the honors of war, and were sent on board the British ships, leaving the Charaibs to fight their own battles.

Deprived of the French assistance, diminished in force, reduced in numbers, fatigued with the length of the war, and finding their enemies more powerful than ever, the Charaibs could do little more; and, after one or two skirmishes of slight importance, and a treacherous attempt to deceive the English, which proved unsuccessful, they were totally subdued.

On the 4th of July seven hundred and twenty-five

brigands, and four thousand six hundred and thirty-three Charaibs, men, women, and children, surrendered to the British troops, and were immediately sent out of the colony to the island of Baliseau, one of the Grenadines, whence they were shortly after transported to the Island of Rattan, in the Bay of Honduras.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

PAST AND PRESENT STATE OF THE CHARAIBS.

————— “ Since I saw you last,
“ There is a change upon you.”

————— *Shakespeare.*

THE English were excessively glad of the conclusion of the long and troublesome Charaib war; and I am not less pleased at the conclusion of my narrative, which to me hath been equally long and troublesome. If it be disagreeable to hear, it is still more so to write of barbarities; and of a verity, the Charaibs were not idle in their execution. I could relate atrocities that would make my reader's "blood run cold;" but, as I know that to be a very unpleasant sensation, I shall forbear. The island of St. Vincent was certainly the scene of war more than of insurrection, for at that time the Charaibs were a numerous and warlike race, and the powerful assistance they received from the French rendered them no despicable enemies. The mere fact of their maintaining a war, from 1794 to 1796, against the whole English force, commanded by an experienced general, sufficiently proves that theirs was not the mere insurrection of a handful of rebels, that might be quelled, like many others, in a single week by active and decisive operations.

A brief history of what the Charaibs were, and a short comparison of their ancient, with their present state, manners, and customs, will, I am convinced, be interesting to the reader.

Many and various have been the traditions handed down to us respecting the original Charaibs found in the West India islands by the first settlers. All writers, however, agree that there were two races of people in these islands, who differed in color, one being black and the other red. In the island of St. Vincent immense numbers of both classes were found by the French, who went thither under pretence of assisting the black Charaibs against the red, with whom they were at war. Of the different traditions that pretend to account for the appearance of the black Charaibs, I am inclined to give most credit to that which asserts, that a merchant vessel from Africa, with a cargo of negroes, was wrecked on the coast, and that those who swam on shore were received by the red Charaibs with marks of kindness, and suffered to dwell among them as their own brethren.

If this account be true, the red people are the original Charaibs, and the blacks are only to be regarded, like the French or English inhabitants of St. Vincent, in the light of settlers. This supposition is also rendered more probable, by the very marked distinction between the two races. The manners and customs, the characters and dispositions, the ideas and propensities of the blacks differed in every respect from those of the red inhabitants; and the

diminutive stature and small features of the latter were in direct contradiction to the tall, stout, and hardy race, with whom they were continually at war, until they found it necessary to unite their forces against their common enemies, the French.

The Blacks are now exterminated in St. Vincent, and the original inhabitants, the red Charaibs, are reduced to a very small number. A vast change in the race has been effected since the island has been in the possession of Europeans.

Little doubt exists of the original Charaibs having been Cannibals, and maintained the barbarous practice of devouring their enemies. They were, also, a very warlike race, which is sufficiently proved by the obstinate battles between them and their early enemies, the Blacks; and, in later times, by their many engagements with the French and English forces, in their attempts to make a settlement; and afterwards when that settlement was firmly established. From Bryan Edwards, and more ancient historians, we learn that an independent spirit prevailed amongst them, and that they had the utmost dread of, and contempt for an enslaved condition.

Their tenacity of infringement, and their dislike of foreigners were marked features in their characters; yet they were represented as being quiet and peaceable among themselves, and seldom engaging in domestic quarrels.

“ Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.”

According to old tradition, not so, thought the Cha-

raibs ; love had small influence over them ; they scorned the arrows of the little divinity, and hardly acknowledged Venus to be a goddess worth the worshipping ; and yet polygamy was in full force, and few of these fellows had less than six wives—six actual wives ! Oh ye gods and little fishes ! what an arduous undertaking for a single man to establish peace and order in such a household ; what a labor for Hercules ; what an achievement for the giants of old. Who, in future, shall dare to question the skill of the Charaibs ; for my part, reader, I am acquainted with many virtuous and scientific gentlemen, perfectly civilized, who find an insurmountable difficulty in managing one—only one wife ; but who, let me ask, who in the present generation, possessing the smallest quantum of reason and common-sense would be bold enough to marry six, and make them keep the peace. It would be a far easier task to pay the national debt, and we all know that to be difficult indeed.

But to continue—War and not love was the element of the Charaibs. They delighted in warlike weapons, and were uncommonly skilful in using their bow and arrows. Their persons were short and stout ; and according to Edwards, “ their limbs flexible and active, and there was a penetrating quickness and a wildness in their eyes that seemed an emanation from a fierce and martial spirit.”

In the education of their children, they pursued every means that could tend to render them fierce, hardy, and courageous ; their first care was to make their offspring perfect in fishing, building huts,

swimming, and diving; and above all, to see them skilful archers. They inculcated in their minds a love of cruelty, and a thirst for the deepest revenge against their enemies; and by superstitious ceremonies on the birth of a male child, they imagined themselves able to transfer to it the courage and fortitude of its father.

As their children increased in age, they resorted to the most barbarous and cruel practices to try their courage, whipping them in the most unmerciful manner; and on the eve of manhood the ceremonies performed were both tyrannical and disgusting.

They used to paint their faces with a deep crimson color by way of ornament; the men cut terrifying figures on their cheeks in order to frighten their enemies, and frequently wore feathers through holes which they perforated in their nostrils. They also hung about their legs and arms the teeth of those whom they had slain in battle.

These few particulars will serve to display the most marked features in their character; for a more detailed account of their ancient manners, and of the many superstitious ceremonies prevalent amongst them, I refer my readers to Bryan Edwards and other historians who have treated such subjects more extensively than there is either room or necessity for in the present volume. Indeed I should not have referred to their former habits, had I not wished to mark the contrast between the Charaibs of that distant period and those now residing in St. Vincent.

I should suppose that the total number of Cha-

raibs now in the colony would hardly amount to one thousand, including men, women, and children.

These reside together in a fine quarter of the island, called the Charaib Country, which is the only really level ground in St. Vincent. It is, however, of considerable extent, and there are carriage roads for the distance of twenty miles.

On this part of the island, which they consider as belonging peculiarly to themselves, they have little dwelling houses neatly erected after their own fashion, and provision grounds, which produce their sustenance.

Instead of their former active and warlike spirit, they have relapsed into a quiet, idle, inoffensive, and, I may almost say, torpid existence, without any animation, and with a perfect hatred of all exertion. Perhaps they still continue crafty and revengeful; but their cruelty appears to have deserted them entirely, and they do not seem alive to any of their former feelings.

They are too idle to pay much attention to their grounds; and provided they procure yams and taniers enough to boil with their fish (of which they generally have a considerable quantity, because it is caught without labour), they are perfectly satisfied, and do not trouble themselves about gaining a surplus to sell in the market.

They are, however, fond of rum; and in order to procure it, they make very neat baskets, called Charaib baskets, which are sure to find a ready sale. These baskets are as pretty and convenient as any

thing I have seen in the West Indies. They are made of narrow pliant slips of a wood peculiar to the country, which are platted closely together, and afterwards dyed brown. They are sometimes made in sets, that is, one very large one, containing a number of others, which continue to diminish in size towards the centre, and the last of the set is generally curiously small.

This kind of work would, if well followed up, bring them in a pretty little revenue; but they have become, unfortunately, too lazy to have any cares beyond those of eating, drinking, and sleeping: and they seldom repair even to such light work as the making of these baskets without they are distressed for money to buy rum. I gave an order to two of these Charaibs to make me a set, and although I remained nearly eighteen months longer in St. Vincent, they had only completed half by the time I left the colony.

The Charaibs have still a king in their little village, who passes in Kingstown by the name of Charaib Daniel. He is a very old man, and on account of some service which he did for the government in the late war, he is recompensed with rations from the Commissariat stores.

He comes monthly to New Edinbro' to fetch them away, and always appears to think the length and labour of the journey far exceeding the worth of the rum and flour which he carries home with him.

Many a time and oft have I shaken hands with the old boy when he honored the officers of his Majesty's

Commissariat department with his monthly visits, and those only of my readers, who have shaken hands with a sovereign, can tell the sensation I experienced; yet even they might be at a loss, for his Charaib majesty was by no means like any of the sovereigns of Europe.

Fancy an old man arrayed in clothes little better than those of a beggar of high degree, who if not exactly a sans culotte, was, at all events, without shoes or stockings; his nose large and extensive, and his eyes small and sparkling, his stature diminutive, his head flat, his body small, his legs thin, and his trowsers tucked up to his knees, with a bag thrown over his shoulder, trudging with the pace of a sloth "up hill and down dale," and finally making his entrée into the Commissariat stores, and demanding his rations of the issuer, with all the gravity of a judge.

Such was his majesty when I first beheld him, and clasped his olive-coloured hand bedewed with the perspiration occasioned by a long walk across the mountains, against mine own white and delicate palm, which I afterwards cleansed with a proper proportion of superior Windsor soap. I should have hesitated ere I performed such an achievement on a common individual of his tribe; but I could not resist the honor of shaking the hand of a king—to kiss it would have been another matter, and by no means so attractive an office. Besides, I consider it perfect degradation to kiss the hand of any thing less than a woman, or the toe of any thing less than a Pope.

On hearing I came from England, he made many

polite inquiries after his brother George de King of the Buckra country, hoped he was doing well, and asked me if he was fond of rum. I was not aware, I replied, that our sovereign had ever expressed any particular liking or antipathy to so wholesome a beverage; but supposed it was a drink which his Charaib majesty might be inclined to patronize; whereat he grinned, and said he thought it very good tuff, and, moreover, that all his subjects thought so too.

We had, after this, a long talk together about various other things; and his majesty concluded the conversation by inviting me to go and see him at some future period.

About a fortnight after, I rode alone to the Charaib country, and paid a visit to the old gentleman in his little cottage. He made me quite welcome, and asked me to dinner, I staid from mere curiosity, and he gave me some fish and fowl, with a glass of the "very good tuff" before-mentioned. The old fellow had still his five wives, but he did not seem to care much for any of them. They cooked his victuals, took care of his fowls, and did any thing else they were told. The Charaibs were always famed for the neglect of their women, and they seem to have preserved this very bad quality above all others. Daniel has still a little authority among his subjects; but their way of living is so peaceable and inoffensive, that there is seldom any occasion for his interference; and, indeed, he is too lazy to trouble himself much with their affairs. Their numbers decrease yearly; and it is probable that in a short time there will be

none left in St. Vincent. They keep completely to themselves, and it is quite a rarity to see one of them in Kingstown.

After having dined, I left his majesty's palace, and in it half a dozen good segars, with which he was excessively pleased, for all his tribe love smoking. He gave me in return a very pretty souple jack, with the head curiously carved. It is not thicker than my thumb, so that in case I am ever married, it will do for my wife when she is in the sulks, or says, "I wont, my dear." It will make an excellent crabstock, which, by the way, is an excellent thing in a case of emergency.

"The olive branch, Minerva's boon,
 "Betokens peace and quiet;
 "But 'tis sage Hymen's gift alone,
 "Can quell domestic riot.
 "For 'tis a maxim long maintained,
 "By statesmen and logicians,
 "That peace is most securely gained
 "By vigorous politicians.
 "Oh! the crabstock!
 "The green immortal crabstock!
 "The sturdy shoot
 "Quells all dispute,
 "The wonder-working crabstock."—*J. Hughes.*

That was a capital song, and Hughes deserves great credit for writing it. I, at least, am very much obliged to him, for it hath taught me a good maxim, and comes in very à propos at the end of my chapter.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MISCELLANIES.

“ Not much of any thing, but a little of every thing.”

THE bells of the estates were ringing, to call the negroes to their work ; the sound of the merry conch shells struck upon my ear, as the drivers blew the sonorous blast that summoned their gangs to the field ; the bland breeze of the morning passed softly through the trees, the sun was peeping over the eastern hills of St. Vincent, and darting his splendid beams into the green valleys below, the dew was updrawn from the wild flowers that grew by the road side, and the negroes were driving their cattle to the rich pasture lands, when, returning from my morning ride, I beheld the signal for the packet and a sloop, waving in the breeze, on the flagstaff at Dorsetshire Hill. I was glad to see this signal ; for the packet had been long expected, and there were now three due in the colony, which had been kept back by contrary winds. I went home and breakfasted ; pleasure always sharpens my appetite, so I did ample justice to the roast yam and caviched fish which Mat had taken so much pains to get dressed for me : after which I repaired to the post-office, where I found many others waiting, with anxious looks, for

the opening of the important window from which the letters are delivered.

The scene around a West Indian post-office is by no means uninteresting to an observer, and I have often experienced much pleasure in witnessing it. The sight of the packet from England occasions a great sensation among the colonists; and the moment it makes its appearance in the harbour the post-office is beset with a crowd of visitors of all classes.

The lawyers from their offices, the merchants from their stores, the officers from their garrison, the soldiers from their barracks, the captains from their ships, and the planters from their estates, all flock thither, and wait, with the greatest impatience and anxiety, to hear the news in the mother country, and to receive their letters from home.

Here, walking to and fro beneath the covered gallery, or taking their seats on the benches, they converse together on various topics, until the opening of the first window, which announces that the newspapers are ready for delivery; then they rush like soldiers to charge, as eager for their papers as troops are for victory: the parcels are opened in a moment, the news spreads like a pestilence in a plague-struck city; and before ten minutes have passed away every one is acquainted with what is going on at home.

This word *at home* is the common expression of the West India settlers. England, Scotland, or Ireland is still their home. Unlike the inhabitants of the French colonies, they look upon the island in

which they reside as a place to which they are, as it were, exiled for a certain period; as a place containing their properties, and, therefore, of the greatest consequence to them; but very few of them expect to die on those properties. Those who can afford it are in the habit of making trips every three or four years to the United Kingdom; and nearly all look forward to spending their last days in the land of their birth. This feeling, however, exists less in Barbados than in the other colonies; and yet I have seen a Barbadian excessively anxious about the affairs of the mother country; and I have heard him argue the catholic question with an Englishman as vehemently as if he expected to become one of the emancipated. But to return to the post-office.

We had been waiting some time, in expectation of seeing the packet make her appearance round Cane Garden Point, when a little sloop, for which I had seen the signal made in the morning, scudded into the harbour, and attracted the notice of the crowd around the office. She was, certainly, a stranger; for her private signal was unknown to any of the merchants, and nobody could guess where she came from. The harbour-master went off, and, after two or three tacks, brought her to an anchor; and the captain came on shore to take his papers to the custom house.

As the anecdote which accounts for the appearance of this little sloop is somewhat extraordinary, I will relate it to the reader.

Every one has heard of the little fishing smacks

employed in cruising along the coast of Scotland, which carry herrings and other fish to Leith, Edinburgh, or Glasgow, worked by three or four hardy sailors, and generally commanded by a low Scotchman, only fit for that service, and with no other knowledge of navigation than that which enables him to keep his dead reckoning, and to take the sun with his quadrant at noonday.

It appears that a man who owned and commanded one of these coasting vessels, and had, besides, a little money in the pouch of his woollen breeches, had been in the habit of seeing the West India ships load and unload in the several ports of Scotland, and having learned that sugar was a very profitable cargo, half determined, by way of speculation, on making a trip to St. Vincent, and returning to the Scottish market with a few hogsheads of the said commodity.

Yet Sawney was prudent, and looked before he leaped. Ere he resolved he hesitated—

“ To be or not to be? This is the question,
“ Whether 'tis well to hoist the mainsail up,
“ And, letting fly the jib, to seize the helm,
“ Steer for St. Vincent in my little smack,
“ And try my fortune in the sale of sugar;
“ Or to put on my woollen pantaloons,
“ And, when the wind is blawing like the devil,
“ To fish for herrings on the Scottish coast.”

Sawney compared the disagreeables of the latter with the advantages of the former question, and at length decided on making the trip. The natives

were perfectly astonished ; they had never heard of such a feat before, and they deemed it quite impossible that a mere fishing smack, worked by only four men, and commanded by an ignorant master, should plough the boisterous billows of the Atlantic, and reach the West Indies in safety ;—yet so it was. The hardy Scotchman got his freight on board—made sail—crossed the Bay of Biscay in a gale—got into the trades, and scudded along before the wind, at the rate of seven knots an hour, trusting to his dead reckoning all the way. He spoke no vessel during the whole voyage, and never once saw land until the morning of the thirty-fifth day, when he descried St. Vincent right a-head ; and, setting his gaff-topsail, ran down, under a light breeze, along the windward coast of the island, and came to anchor about eleven o'clock under the circumstances before-mentioned.

He remained about a month at St. Vincent, during which time he used to walk about the town in the same garb which he wore in Scotland, when the snow covered the ground and the ice was frozen in the rivers. His thick flannel shirt, his blue cloth jacket, his grey trowsers, and his worsted stockings, all maintained their seat on the athletic limbs of the gallant captain ; and though the tropic sun shone upon his body, and the perspiration oozed from every pore, “ I'm a' in a muck,” and “ this, this is a muckle hot land,” were the only murmurs of complaint that ever burst from his contented lips. At the expiration of a month he left St. Vincent to

return to Scotland, carrying with him a few hogsheads of sugar, and a few puncheons of rum; his little smack never afterwards made her appearance in the harbour, but I sincerely hope that the worthy Scotchman arrived safely at home, and disposed of his little cargo to good advantage.

In the meanwhile, reader, the packet made her appearance, and not only the packet, but also the Leeward Island mail boat. This latter circumstance caused a little delay in the delivery of the parcels; at length, however, the important window opened, and while many got their letters, others received only a mournful and melancholy *no* to their ardent and anxious inquiries.

I think I shall never forget the look of deep sorrow with which Lieut. H. turned away from the office. The sigh that came from his bosom, and the tear of disappointment that fell upon his cheek, at finding that those letters, which were his heart's consolation, had failed of arriving both by this and by the previous packet.

As soon as the crowd had a little dispersed, I made my inquiries at the window, and received three letters, being two more than I expected. I looked at the seals, two of them I knew not, but the third I recognised in a moment. It had no ornament, no idle and fantastic decoration; the inscription was plain and beautiful—"toujours fidèle." It came from Laura, and I opened it in ecstasy.

Oh, if joy and gladness may enter into the heart of a wanderer from his native home; if happiness in absence may be his at any time, it is, surely, at such

moments as these ; when he receives assurances of unchanged affection from those whom he esteems the most, when she, whom he adores, declares herself “ toujours fidèle !” For after all, the land he loves best is the land of his birth, and his dearest home the home of his fathers ; but the song that is sweetest to his ear, when away from these, is the melancholy

SONG OF A WANDERER.

MY heart is with my Father land,*
 Though far from its fields I roam,
 On hills where the breezes soft and bland
 Waft the scent of the bright flow'rs home ;
 By tropic gales are my temples fann'd,
 Yet I sigh for the breath of my Father land !

II.

Though nature does all her pomp unfold,
 To catch my wandering eye ;
 I turn from her charms with feelings cold,
 Or pass them unheeded by :
 While the light of memory's magic spell,
 Hallows each scene in my native dell.

III.

The birds flit by in joyous flight,
 On wings of the rainbow's hue ;
 Or glittering round like gems of light,
 Sip from each flower the dew : †
 But no warblings sweet from their throats arise,
 Like the wood notes wild of my native skies.

* “ What theme can be more elevating than a bard chanting
 “ to his ‘ Father Land ;’ as the Hollanders called their country.”

D'Israeli.

† Bullock observes, when speaking of the humming-bird, that
 “ the sides of the laminæ, or fibres of each feather, being of a
 “ different color from the surface, will change, when seen in a
 “ front or oblique direction ; and as each laminæ or fibre turns

IV.

The lofty palm with its shadowy plumes,
 Waves in the sun-bright air ;
 The earth is rich with gorgeous blooms,
 And starlike flowers are there :
 But a sweeter breath the flow'rs exhale,
 That drink the dews in my native vale.

V.

Though each mountain path is arched across,
 By the Ferntree's feathery spray ; *
 And the verdant hues of the velvet moss
 Gleam bright in the rock-hewn way ;
 O'er each craggy slope of my native dells,
 The purple heath shakes its fairy bells.

VI.

Though from the foliage-shaded hills,
 The sparkling waters rush,
 And gleaming round a thousand rills
 In the rays of the morning blush !
 There's many a torrent rainbow spann'd,
 Glides over the rocks of my native land.

“ upon the axis of the quill, the least motion, when living, causes the feathers to change, suddenly, to the most opposite hues. Thus the one from Nootka Sound changes its expanded throat from the most vivid fire colour to light green ; the topaz-throated does the same ; and the Mexican star changes from bright crimson to blue.”—(See *Six Months in Mexico*, chap. xxi.) As these beautiful little creatures usually keep on the wing, when in the act of extracting the saccharine moisture contained in flowers, it is scarcely possible to describe the refulgent variety of hues their plumage exhibits, during their rapid progress from blossom to blossom.

* The arborescent ferns (*polypodium arborem*, &c.) frequently rise to the height of twenty-five and thirty feet ; their majestic fronts upwards of twelve feet in length, expanding at the top like a magnificent plume of feathers.

VII.

Though the midnight skies are burning bright,
 With many a dazzling star,
 The softer gleam of my own moonlight
 To me is dearer far,
 When its faint and silvery hues are cast
 O'er hills where the days of my youth were past.

VIII.

For what are these scenes so soft and fair,
 The gales that sweetly blow—
 The blossoms of earth, or the birds of air,
 Or the skies in their moon-bright glow.
 If the lonely heart must at distance pine
 From those on whom all its hopes recline?

IX.

The grass that springs on our fathers' graves
 Full many a thought endears—
 There's a spell in the humblest shrub that waves
 Near the home of our infant years—
 Yea, the simplest leaf does our fondness share
 If its parent bud expanded there.

X.

Oh, thus! though far on a foreign strand,
 My lonely lot is cast;
 Still, still for thee, my Father land,
 The pulse of my heart beats fast;
 While many a vision, soft and bland,
 Bears me back to thy shores, my Father land.*

* For these very beautiful "Original Verses" I am indebted to T. C. Smith, Esq. of the 27th Regiment, who kindly inserted them in my Album, when in St. Vincent. I hope he will forgive me for making them known to the public, in the pages of a work which they will adorn with the poetical feelings that distinguish them throughout.

The other letters I received were from Colonel B—— at Antigua, and Lieutenant L—— at St. Kitts, in which each of those gentlemen kept their promise of giving me a description of their several stations.

A celebrated author once remarked, that we might judge of a man's character by his letters; and there is more truth in the observation than many are willing to allow. The letter of Colonel B—— was a type of his character, and the very precise and correct description which he has given of the Island of Antigua, is exactly what I expected from a person of his manners and habits. The letter of Lieutenant L——, who was as wild and unsteady as the Colonel was sober and sedate, was quaint, lively, and amusing, containing much nonsense and little information, yet the tout ensemble was by no means uninteresting, and my readers shall have it with the other, that they may compare the grave with the gay, and see which they like best.

As soon as I had read the intelligence I received by the packet, I recollected that I had two engagements for that day, both of which I intended to keep. The first was to witness the issue of a wager—and the second to attend a maroon given by the Governor in the Botanic Garden.

The wager was between a young merchant of the island and the master of a little schooner famous for her fast sailing.

The master had engaged to carry the said schooner from Kingstown Bay to the Island of Becquia, which

lay opposite, in the short space of forty minutes, the wind being in his favour. The sum to be received on success was to be forfeited in case of failure. The usual time for making the trip was an hour and a quarter, and the vessel that could go in an hour was considered a fast sailer. The schooner sailed and reached Becquia five minutes beyond her time; the wager was consequently lost. One of the gentlemen who went, like myself, to observe the scene, informed me that a wager of the same nature had been laid some years back. A man of a desperate and decisive character, engaged to take his vessel over in twenty minutes, and the sum at stake was proportioned to the danger of the undertaking. An immense concourse of people having assembled to witness the spectacle, the man went on board his schooner, and set sail with a firm resolution to carry his purpose, or run his vessel down in the attempt.

From the known hardy and courageous, yet rash and desperate character of the man, there were many bets in his favour, and from the apparent impossibility of the achievement, there were also many against him.

Fortune, however, seemed propitious—the sea was slightly ruffled, the sky clear, the breeze stiff and steady, and the little vessel, with all her sails full, seemed rather to fly than to sail through the water. The captain stood on her deck with a timepiece in his hand, watching with desperate anxiety every moment as it passed: ten minutes had expired, and the schooner was not quite half her distance. A shout of

triumph burst from the opposing party on the shore, and the captain stamped on the deck with rage and indignation. "Give her more canvass!" cried he to the crew, "more canvass, I say!" One of them attempted to remonstrate—the captain looked at him, that look was enough—the man said no more; the extra sail was slowly set, and every eye on the land was strained to see the issue. The sail filled in a moment, the breeze freshened, and the little schooner darted under the wave, and was never seen again above the blue waters of the Atlantic.

The crew had provided for their safety, by cutting the cordage that bound the boat to the deck, and happily escaped drowning. The desperate commander, who had but one arm, was the only person on board who sank with his little vessel into the dreary depths of ocean.

The gentleman ceased his recital, and I returned home to take my customary afternoon nap, before joining the party in the Botanic Garden.

The sofa being elastic, and the frame, not of the sofa, but of your humble servant, good reader, being somewhat exhausted and fatigued, I reclined quietly thereon; and, whilst pondering on the sinking of the unfortunate schooner, I sunk myself into a sweet and peaceful slumber.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ANTIGUA.

“ No island in this part of the West Indies can boast of so
“ many excellent harbours.” *Bryan Edwards.*

THE maroon at the Botanic Garden was given by Sir Charles Brisbane to the officers of a sloop of war, which had arrived the previous day; and the party invited to join them was numerous yet select. Being an admiral himself, and a very gallant one, Sir Charles always made a point of paying attention to the officers of the navy: and the arrival of a man of war was ever the signal of approaching gaiety.

On this occasion the party was as lively and sprited as usual; and no pains were spared to make the guests enjoy themselves. It was very amusing to see the pleasure which the young midshipmen seemed to experience, and the great glee with which they danced.

The champagne was briskly circulated, and aided materially to render the conversation lively and general. Our exquisite, who was present, and whom I was now in the continual habit of meeting in society, grew quite talkative, and of course quite amusing. Repeated toasts were given, and healths drunk, one

after another in three times three: each toast was generally accompanied by a speech, and succeeded by a song; and the applause that followed both proved them to be enjoyed.

I was fortunate enough to be seated during dinner by the side of the surgeon of the man of war, whom I found a very intelligent man, with amazing powers of conversation, and an inexhaustible fund of anecdote.

He had been a long while in Greece, and very intimate with Lord Byron; he was a great admirer of the matchless poetry of that talented nobleman, and related many surprising instances of his genius. One of his anecdotes I have never seen in print; and as it concerns one who ranks so high in the world of literature, I may perhaps be pardoned for inserting it.

“Lord Byron,” said the doctor, “had been one day writing a few hours before dinner, and left off at the end of the following line—

‘Gallant Hector, noble son of Priam.’

“The noble poet was in the habit of taking a considerable quantum of wine after dinner, and on this day he had contrived to make himself effectually tipsy. This did not, however, prevent him from resuming his writing in the evening; and after endeavouring for a few minutes, but without success, to find an appropriate stanza to follow the above line, he again repeated it aloud—

‘Gallant Hector, noble son of Priam,’

“ then throwing himself back in his chair, he ex-
 “ claimed—

‘ No man was ever half as drunk as I am,’

“ and content with having thus completed the coup-
 “ let, deserted his book for a siesta, or evening nap.”*

The spirit of his Excellency's party continued unabated during the whole evening, and I was never present at a more delightful and pleasant maroon. It was near ten o'clock when the guests left the Botanic Garden and proceeded to their several homes.

The magnum bonum which I had taken of champagne and madeira, contributed to make me sleep; and instead of taking my usual morning ride, I remained under the influence of Somnus till I was awakened by a salute from the batteries at Fort Charlotte, which was returned by the sloop of war, and announced that the latter was taking her departure. I then rose and breakfasted, after which I turned to the perusal of Lieutenant L——'s letter, and was greatly amused by his original description of St. Kitts; I hope it may please the reader as well as it did me. As it is, however, more likely to tell to advantage after Colonel B——'s grave account of Antigua, I shall give the Colonel's letter the first place in these Memoirs.

* The doctor relates this anecdote as “ *original*,” and it is only in the conviction of this fact, that I am induced to insert it. There have been, however, so many anecdotes narrated of Lord Byron, that the above might have been published among others without my knowledge, and if that should prove the case, the reader will, I hope, forgive an unintentional mistake.

ANTIGUA.

Letter of Colonel B——.

“ DEAR BAYLEY,

“ Now that I am fairly settled in Antigua, and have
“ had a little time to look about me, I take up my
“ pen to keep my promise of writing to you, and I
“ hope to be able to give you a pretty concise de-
“ scription of the place. I have been more pleased
“ with this island than I expected to be, and am half
“ inclined to think I shall like it better than Bar-
“ bados. St. Johns, which is the capital, is a very
“ pretty town; and the streets, which are wide and
“ regular, have a neat and cleanly appearance; they
“ are paved with sharp stones, and are not generally
“ level, as the town is on the declivity of a hill which
“ slopes towards the sea on the western side of the
“ island. The houses are, generally speaking, cool
“ and well built, but they are probably inferior to the
“ great houses of the plantations, which are comfort-
“ able and capacious, and possess more advantages
“ than those of any other island I have visited. I
“ went the other day to see a friend on an estate a
“ little way in the country, and found him in the
“ most delightful residence imaginable. His house
“ was perfectly English, and stood in the midst of a
“ green lawn that seemed as smooth as velvet, a
“ thing I had not seen before in the West Indies; the
“ place was rendered a perfect bower, by the beauti-

“ ful little shrubbery that grew around it, and the
 “ superb avenue of mountain cabbage trees that ex-
 “ tended from its door to the road entrance. A
 “ pretty garden, close to the house, was to me another
 “ novelty ; for I had never seen the flowers of these
 “ tropic isles, beautiful as they are, and rich in many
 “ colours, growing in any other than a wild and
 “ uncultivated state. Indeed, the great beauty of
 “ the whole scenery surrounding my friend's resi-
 “ dence reminded me of these lines :

“ ‘ On the opposite hillock his cottage was seen
 “ Through the lofty green palm trees that fronted the door ;
 “ And, oh, what charms that little cot wore,
 “ For nature had given the liveliest grace
 “ To the trees and the bowers that shaded the place ;
 “ And made it a fitter abode for the race
 “ Of faries that haunted each woodland glen
 “ In the chivalric ages of ancient men.’

“ If, however, I was pleased with my friend's resi-
 “ dence, I was not less so with the general aspect of
 “ the country. In coasting along the island, and in
 “ making English Harbour, for we did not come to
 “ St. Johns by sea, I thought the scenery, although
 “ certainly not equal to that of the Island of St. Vin-
 “ cent, superior to the flat country of Barbados, and
 “ even to the romantic wildness of the mountains of
 “ St. Lucia. Perhaps I was, in some degree, attracted
 “ by seeing the natural beauty of the place adorned,
 “ as it was, with English art, and by the busy scene
 “ that presented itself in English Harbour, reminding
 “ me, as it did, of the bustle of a British port.

“ You are aware that Falmouth, as the place is

“ called, and English Harbour, which contains a
“ magnificent Carenage, and a splendid dock-yard, is
“ situated in a part of the island nearly opposite to
“ the capital. We were, therefore, obliged to pro-
“ ceed by land to St. Johns, and our ride across the
“ country afforded us a fine view of all the varieties
“ of Antigua ; however, I must not carry you over
“ the mountains without telling you something more
“ of the Antigonian dock-yard. The people of this
“ place still say Antigonian, though Mr. Coleridge
“ says it should be Antiguan. By the way, Bayley,
“ I hope you have read his book, it is very amusing,
“ and gives a good account of what he saw here ;
“ he mentions a tombstone bearing the name of Row-
“ land Williams, the first white creole buried in the
“ island. I have not seen it yet ; but the descendant
“ of that person, a gentleman of the same name, has
“ an estate here. He arrived a little time back, and
“ has lately married the daughter of our Governor,
“ Sir Patrick Ross. But to return to English Har-
“ bour, the entrance is narrow, but the place itself
“ is the most commodious receptacle for shipping in
“ the West Indies. The dock-yard is neat, pretty,
“ and convenient ; and here they build little vessels,
“ and repair large ones ; so that the lively spirit of
“ business and occupation always pervades the place.
“ It is defended by strong fortifications on a chain
“ of rocky eminences, called the ridge, and by the
“ garrison at Monk’s Hill. These are salubrious,
“ beautiful, and commanding posts ; and while the
“ British flag waves gracefully on the signal-staff,

“ the pieces of cannon frowning from the stony
“ ramparts, present at once a formidable barrier to
“ an invading enemy, and form a desirable pro-
“ tection and defence for the surrounding country,
“ and for the arsenal and dock-yard of English Har-
“ bour. In this place there are usually a number of
“ ships, and a great many small vessels, that come
“ for repairs: it has got the credit of being un-
“ healthy; but I do not think that the officers and
“ sailors of the several vessels have been carried off
“ by fevers and influenzas so much of late years as
“ at a former period. They have dwellings on shore,
“ which they prefer to ship-board; and here they
“ appear to enjoy themselves, and live very happy.
“ It is, however, a well known fact, that not only
“ English Harbour, but the whole Island of Antigua
“ was greatly subject to epidemic disease, from the
“ want of water, which is very scarce. There is
“ only one small spring in the island, and the ancient
“ historians have not given it credit even for that
“ one. The town's-people trust, for their supplies,
“ to their tanks and cisterns of rain water, which is
“ very sweet and cool when passed through a drip-
“ stone.

“ The weather is very variable in Antigua, and
“ the island is frequently attacked with a dry season,
“ which, in olden time, reduced the people to great
“ distress, and put them to a great expense in im-
“ porting water from other islands. Coke tells us
“ that, in 1799, ‘ the ponds in which the cattle or
“ stock of the plantations were watered became dry.

“ The importation was altogether insufficient, and
“ every part of the surface of the earth became
“ parched up; the stock and the slaves perished in
“ the utmost agony; and a most fatal and malignant
“ fever, at the same time, every where prevailing,
“ threatened total destruction to all. When these
“ destructive attacks of dry weather are suddenly
“ succeeded by a profusion of rain, which generally
“ happens once in three or five years, a very fatal
“ epidemic remittent is the consequence.’

“ Now, Bayley, you must follow me from English
“ Harbour to the capital. In the progress of our
“ journey I was delighted with the pretty scenery of
“ the whole country, and found the hills more woody,
“ and the valleys more green than I had expected in
“ an island not watered by rivers. Our hills, for,
“ when I think of the huge giants of St. Vincent, I
“ cannot call them mountains, do not, like those,
“ form a lofty pyramid in the centre of the isle, but,
“ rising from the sea, and overhanging the coast,
“ slope gently off, leaving the rich valleys and the
“ verdant plains of the inner country only interrupted
“ by the small and woody eminences, which add
“ variety and beauty to that pleasing and cultivated
“ scene.

“ The prospects from some of these eminences are
“ beautiful in the extreme. One of them, called
“ Figtree Hill, is of surpassing loveliness, and, on a
“ fair day, will command a distinct view of four of
“ the neighbouring islands. These are Nevis, Mont-

“ serrat, St. Kitts, and the French colony of Guada-
“ loupe.

“ One of the prettiest objects that struck me on
“ my arrival was the church, which is built on an
“ eminence which overlooks the town and harbour,
“ and from whence Fort James is visible, with sundry
“ other picturesque and panoramic views. Now that
“ I am settled, I frequent this church with much plea-
“ sure, and always get a good seat. The place is well
“ attended, and there is a neatness, order, and cleanly
“ appearance in the congregation that is not always
“ observable even in England. All strangers who
“ arrive here express their admiration of the external
“ and internal appearance of the building, to which
“ is attached a burying-ground of tolerable size,
“ surrounded by a brick wall.

“ The government house is also good, and the
“ court house may be considered on a par with the
“ church. I frequently attend the court sittings,
“ and now and then hear good speeches from island
“ barristers, in the prosecution of their several causes.
“ Like the barristers of England, they always plead
“ in their gowns. The court house contains spacious
“ rooms, where the council and assembly debate.
“ I was present at two or three of their discussions
“ relative to their concessions to the free colored
“ people, and heard them treat the subject in a
“ tolerably fair manner. This class of people are
“ meeting with their deserts here more than in several
“ of the other islands; but they are nowhere so meri-

“ toriously supported by the legislature as in the
“ Island of Grenada.

“ There is a spacious methodist chapel in St.
“ Johns, and it is always full in the time of worship.
“ This sect is very numerous in Antigua, in conse-
“ quence of the island being their head quarters.
“ We have, also, many members of the Moravian
“ mission, some of whom are Germans, and, probably,
“ descended from those who emigrated to the island
“ in the early part of the eighteenth century, and
“ met with so much encouragement from the pro-
“ prietors. Coke, the methodist missionary, who
“ wrote on the West Indies in 1811, says, when
“ speaking of the owners of estates in Antigua,
“ ‘ That public spirit of religious indulgence and
“ toleration, which gave both encouragement and
“ protection to a body of German Protestants so
“ early as 1732, has entitled them to unfading ho-
“ nors.’ Upon the whole, religion appears to be
“ gaining ground in Antigua, and the Bishop is
“ making his exertions to render it every assistance
“ in his power. There are several schools estab-
“ lished in the town under the different sects, and I
“ dare say they will all produce good effects; for,
“ in my opinion, the education must precede the
“ emancipation of the negroes in the West Indies.

“ The jail here is not much superior to the affair
“ at Barbados, which you have seen; but it has the
“ advantage of being separated from the court house.

“ Of natural living curiosities we have not many;
“ but Antigua is acknowledged by all to be the best

“ island in the West Indies for a collection of petri-
“ factions. I am endeavouring to procure some ;
“ and, if I succeed, I will send you a part of my
“ stock. I can hardly give you an idea of the very
“ fine specimens shown me by an old inhabitant of
“ the place. I believe the best are procured in a
“ curious cave somewhere in the vicinity of the
“ ridge.

“ I could tell you a great deal more about this
“ island, and the state of its society, but must defer
“ it to a future period, for you see I have filled two
“ sheets of paper, very closely written, and have now
“ only just space enough to sign myself

“ Very sincerely yours,

“ J. B——.”

Reader, if the letter of Colonel B—— was not amusing, it was, at least, instructive ; and as it is always good policy to sacrifice the smaller to the greater good, I have no doubt but that you will agree with me, that moments spent in acquiring knowledge are, generally speaking, of more advantage than those which we devote to pleasure ; and that one chapter of history is better than one volume of romance. There are, however, times when light reading is advisable, to relax the mind after the perusal of works which require a greater share of study and attention ; and the gay epistle of Lieutenant L—— will, therefore, come in very à propos after the quiet letter of the Colonel ; and, if the reader

gain less information, let him console himself with having more entertainment.

As, however, I am one of those persons who deem patience a virtue, I intend to postpone the production of the said epistle a little longer, and to give the reader a chapter, peculiarly my own, respecting the Islands of Anguilla, Barbuda, Nevis, and Montserrat, which belong to the two governments of Antigua and Kitts.

My little description of these places is drawn from notes and memoranda given me by many persons who were in the habit of going backwards and forwards between them and St. Vincent, while I was in that island; and who were, from personal observance, enabled to give me the most correct and authentic accounts.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ANGUILLA—BARBUDA—NEVIS—AND MONTSERRAT.

“ Before we take leave of the British Leeward Islands, it is
 “ proper to give some account of the appendages to the large
 “ and flourishing colonies.” *Coke.*

ANGUILLA.

ANGUILLA is the most northerly of the Charaibbean Colonies of Great Britain ; and although so small and uncultivated, it had formerly a legislative body, who enacted laws, and fines, and punishments for the misdeeds of its inhabitants. A Governor also and a government house wherein to dwell ; a provost-marshal to seize, but, alas ! no jail to confine the culprits ; and a code of severe regulations, which were never attended to, because trouble is a disagreeable thing, and because those whose duty it was to put them into execution were fast asleep and dreaming. The little island is, however, now roused from its lethargy ; and even as the worthy inhabitants of the counties of the land of Roast Beef and Plumpudding do send their representatives to the annual meeting of the London Parliament, so do the people of Anguilla dispatch theirs to the Assembly-house of the Island of St. Kitts.

The situation of the place lies about sixty miles to the north west of this latter island, in the latitude of 18° north, and in the longitude of 64° west from London. Its breadth is about one-third of its length, which is near thirty English miles.

The scenery of Anguilla is quite original, and its formation differs from that of any other of the West India Islands. It is begirt by a thousand little rocky cliffs and eminences that rise from the sea, some barren, some woody, and some cultivated; and these sloping gradually off, leave the interior of the island, in many parts, as level as Barbados or Berbice. There the whole aspect of the country is pleasing, because it is new—because there is a total absence of the natural and domestic scenery which distinguish the other colonies; and to an Englishman, because there are certain features in the view before him, that remind him of corresponding scenes in his native land. Instead of the busy bustle observable on a sugar plantation; instead of the working of mills, the driving of bullock carts, the cutting of canes, the boiling of sugars, and the columns of black smoke that rise from the works of the several estates, he beholds a number of pretty little dwellings scattered over the face of the country, “few and far between;” with negroes’ huts erected on the grassy lands, and the sheep and cattle grazing peacefully around them. Instead of long avenues of the lofty palm, and innumerable branches of the waving cocoa-nut; instead of extensive fields of the luxuriant cane, or large plantations of rising coffee-plants,

he looks around upon a woody and fertile tract, with scarcely more than a third cultivated, yet that third forming a contrast, so striking and delightful, with the native wildness of the other lands, that he cannot help feeling pleased with the prospect:—green roads and greener pasture lands, fields that display the fairest crops of Indian corn, and extensive grounds for the cultivation of vegetables, but more particularly of yams, which in this island are of superior quality.

So much for the scenery of Anguilla:—for its domestic conveniences and internal necessities, I can say little. It has been more backward than the other colonies in many essential points, from several causes:—Its little cultivation and want of importance, as to size, the poverty of its inhabitants; and, perhaps, more than all, the destruction of their town and estates, and the blasting of their better prospects by the French, in 1796.

Four hundred picked troops were sent by Victor Hughes, of savage and ferocious memory, with directions to burn the town, and exterminate the inhabitants of Anguilla, whom he knew to be defenceless and without the power of making resistance. They arrived in two French men of war and several smaller vessels, and having landed on the 26th of November, set fire to the town, and committed the most atrocious barbarities on the people. The inhabitants were, however, happily relieved by the arrival of Captain Barton, in the Lapwing man of war, who brought the French ships to action, and succeeded in taking one and sinking the other; he received for his very gal-

lant and humane conduct throughout the affair, a very handsome letter of thanks from the inhabitants of St. Kitts.

The great damage and destruction done by the French ruffians, proved a terrible blow to the inhabitants of Anguilla. Their little church was pulled down, and was not re-erected, so that there was no place of worship in the island, except a small methodist chapel, not capable of containing a congregation of more than four hundred and twenty persons, and it is only since the arrival of the Bishop that they began to dream of building another church, and of opening something like a school for the education of children. I suppose these, together with the court house and jail projected, are by this time completed.

There are not many curiosities in Anguilla, though Coke tells us that "it is much infested with different species of serpents, on which account it is commonly called, by its neighbours, Snake Island," an appellation which I never heard given to it during my residence in the West Indies, so that I suspect these animals are not so numerous, as in former days, in the cultivated parts of the island. In the more woody regions, I have no doubt of their numbers, as that species of bush which covers the uncultivated soil of Anguilla, appears peculiarly adapted as a receptacle for reptiles of all kinds.

The salt pond of the island is worthy of notice, as it frequently produces an immense quantity of very fine salt, which the inhabitants export for sale; and they not unfrequently send as much as two hundred

and eighty thousand bushels out of the colony. Every one who chooses gets his share out of it; for the lake is not individual property, but belongs to the community at large. The pond is not deep, and the salt collects and lodges in a body on the clay at the bottom, whence it is dug by those who seek it, and piled up on the little hills around under a thatch work, composed of the branches of some tree, the name of which I do not know.

Nothing else do I remember of Anguilla worthy the notice of my readers, so I will bring my narrative to an end, wishing it happiness, prosperity, and improvement; all of which will, I am convinced, arise from the progress of education and religious knowledge in the colony. Let the planters sow the seeds of corn in the fields, and the parsons the seeds of knowledge among the negroes, and when the young ears and the young ideas begin to shoot at the same time, the two together will produce a crop more advantageous and prolific than was ever seen before gracing the plains and hillocks of the green Island of Anguilla. By that time I hope to have bid an eternal adieu to these Tropic isles, and to be quietly settled near one of the delightful lakes of fair Devonshire, in a neat cottage of my own building, with the ivy, and the vine, and the honeysuckle, creeping over its snow-white walls, and the fair lily and the blushing rose blossoming by its garden bower. There I may live for love and Laura, feasting on the joys that are present, and laughing at the woes that are past; but now, my beloved, I can only think of thee

in absence: and I do think of thee, at the rising of the morning sun, and at the setting of the same glorious orb! but, above all, I think of thee at

————— “ the hour when daylight dies,
 “ And sunbeams melt along the silent sea;
 “ For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
 “ And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.
 “ And as I watch the line of light that plays
 “ Along the smooth wave, tow’rd the burning west,
 “ I long to tread that golden path of rays,
 “ And think ’twould lead to some bright isle of rest.”

T. Moore.

BARBUDA.

BARBUDA is a very fine little island, about twenty miles long, and twelve broad, and situated some seven leagues to the north-east of St. Kitts, and about ten to the north of St. Johns in Antigua. It is comprised within the government of this latter island; and formerly belonged to General Codrington, who first held it by patent from the crown. It possesses a nice little harbour for shipping; but as it has no considerable trade, there are seldom many vessels in its roadstead.

In the scenery of Barbuda, there is nothing remarkable; the country is perfectly level; and, except in cultivated parts, overgrown with thick bushes and high forest trees. There is also a remarkably fine piece of water, called the Lagoon, in which there are a number of fine fish; and these, together with the numerous herds of deer that live among the

woods of the island, form a great part of the sustenance of its inhabitants.

To catch these animals and fish, there are two sets of fellows, distinguished both by dress and occupation from the other slaves of the colony, and bearing titles appropriate to their pursuits, being called huntsmen and fishermen. The fishermen employ themselves in the Lagoon, and catch immense numbers of the finny tribe in the various nets. Cavalles, king-fish, butter-fish, snappers, jacks, baracoutas, and even young sharks, are brought forth in abundance; and these, with the exception of the latter, are sent to supply the tables of all classes of inhabitants. Yet not on fish alone do the good people of Barbuda thrive and luxuriate; not only on those who inhabit the vasty deep do they feast themselves and their visitors: think ye there are deer in their forests, and not venison at their board? venison, say I, that would make the eyes of an alderman sparkle, and the lips of an alderman smack. The slaves, who hunt the deer, are well equipped for their duty; which, by the way, is a very pleasant one. Like our farmers, they have their horses, and their dogs, and their guns; and they go to the chase in Blucher boots and leather caps; and wear besides, a broad belt, which they throw across their shoulders. The fellows employed in this, and the piscatorial profession beforementioned, are perhaps some of the happiest of their race; and, indeed, all the slaves of Barbuda appear contented in their way, and have a less barbarous manner than most of their brethren of the other islands. Their labour

is also lighter; for the Barbudians make no sugar, and their chief occupation consists in the cultivation of provision grounds, and the raising of stock.

Here, as well as in Anguilla, the arrival of the Bishop has been the signal for the building of a church; and I dare say it will be, or perhaps is, (for it may by this time be completed,) a very nice little affair. The Barbudians get up very pretty sloops and schooners, and I know no reason why they should not succeed as well in a place of worship. They have my good wishes in the matter, as well as in every other, that concerns their happiness and welfare: and now I will drink a farewell toast to their future success, for there is nothing like

“ One bumper at parting, though many
 “ Have circled the board since we met.”

NEVIS.

The Island of NEVIS is of far greater importance than either of the two I have been just describing, and displays the most beautiful scenery imaginable. Its situation is in $17^{\circ} 14'$ north latitude, and $62^{\circ} 29'$ west longitude from Greenwich, and its appearance is perfectly singular and romantic. Fancy a mountain rising from the sea, and looking, according to Coke, “like a conical pillar, emerging from the ocean to support the skies;” with its summit buried in the clouds, and from thence to its base covered with a mass of rich and variegated foliage;

and you will have an idea of what Nevis was on its first discovery by Columbus.

The island is, however, greatly changed since that time; the mountain is still lofty and majestic; but the foliage that covered it has every where given place to an admirable and enchanting verdure and cultivation, except upon its highest point, where the old and sturdy trees of the ancient forest still spread their mighty branches to the mountain breeze, and show the contrast between the natural and cultivated state of this beautiful island.

Charlestown, which is the capital of Nevis, is a very nice little town in its way, built on the beach, and extending round the bay. It contains a pretty church, a good court-house, and a bad jail.

The first of these is in the midst of a piece of ground surrounded by a wall, and planted with a few trees; the second is a nice building, with appropriate accommodation, and fronted by a neat square; the third, but of this I had better say nothing, for if I do, "bad will be the best;" so I will turn to the Government House, a little above Charlestown, which I *may* praise for its convenient and pretty situation, without wounding my tender conscience.

Nevis possesses the advantage of a very plentiful supply of water, as there are a number of springs in the island; but there have been times when these, aided by torrents of rain, have overflowed their boundaries, and been the cause of much mischief on the estates, and more particularly on those pro-

perties which are high up the mountain. They also greatly injured the roads, which are otherwise not bad. At all events, they are infinitely superior to any in the islands of Grenada, St. Vincent, or St. Lucie, and are all passable even in a carriage, though covered gigs are the vehicles most used in the country.

This island is famous for its spa, or mineral baths, and many of the colonists of the other islands go thither for the recovery of their health, by taking the waters, which are used medicinally, and possess qualities that do not yield the palm to the hot springs of Cheltenham or Bath.

The spring is on a small eminence, about half a mile from the town, and there is a sort of tavern, or boarding house near, containing tolerable accommodations for visitors or invalids.

The Island of Nevis has suffered greatly from hurricanes, and was nearly destroyed by the very terrible one it experienced in the year 1707, from the effects of which it was not easily recovered by the persevering industry of its inhabitants for many years afterwards. It also bears the marks of having formerly been volcanic, and some have supposed that the mountain was burning at the time of its discovery; and that in consequence of the smoke having a white appearance, Columbus gave it the name of Nevis, from *nieves*, the Spanish word for *snow*.

The island is divided into five parishes, and contains several places of worship, besides the church in

Charlestown. Of its rarities of art, I am told that steam engines work on the estates ; and of its natural curiosities, that there are monkeys in its woods ; moreover that the said monkeys have a predilection for robbing their brethren the men ; and that the fruit is seldom left to ripen peaceably on the trees by these depredators.

And now, fair island, farewell !—for the future, may thy crops be as prolific, and thy fields as fertile, as they are at present ; and may the deadly blast of the hurricane never more invade thy kindly shores.

MONTSERRAT.

MONTSERRAT is another pretty little island under the Government of Barbuda ; though, as a colony, it is not considered rich ; as an island, it is acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful and healthy of the Antilles. It has acquired the title of the Montpelier of the West Indies ; and I never knew any one who had resided in it any length of time, without wishing to remain ; nay, I have heard many say that they would like to spend their latest days in it.

It is everywhere covered with hills ; one loftier than the rest, rears its head above them ; and from its resemblance to Montserrat in Catalonia, Christopher Columbus is said to have given that name to the island. It has also a volcanic mountain, which, like that in St. Vincent, is called Souffrière ; and,

indeed, all the volcanoes in the West Indies have the same nomenclature.

The chief town of Montserrat is called Plymouth, and contains a few good houses; also a church, which is not the only one in the island.

Montserrat is famous for its good turtle, good rum, and good fruit; its commercial productions are rum, sugar, and cotton; and its trade is by no means inconsiderable for so small a colony.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ST. CHRISTOPHER'S.

“ Upon the whole, it appears from those accounts which have
 “ the greatest claim to credit, because they partake, apparently,
 “ of the greatest impartiality, that St. Christopher's was the
 “ original nursery of all the English and French Settlements in
 “ this part of the world.” *Coke.*

Letter of Lieutenant S——.

DEAR BAYLEY,

St. Kitts, 1827.

You call on me to keep my promise ; really I had forgotten it altogether, or I should have kept it before ; but I am very apt to forget my promises, so you will excuse me I know.

The Duke of York brought me safe into port some three months ago ; and ever since my arrival here, I have been fancying myself in heaven. I had no idea St. Kitts was such a delightful isle for a bachelor. Such a charming receptacle of charming women—such a delectable dwelling place for the givers of good dinners and the lovers of good soup. You are an admirer of fine scenery, and a worshipper of fine girls ; now I will describe the first before I make love to the last of these *plentiful* rarities.

The captain of the Duke of York, independent of being a very good fellow, has a particular propensity for bringing his vessel to an anchor in the very best of

all possible positions, for getting a good view of the place you are coming to. So on the day of my arrival, I saw to perfection all that was worth seeing from the harbour. A very fine valley, and a town therein erected; a long chain of mountains sloping one above another, from the aforementioned green valley in the south, to the black clouds, in which the most lofty concealed its ugly summit, in the west; a few minor hills, which seemed very verdant; and a number of mills which, like tipsy Jack, were four sheets in the wind, and went round and round like the world in a hurricane, or like the head of Field Marshal ——, when he was first made prime minister. This latter simile has taught me an admirable reflection on ambition—you shall see it, although it is written by one who is, like yourself, a devilish bad poet:—

“ Ambition prompting man to seek a name,
 “ The hero’s god, the warrior’s spur to fame,
 “ (And this reminds me of the spurs that goad
 “ The lazy horse that drags upon the road,)
 “ Patriots, poets, peers, and premiers, all
 “ Pursue ambition, till she works their fall.
 “ The first seek popularity and myrtle;
 “ The latter grasp at power and eat their turtle,
 “ Talk of distress, the poor man’s rags and tatters—
 “ Then smack their noble lips, and say—What matters?”

But what has ambition to do with St. Kitts!

“ What is the name of that tremendous mountain?” said I to the captain. “ Mount Misery,” was the reply. “ And the town and valley?” “ Basse Terre.” “ And the yellow hill with the garrison?”

“Brimstone Hill.” “And the village at the point?”
 “Sandy Point.” “And yonder eminence, with that
 “pretty slope and cultivated aspect?” “Monkey
 “Hill.” So I heard all this in silence, and then
 pointed to a very luxuriant cane-field, and said em-
 phatically—“What a *field* for poetry is there.”

A man on the top of Mount Misery would be in a most miserable predicament; the fact is, it overhangs a steep precipice; and people say it is three thousand seven hundred and twelve feet above the sea. For the first week I never looked at it without thinking it was going to fall; but I am now as used to it as the old woman's eels were to being skinned alive. Nevertheless, I can tell you, if ever it should tumble, it will make considerably more noise than the fall of man from his duty, or of the ripe codlin, which discovered to old Newton the principles of gravitation, from the apple tree in the philosopher's garden. The contrast between the barren state of this huge mountain, and the cultivation of the plains below, reminded me greatly of a very handsome and learned little friend of mind, who married a lady with a fortune, and corporation three times as large as his own, who is very stupid and very positive, and always says, “I will,” and “I wont;” of course she keeps her word, for you know the old adage, which says of woman—

“For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;

“And if she wont, she wont—so there's an end on't.”

Basse Terre is a delightful little town, full of nice

houses, and nice inhabitants. The square is magnificent; but the church is not so pretty as the one at Trinidad. The methodist chapel is, however, superb, and always filled with a large and devout congregation; the votaries of this pains-taking sect are very numerous in St. Kitts, and "thereby hangs a tale," which, for ought I know, may be more humorous than true, nevertheless it was given me as gospel.

"A master of a small schooner," said the narrator, "who was in the habit of trading to the island, professed himself to be a methodist, and made a point of attending the chapel with the greatest appearance of devotion. One day, on the eve of his departure, he expressed great anxiety for the sect, and earnestly entreated permission to be allowed to preach a sermon in the chapel that evening. Leave was granted by the minister; and, accordingly, as soon as the congregation had assembled, he entered the pulpit, and having girded his loins, took up his parable. He delivered extempore two-thirds of a very fine sermon that quite exceeded the expectation of the audience; but having arrived at a part where it became necessary to hint the contribution of a certain sum for charitable purposes, he found himself at a loss, and stopping dead short, exclaimed,—'O, by Jove! you are all in h—l, and I advise ye to follow my example and get out of it as fast as you can.' So saying he leaped over his pulpit, which was not very high, and made his exit from the chapel, leaving his hearers in the utmost wonder and astonishment.

“ From thence he took his way to the beach—

‘ He leaped into his boat,
‘ As she lay upon the strand.’

“ and getting on board his little schooner, set sail for
“ the green shores of some other island, and has
“ never since dared to make his appearance here.”*

We have here a fine garrison called Brimstone Hill, well fortified; also a good government-house and a good Governor, who dwells therein, yclept Colonel Maxwell, who by his mild administration *makes well* for the colony. After the Governor, the persons who, of course, hold the highest place in my estimation, are the ladies. Of these we have enough, and I beg their pardon, I was near saying, to spare, but that would be impossible. Dear fascinating creatures, how I adore them!—really you are a great deal too strict in your ideas of fidelity to one object; all that is very well after one is married, though we do now and then see an exception; but to a young fellow scarcely out of his teens, and who has, moreover, the honor of fighting for his majesty, in a scarlet coat with a golden epaulette, to him, I say, more liberty may be allowed, or at least more love.

There is a pretty girl in England, called Fanny, to whom I write every month; but is that any reason

* Although this anecdote has been since related to me again, by another person, who attributes the prank to the captain of a mail-boat, who was by rank a lieutenant in the navy, I am hardly inclined to credit it; at all events, if it be true, the perpetrator of the prank deserves the highest censure.—*Author.*

why there should not be another in St. Kitts to whom I may also occasionally say a tender word. Are young officers only sent to this confounded hot country to do their duty, and be as cold as a stone? No, no; I am one of those who agree with the French maxim, that “Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a”—and I am continually singing Moore's poetical version of the same sentiment:

“ Oh! 'tis sweet to think that, where'er we rove,
 “ We are sure to find something blissful and dear;
 “ And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
 “ We have but to make love to the lips we are near!
 “ The heart like a tendril accustom'd to cling,
 “ Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
 “ But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
 “ It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.”

Add to this the powerful attraction of the creole ladies, above all in the dance. *La danse est quelque chose qui plaît à tous sans les ennuyer.* In the dance they enjoy themselves, and fascinate their partners at the same time. Perhaps you may tell me, in your laconic way, that this is killing two birds with one stone.

After the white fair ones, the brown dark ones do attract my notice, of whom there is a numerous and beautiful collection in this island. Their charms have persuaded one or two of my countrymen to join them in the holy state of wedlock; which they seem to have a great notion is the best patent *lock* ever invented, and by no means so easy to force as a mere *liaison d'amour*: there are others, however, who differ in opinion; but as I have never heard their argu-

ments, I will not pretend to give le pourquoi et le parceque. Generally speaking, the colored inhabitants of St. Kitts possess greater privileges than those of the other islands, with only one exception, and I think this a credit to the colony.

The other day I took a fancy to a gig; and, having purchased and paid for it, by a bill on Greenwood and Cox, which, by the way, brings my finances to rather a low ebb, I may now be seen daily taking my jaunt into the country. I have been nearly all round the island, for the roads are excellent, and one may really travel with some pleasure. I saw a few more towns, villages, and churches, all pretty in their appearance, but met with nothing very uncommon.

The only curiosities of the island are a few large salt ponds, the aforementioned miserable Mount Misery, which has once been volcanic, and a very remarkable piece of ground among the mountains, fertile, productive, and a complete level. In this island, independent of the many luxuriant tropical fruits and vegetables, the inhabitants have been able, in some parts, to cultivate English productions, and these thrive more than anywhere in this curious mountain level.

I cannot stay to tell you any more, for the mess-drums are beating, and you know what an aversion I have to procrastination, in temporal as well as in spiritual affairs. I can pardon a man for not being in at the death of a hare or pheasant; but I pity the poor fellow who does not arrive in time for the eating; there is something very disagreeable in that. Adieu, yours truly,

L—

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MISCELLANIES.

“ When they have joined their pericranies,
“ Out skips a book of miscellanies.”

Swift.

It is now time to return to St. Vincent, from whence my readers have been led by the correspondence of my friends, and by my own description of the smaller islands attached to Antigua and St. Kitts. Yet the most interesting circumstances connected with this island have been already detailed, and it now only remains to me to mention one or two facts of minor importance.

St. Vincent is divided into five parishes, Charlotte parish, St. George's, St. Andrew's, St. Patrick's, and St. David's; and, independent of the sugar, rum, and molasses, which it exports, there are also small quantities of cotton, coffee, cocoa, arrowroot, and ginger shipped annually for the United Kingdom.

Besides the capital and Calliaqua there are other towns in the island. Layou, or Rutland town, Barrowaille, or Prince's town, Chatteaubelair, or Richmond town, with one or two more better deserving the nomenclature of villages.

A table of the exact distance to the principal places of note in the island, from the market-place in Kingstown, though not interesting to the generality

of readers, may prove useful to some who may have occasion to visit the island; therefore I will make no apology for inserting it.

DISTANCES OF THE HIGH ROADS IN THE ISLAND
OF ST. VINCENT.

WINDWARD, OR SOUTH AND EAST ROAD,

From the Market-Place, Kingstown,

	<i>Miles</i>
To Greathead's House	1
Calliaqua, or Tyrrel's Bay	3
Diamond Estate	7
Peruvian Vale	11
Union Estate House	15
Byera River	21
Turn off at Brown's Grand Sable	24
Rabacca River	25
God save the King	31
Owia Block House	37
Except the last eight miles, this is a good carriage road.	

LEEWARD, OR WEST AND NORTH ROAD,

From the Market-House, in Kingstown,

	<i>Miles</i>
To Lowman's	2
Turn in Ruthia, or York Valley, at the turn above Camden Park Works	2 $\frac{3}{4}$
Questel's House	3 $\frac{1}{4}$
Turn on the north side, Buccament, or Queen's Valley	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Layou, or Rutland Town	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Barrowallie, or Prince's Town	12
Walliaboo, or Man's Bay	13 $\frac{1}{4}$
Belleisle House	15 $\frac{1}{4}$
Oushalabo, or Cumberland Bay	17 $\frac{1}{4}$
Trumaccaw, or Suffolk Bay	18 $\frac{3}{4}$
Chatteaubelair, or Richmond Town	21
Wallibow House	23
Morne Ronde	24

There is no road or trace of one from Morne Ronde to Owia, the surface is much broken, the distance about sixteen miles.

The island of St. Vincent deserves infinitely more than some others to be called the Montpelier of the West Indies, as it is, undoubtedly, one of the most healthy and beautiful islands in the whole cluster of the Antilles, containing few unwholesome marshes or ravines, and those chiefly on the leeward coast.

If its mountains be lofty and sublime, its valleys are verdant and cultivated; and the pure streams by which it is watered flow unimpeded from the heights to the sea.

The principal events of its past history were the eruption of the volcano, the wars of the Charaibs, and the Insurrections of the Slaves; but it has not been troubled so much as some of the other islands with hurricanes or earthquakes.

However, during my residence there, I experienced two slight shocks of the latter, and one of a more powerful nature, though not sufficiently strong to do any damage in the island. It happened on the evening of the 30th of November, 1827, and was very generally felt. Being St. Andrew's night, the militia band were playing Scotch national airs in the street; and, as they passed under the gallery of my house, I was awakened by the music. I had scarcely been two minutes awake before I felt my bed shake, and the whole building totter from its foundation. I heard, at the same time, a loud rumbling noise; and some glasses, which were on the sideboard in the hall, move from their positions, and rattle one against another with force sufficient to break two or three of them. I then knew it to be an earthquake; and the shock lasted during the space of fifty-nine seconds.

In the government of St. Vincent a number of little islands are included, called the Grenadines; these lie in a cluster between the islands of St. Vincent and Grenada; and a part of Cariacou is all that belongs to the administration of the latter. The principal of the Grenadines are Becquia, Canouan, Cariacou, Mustique, and the Union Island, which contain about fifteen thousand seven hundred and eighty acres of land; there are, also, Balliseau, Petit St. Vincent, and several other little rocks and islets in the cluster, some uninhabited, and others of no material importance.

Taking all in all, they produce small quantities of sugar, rum, cotton, and molasses. In the year 1824 the crops were as follows:

<i>Rum.</i>	<i>Sugar.</i>	<i>Molasses.</i>	<i>Cotton.</i>
12,200 galls.	637,819 lbs.	30,998 galls.	163,478 lbs.

and the number of negroes on the last day of the year amounted to two thousand two hundred and sixty-six, being two hundred and twenty-two less than in the former year.

These islands have all a barren and rocky appearance, and their scenery is totally different from that of St. Vincent or Grenada. There are not many white inhabitants on any of them. Becquia and Cariacou contain more than the rest. I believe there is a church, with a clergyman and catechist on each of these two, but they have only been there since the arrival of the Bishop.

There is a considerable quantity of stock raised on some of these islands, particularly in Cariacou, where

fowls, turkeys, and Guinea birds are bred in abundance, and carried over to supply the market of Grenada.

Sir Charles Brisbane was particularly fond of running over to these parts of his government, where he would sometimes remain during a fortnight or three weeks; for this purpose he had a very beautiful little topsail schooner, nicely fitted up, and with every accommodation for passengers. He used frequently to take over with him parties of ladies and gentlemen from St. Vincent to maroon.

The government of St. Vincent has been amongst the foremost in passing acts for the amelioration of the slaves; and the proprietors of estates have always shown a willingness to do any thing reasonable that might tend to increase the comforts, and better the condition of their negroes; their grants to the people of color have not, however, been so liberal as those of the assembly of Grenada: but then it is to be remembered, that there is a great difference between that class of people in the two islands. Their regulations on the properties of which I have visited many have always pleased me, because they have undeceived and given me an idea very different from what I once entertained of the way in which such things are conducted.

In a preceding chapter I explained to my readers the process of sugar making; and I believe this is the only account I have yet given of the management of plantations, and of the various duties of negroes on the estates. A brief detail of the method of plant-

ing cane fields before the season of crop, of summoning the slaves to their daily work, and of the manner in which that work is carried on may not prove uninteresting.

Perhaps order and regularity are no where so well maintained, with little severity and much lenient kindness, as on the estate of a West Indian colonist. Perhaps, too, there are few who give the proprietor any credit for so maintaining them, and continue to believe that a very rigorous, and in some cases a very inhuman, mode of treatment is adopted. I regret to say, that too many works have been published that might tend to confirm such a belief, works whose authors have been misleading the ideas of their countrymen, by describing, in forcible and energetic language, tending to awaken feelings of indignation, what the state of slavery unhappily was, but what it has long since ceased to be.

I have often wished that a statement of facts were brought forward to undeceive Englishmen on this subject; and I regret that the present volume is too small to allow of a full description of circumstances that might, in a great measure, tend to effect this. Not that I would set myself up as a vindicator of slavery, God forbid! I have before stated myself to be its enemy; but I should like to point out that, although it has gradually improved, and is gradually improving, though paganism is giving way to religion, the frown of dissatisfaction to the smile of content, and the former feeling of misery to a consciousness of comparative happiness; yet that time

must be allowed for the completion of the great work that is commenced, that a few more years must be suffered to roll away before the slaves can be taught to know and estimate the true value of that gem, liberty. To give them emancipation at that future period will be a justice and a charity—to give it them to-day will be adding fuel to a despoiling fire—will be pouring down destruction upon fair and fertile lands.

In every nation, and under all circumstances, where men, women, and children are required to labour together for the accomplishment of one undertaking, whether it be in the subterraneous cavities of a mine, or on the fair soil of a flourishing vineyard, the progress of the work depends greatly on the proper distribution and allotment of labour to each individual according to his strength. It would be useless to expect a child of twelve years to perform the duties of an athletic man of thirty.

The marked attention paid to this necessary precaution, in the West Indies, reflects the highest credit on the colonists. In the gangs of labouring negroes the strong are always separated from the weak; each has a task proportioned to his powers, and what he must do he can do with ease.

There are always three, and sometimes four gangs on a plantation; and I will now describe the several duties allotted to each.

The most important and laborious work on a sugar estate, out of the season of crop, is the clearing and preparing, and afterwards planting the land. Before

the cane fields are planted they are holed by the negroes, that is, the whole soil is turned up with the hoe, and holes, or rather trenches, hollowed out at marked distances for the reception of the canes.

This duty is given to the strongest gang, generally composed of healthy and athletic persons; and the field is planted in the following manner.

The negroes being collected together at sunrise, by the ringing of the estate bell, are drawn up in a line, a man and woman alternately, and in this order commence hoeing up the first trench. When this is completed they move backward to the second, and continue this retrograde movement until they arrive at the bottom of the piece of land to be cultivated. In the course of their labor they do not, however, preserve the order in which they begin, but proceed according to the strength of their several constitutions; and it is by no means uncommon to see two or three very strong negroes out of the line, and hoeing much farther down their rows than their less athletic brethren. During the day they have a reasonable length of time allotted for their meals, and at sunset their work closes.

The slaves labour under the direction of a driver, or head man, who is, generally speaking, a trustworthy kind of personage, well stricken in years, though not too old for his duty. He is commonly appointed to his situation on account of his known good conduct and tried fidelity. His badge of office is a whip, which he carries more for show than for use. This show versus use is one of the ameliora-

tions of slavery; and I am happy in being able to state that the system of permitting the drivers to abuse their authority, by unmercifully flogging their gangs from private pique or resentment, which was followed many years back, is now entirely done away with. Drivers dare not strike their slaves without there is really a good cause for so doing; and if they were detected in the slightest injustice towards the negroes, immediate punishment and dismissal from their office would follow.

A personal observance, however, of the conduct of these head men, as they are called by the negroes, has convinced me that, generally speaking, their restrictions are in accordance with their inclinations, and that they do not wish to abuse their authority by an unnecessary severity towards those under their charge. For the most part they have been prudently chosen by their proprietors, and are, I think, more respected than feared by the slaves.

The overseer is always present in the morning, when the negroes are collected, and their names called over to see that there are no deserters; and he visits the several gangs from time to time, during the day, only leaving one to repair to another, or to attend to some duty on the estate, so that the negroes have always opportunities of making any complaints of their drivers if they feel aggrieved, and they are sure to meet with redress.

I have before said that the clearing and holing is the most laborious work on a sugar estate, out of crop time, nevertheless it is a light and easy occupa-

tion when compared with the labours of a day gardener in England. The soil of the cane fields is soft, and easily turned; the fatigue of hoeing is also considerably less than that of digging; and it might astonish some of those who picture to their minds the labor of field negroes as something superlatively dreadful, to see the gaiety that prevails among the gang while pursuing their daily occupation. They would not see them execute their work with the affecting resignation of broken spirits, with the tears of sorrow falling from their cheeks, or the sighs of affliction heaving from their bosoms—they would see them laughing and talking, sometimes with their driver, and sometimes among themselves, passing their ready jokes on the characters and customs of the buckras; and, while they gave vent to a thousand lively and joyous sallies, pursuing their work in an easy and careless manner that would remind the beholder considerably more of indulgence than of oppression.

The same negroes who compose this gang are generally employed in crop time in the boiling-houses and about the mills, and form rather more than one third of the whole body of slaves of the estate.

The second gang have a lighter occupation than the first, and not being composed of strong negroes have easy duties allotted to them, such as weeding the cane fields, stripping off dry leaves, gathering up trash, and so forth. They are chiefly pregnant females, and children of from twelve to fifteen years of age. The minor children compose the third gang,

and, for the little labor they perform, are not, it may be supposed, at their tender age of much service to the estate. To keep them from habits of idleness they are, however, placed under the charge of an old woman, and set to weed the garden of the proprietor, or gather green herbage for the goats and pigs.

These are the three principal working gangs; the other slaves are tradesmen or mechanics, and these, with a few sick in the hospital, and the aforementioned collection of infant fatlings under the superintendence of the old dame in the nursery, complete the muster-roll of negroes on a sugar plantation.

CHAPTER XL.

LEAVING ST. VINCENT.

“ Adieu, lovely isle, may thy blessings increase,
“ And long be thy mansions the mansions of peace ;
“ May health and contentment their sources renew,
“ 'Tis the prayer of my soul, as I bid you adieu.”

Scenes at Home and Abroad.

THAT time passes with a flight almost as rapid as thought has been too much experienced to be ever denied. Time is a theme on which philosophers have written their reflections, poets their verses, and moralists their advice ; and yet the old boy has no respect for any of these venerable characters, but continues going with the same swift pace, leaving every thing behind him, and beating the best steam coaches out and out. Mr. Mackworth Praed, who is, by the way, a very pretty poet, in speaking of “ Beauty and her visitors,” says,

“ I heard a murmur far and wide
“ Of Lord, how quick the dotard passes,
“ As time threw down at beauty's side
“ The prettiest of her clocks and glasses ;
“ But it was noticed in the throng,
“ How beauty marr'd the maker's cunning,
“ For when she talked the hands went wrong,
“ And when she smiled the sands stopped running.”

All of which appears a very ingenious novelty, wherewith to flatter beauty; but I fancy, if we come to the truth, we shall find that time never fails to make his furrows in the fairest cheeks, which all the ingenuity of its lovely possessor is exerted to conceal from the scrutinizing eye of man, but which, however, the said monster, man, seldom fails to discover, unless there is a little yellow deity yclept cash, who blinds his eyes, and draws him gently into the silken noose of Hymen. Then he bears his fate with all the firmness of a philosopher, and inwardly exclaims “L’amour est quelque chose mais l’argent.” But this is a digression—well, two years and more have rolled away since I first landed on the black beach of St. Vincent, and so narrowly escaped the wetting that my readers wot of; and now the hour is fast approaching when I must bid farewell to its lofty and gigantic hills, to its sweet and cultivated valleys.

In those two years, however, I can number many happy days, I have acquired some information, and much experience. I have visited the most beautiful parts of the island; ascended the lofty heights of Mount St. Andrew, and pondered over the wonders of the majestic Souffriere. I have seen the dwellings of the Charaibs, and have had the honor of dining tête à tête with the august sovereign of that altered race. I have entered too into all the pleasures of the island—soirées, balls, maroons have followed each other in “numbers numberless.” I have participated in the hospitality, so far renowned, of the worthy inhabitants of St. Vincent: and if in the midst of

festivity I have not been always the gayest of the gay; if I have dared to look sombre in scenes of merriment, and sad in the midst of joy, it was only when my thoughts wandered to the jasmine-covered cottage in the valley of my native land, where my own Laura reposed upon the bed of innocence and truth, and dreamt away those fairy dreams of happiness which is farthest from us when we fancy it our own, or where she wandered alone o'er the flowery paths we had so often trod together, where the lilies droop, and the roses wither on their stems, fair but perfect emblems of her own beauty and mortality.

But the experience to which I allude was neither gained on the mountain, in the valley, or at the festive board. It relates to the negroes, and I acquired it on my visits to estates, where I had frequent opportunities of personally observing their treatment, and, what gave me a greater insight into the happiness or misery of their situation, of holding private conversations with them, and of thus learning their own opinions of their own state, that state which is so great an evil to society, but an evil which it requires time, caution, and delicacy to destroy; and though emancipation will be the final remedy, to administer it at an improper season will be to make it tenfold worse than the disease.

If a planter were to advance such an opinion, one might say, and I allow with great justice that he was actuated by interested motives, and that the consideration of self advantage deprived him of the power of making a fair statement; but when one who

can derive no advantage from the slavery or freedom of the negroes, one who is interested only for the slaves, and unbiased by the claims of the planter, one who despises and detests both the theory and practice of a principle so heinous as that of depriving one man of his liberty to satisfy the rapacity of another; one too who has expressly affirmed that he has no motive but that of making known the truth, declares that he is convinced, from an earnest attention to, and even study of their condition, that it would be a want of charity, and certainly a want of prudence, to emancipate the slaves in their present state. If there be none, I say, who will suffer themselves to be undeceived by so impartial a statement, why then, the march of prejudice and incredulity must be rapid indeed.

I will now go no further into a question which I shall discuss more fully at a future period, when I shall possess the experience, and have benefited by the observations of four instead of two years; and, moreover, when I shall be on the colder shores of Albion, and have my blood and my reflections cooled by the bleak winds that blow over the hills of Old England.

But to return to St. Vincent, which I may not leave without recalling to mind what I have described, and seeing if I have omitted any thing that may tend to amuse the reader. Yes, I had forgotten to mention that the island contains two spas of mineral water, possessing medicinal qualities, and reckoned a salubrious beverage for persons in ill health.

I once procured a few bottles, and made a practice of taking a glass every morning while it lasted. I fancied I derived some benefit from it. The bottles were let down corked, to a considerable depth, when the corks of course came out, and they filled with water far below the surface of the spa. It had a disagreeable and sickening taste of iron, which did not at all suit my epicurean palate.

And now of a verity I have done my utmost to please the reader, and have nothing more to say of St. Vincent, but a word or two at parting.

My bandboxes were ready, my trunks were packed, and all my preparations completed on the last morning of the year 1827. Mat was sent to embark my luggage, and I passed a melancholy day in paying farewell visits, and saying Good-bye to all my kind friends in St. Vincent. I breakfasted with one, lunched with another, and dined with a third; a fourth loaded me with presents, and a fifth escorted me to the beach. It was about six o'clock in the evening when I embarked with a few more passengers, in great depression of spirits, yet pleased with the recollection of the great kindness I had received in the island.

As soon as we got on board, the anchor was hauled up, the sails set, and the little sloop, under a very light and balmy breeze, passed gently out of the harbor of Kingstown, into the then still waters of the Channel that lay beyond.

Nothing can be more delightful than a fine evening in the Tropics, and no evening could be finer than

that which preceded the commencement of the year 1828. I could not fail to admire, though I was not in the humor to enjoy the imposing scene around me.

The glorious orb of day had been just setting in the west, and that part of the horizon where he had seemed to sink into the blue waves, was still red and radiant; the full moon shone brightly out, and threw her chaste light over the land we were leaving, and on the silent waters that sparkled around our little bark as she dashed up the white spray in her progress; the bright stars studded the heavens, and the only clouds visible on the clear surface of the azure sky, were the various clusters that concealed the lofty summit of Mount St. Andrew, of which the long and giant shadow passed darkly over the lands below, and placed them in gloomy contrast with the fields of waving canes, over which the lucid moonlight fell bright and brilliantly; then if the forest-covered hills emitted now and then a thousand glimmering sparks, we knew the fire-flies were sporting among the trees; the beetles that

“ When evening comes,
 “ Small though they be, and scarce distinguishable,
 “ Like evening clad in soberest livery,
 “ Unsheath their wings, and through the woods and glades
 “ Scatter a marvellous splendour.” *Rogers.*

In the valley, between the rocky land that sloped off gradually from Sion Hill to the farthest point, and the moon-lit batteries of Fort Charlotte, lay Kingstown, in its silence, backed by the chain of mighty mountains that rose proudly in its rear.

The spray dashed upon the beach with a low and solemn murmur ; the bay was calm and undisturbed, save by the rowers of a passing canoe, as they dashed their oars into its quiet waters ; or by the song of the boatmen in their flats, the falling anchor of a coming sloop, or the clanking cable of a departing schooner. It was in the midst of such a scene, that I left St. Vincent, and watched it as it receded from our view, till it became no longer visible, and then I bid an eternal farewell to its hospitable shores, and wished it might long remain the seat of happiness, prosperity, and joy, the chosen isle where the spirit of gladness might take up its abode, and rest with its inhabitants till time itself should cease.

After this I left the deck of the sloop, and proceeded to the cabin, where I endeavored to lay down, but finding no berth long enough to contain me, I was obliged to get upon deck again directly.

I dare say there are few of my English readers who have ever travelled in a vessel so very small, in its dimensions, as the *Jane*, for this was the name of our little sloop ; if they have, I pity them, for really of all the punishments I know, it is the one that comes nearest to purgatory.

My fellow passengers were a lady and gentleman with two children, who, not being able to endure the stifling heat of the cabin, were, like myself, obliged to remain on deck. Fortunately it was a fine moonlight night, but had there been rain, or even a very heavy dew, the danger of such an alternative would have been very great ; as it was, however, the pure

air of the sea, and the lightness of the breeze, rendered our situation on the deck a very luxury, when compared to the suffocating atmosphere of the little place below.

Fancy a rude sort of a box, eight feet by ten, sufficiently high for a child of twelve years to stand upright, and sufficiently low to seem a perfect pillory to a man of middle stature, filled with a most disgusting odour of bilge water, and as dark as the darkest hole in the kingdom of Pluto, and you will have a tolerable picture of the most intolerable cabin I ever saw, and of the very agreeable accommodations allotted to the passengers of the sloop *Jane*, on the last night of the year 1827.

About midnight the breeze increased, and the sloop began to lay over, when every now and then the salt spray would dash upon the deck, and souse, not only the passengers themselves, but also sundry beds, mattresses, and cushions, which had been brought up for their accommodation. Add to this, the tossing and pitching of the little bark, the motion of which was, of course, considerably greater than that of a larger vessel, had made every one on board extremely sick; and even I, who am usually a tolerable sailor, experienced most unpleasant qualms, so that our situation was by no means enviable, and we were all excessively delighted when, at the dawn of day, we found ourselves gliding gently along the leeward coast of the Island of Grenada.

CHAPTER XLI.

GRENADA—GEORGETOWN.

“ Grenada is perhaps the most beautiful of the Antilles * * *
“ her features are soft and noble without being great and awful.”

Coleridge.

I WAS never so much delighted with any scenery as with that of the approach to Grenada. All along the coast it was beautiful; the little bays, the ever-green hills, the cultivated valleys, and the pretty town or village of Gouyave, with the merchant ships lying before the estates where they were loading, presented, as we passed them, an appearance far more lovely than I expected; but when the balmy gale of the morning freshened into a lively breeze, and our little sloop scudded into the bay; then the scenery that burst upon our view was such as to defy the powerful skill of the artist, or the vivid imagination of the poet.

George Town, as seen from the bay, appeared more beautiful and well built than any other of the West India towns I had witnessed; it was surrounded on all sides by a hill, and the streets ran regularly up from the bay to its summit. On the right this hill extended towards the sea, where it rose into a round and rocky eminence that fell abruptly off, and formed



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En scene by V. Haghe.

A View of the Town of ST GEORGE; GRENADA with the
Surrounding heights from the Bay.

a base for the citadel of Fort George, which, with its cannon pointed to the ocean and the signals waving on its staff, formed a strong defence to the entrance of the Carenage. On the left it rose gradually to a more lofty height, on which were erected the fortifications of Hospital Hill, and a long ridge, which falls towards the middle, connects this fort with the Richmond Heights, which form the back ground of the scene, sloping off into a long and irregular line of land that projects far into the sea, and is called Point Saline.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when we rounded Fort George, and running into the Carenage, came to anchor close to the wharf, and stepped upon the land, without the trouble of getting into a boat, exactly opposite to the very comfortable residence of the officer in charge of the Commissariat department, with whom I dined and spent the remainder of the day.

Under the hospitable roof of this gentleman I remained until I had suited myself with a dwelling more to my taste than any residence I had before occupied in the West Indies.

The house was built of solid stone, and to the height of three stories above the ground: on the two first dwelt the maker of this little book, while on the ground floor the officers of his Majesty's customs, consisting of Collector, Comptroller, Searchers, Waiters, and Clerks were wont to deposit their seizures and their cash, and to receive the duties on all commodities imported to the flourishing colony of Grenada.

My natural curiosity did not allow me to remain long in the town without making myself acquainted with every nook and corner, and now my description may enable me to transfer some of the same sort of knowledge to my reader.

For three reasons the little island of Grenada deserves to be distinguished from the other Antilles. Its scenery is essentially its own; its town, to wit, Georgetown, is like no other in the West Indies; and its inhabitants of color form a class as decidedly different from those of the same hue in the other islands as from the fairer or more sable natives of their own. But more of this anon.

If Georgetown be beautiful from the sea it is still more so from many points of the land: its appearance is greatly superior to the generality of West India capitals; its houses are of stone, neatly built, more tasty and European, and therefore more pretty and substantial than those black-looking wooden affairs, with shingled roofs and brick pillars, which commonly disfigure the towns in the tropics. Its streets—but here my praise ceases, and my criticism begins. Verily, if I were his majesty of the lower regions, as, thank Heaven, I am not, I would take the said streets of Georgetown as a model for my purgatorial pavement:—really the stones are more pointed than the personalities of Mr. B—, or the witticisms of Mr. H—, for indeed they are full of point: there is the point celestial, the point terrestrial, and the point direct, and it is this last that proves, above all others, so galling to all classes of pedestrians. Oh,

M'Adam, M'Adam! how often and how ardently have I wished that some of thy followers could find their way to this little island, and smooth the pathways of this little town, leaving one street, and one only, in its present state of paved and penetrating durability; there the proud man and the penitent might perambulate together, the former to gain humility and corns, the latter to punish himself for past sins, and to find a certain remedy for not committing them in future.

The said streets are moreover hilly to a miracle, a truth which is ratified by the poet, who says,

“ Art work'd to build, and built the little town,
 “ The houses all in excellent array,
 “ The streets now rising up, now sloping down,
 “ As the proud hillocks have inclined the way.”

I have often wished the said proud hillocks at the devil; or at all events, that art had built the houses in another position. The reader has doubtless a very good idea of the ups and downs of life—most readers have—these are terrible enough, but not half so terrible are they as the ups and downs of Georgetown in Grenada. One I would particularly mention, called Constitution Hill; it slopes from the market-place upward to the road, and from the road downward to the market-place, and I have seen one or two persons descend it on horseback. Munchausen would have told you that the heels of the rider's horse were exactly on a level with his own head; but I will merely say that the mount is little short of perpendicular; and that he who is foolhardy

enough to perform the aforementioned feat of equestrian agility would do wisely to take the previous precaution of insuring his life, and even then would be placing his neck in a predicament by no means enviable. So much for the hills of the capital.

I found the stores of Georgetown larger, more English, and more superb than any I had seen elsewhere; several of them equal in appearance to the shops in Oxford Street, with handsome counters and fine rows of shelves; still they were stores—every one sold every thing—no one confined himself to a single article.

I may here remark that it would be almost an affront to call a store a shop, for by this you infer that the West Indian is a shopkeeper, whereas he is no such thing; he is a merchant. Shopkeeper is an obsolete term in the tropics. All who are not merchants are hucksters, and all who are not hucksters are merchants, and the two have no connexion. A French author tells us, that “*les deux extrêmes touchent;*” but here we have *deux extrêmes qui ne touchent point*; extremes, too, which have no connecting link, no intervening medium to bind the one to the other. Whoever is a merchant is a gentleman, whoever is a huckster is no gentleman; now in England there is a middle class: the merchant is the highest man of business, the retail vender of farthing rushlights is the lowest, and the between man is a respectable tradesman. If, however, there are only two classes of such persons in the West India towns, it is not the same with the mass of population; there

the distinction is clear. There are the white, the colored, and the black ; three classes, as plainly made out as John Bull's pikestaff pointing to the national debt, or a certain illustrious personage riding at a jog trot pace on the high road to perdition.

But to proceed : not only in Georgetown, but in all the towns in the Antilles, the rum stores do thrive above all others ; and it is not every where that they have taken the precaution used in Grenada, of obliging hucksters to purchase a license for the sale of that liquor.

I think I may almost venture to affirm that new rum, which of all horrors is the most horrible, and of all detrimentals the most detrimental, is the cause of many, nay, of most of those deaths among the army, navy, and merchant ships, so erroneously imputed to climate, and it appears that no power can keep it either from the soldiers or the sailors. If Jack goes on shore, Jack gets drunk ; the consequence is that Jack gets a fever, and Jack dies. In the garrisons the greatest severity and the most unabated vigilance may be employed by the officers of a corps to keep the rum from the soldiers, but to no purpose. The guards are prohibited to let it pass, the men are forbidden to fetch it ; but the women, kind, obliging creatures that they are, contrive a thousand ways and means to do the goodnatured thing : a bottle of rum is easily concealed ; a basket, a petticoat, or a pillowcase will form an innocent covering ; they are doing no harm, they are committing no crime ; they are quieting their husbands and their conscience, and,

moreover, insuring a moderate share of the said wholesome beverage for themselves; so they convey bottle after bottle into the barracks, and the men drink till they die of drinking, and the climate bears the blame. The negroes at their work sometimes sing to the following effect:

“ Sangaree da kill de captain,

“ Oh lor, he must die;

“ New rum kill de sailor,

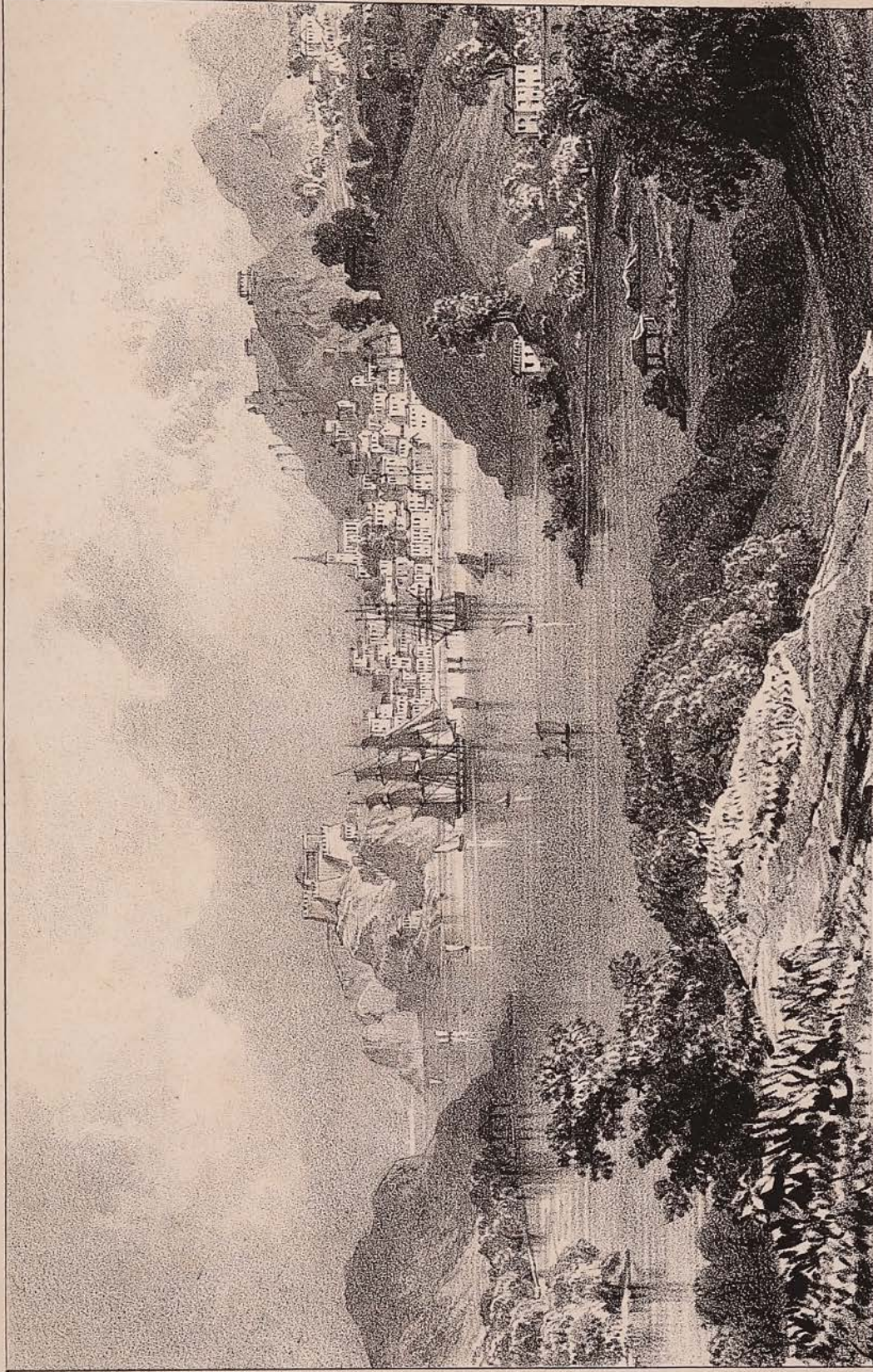
“ Oh lor, he must die;

“ Hard work kill de nigger,

“ Oh lor, he must die,” &c.

And although I must take the liberty of differing from my sable brethren as to the positive truth of the latter assertion, yet the two former remain undoubted and confessed. Therefore as West India towns in general are full of rum shops, I would advise all the colonies to follow the example of Grenada, and reduce their numbers by instituting licenses, and extorting fines from such as dare to sell rum without.

The long hillock or neck of land that connects Fort George with Hospital Hill also divides the Carenage from the larger portion of the town which contains the market-place, and looks upon the bay. On this hill are built some of the principal houses, the church, and the parsonage. At its extremity is the court house, and nearly opposite the Roman Catholic chapel. Before arriving at these you behold a road which, on one side, slopes down that terrific hill of paved, pointed, and perpendicular memory before-mentioned to the market-place below,



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On Stone by C. Haghe.

A View of the Town of ST. GEORGE, GRENADA with the Carenage & Surrounding Scenery

and on the other branches off in two directions, one leading to the Carenage, the other to the residence of his Excellency the Governor. These, as far as the houses extend, are called Upper and Lower Montserrat.

The Carenage is a large basin of water, with a superb wharf, an extensive lagoon, and a harbor, the most safe, beautiful, and commodious in the West Indies. It is well defended by the surrounding fortifications of Fort George, Hospital Hill, and the Richmond Heights; it is supplied by an aqueduct with the purest water that falls continually into the sea, and it is rendered charming by the surpassing loveliness of the scenery that encircles it on all sides.

The principal merchants of Grenada reside in the Carenage; and all along the wharf, towards the further end, there are ship-yards provided with every convenience for building sloops, schooners, and droghers. The place is, therefore, one continued scene of bustle; and noises, many and mingled, assail the ears from every quarter. The merchant ships lie at anchor in the basin on one side, facing the town, and on the other, looking towards Belmont pasture lands and the surrounding estates.

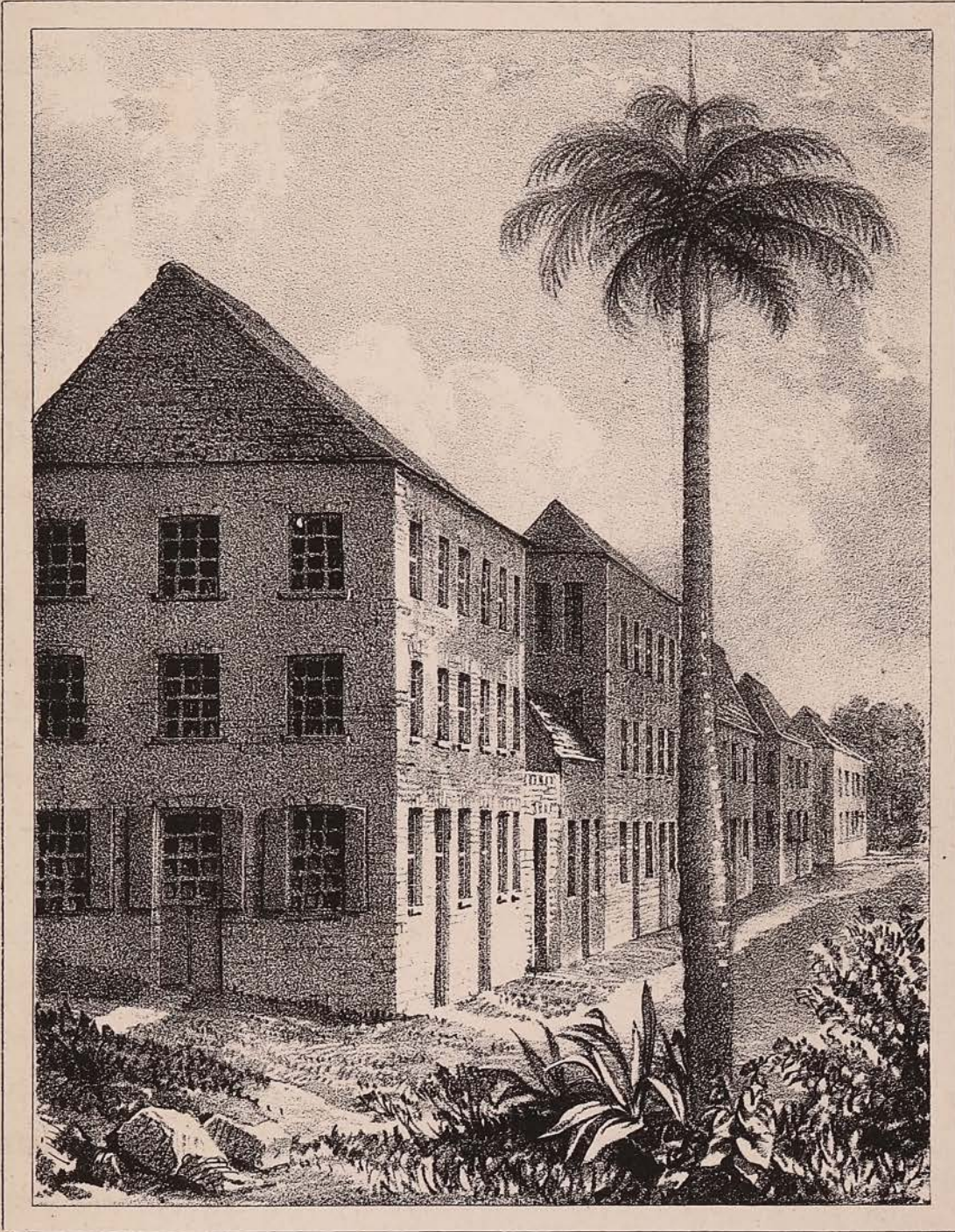
The Lagoon is a very fine piece of water, deep enough, in many places, to float a seventy-four gun ship: it would have made a beautiful harbor, almost superior to the Carenage itself, but it is divided from the basin by a reef, which is only passable in boats; so advantageous was it considered as a harbor, that

in 1784 the legislature of Grenada voted the sum of twenty thousand pounds to join the Lagoon to the Carenage; this, however, was never effected.

The Carenage has greatly and often suffered by destructive fires. On the 27th of December, 1771, it was reduced to ashes, and the loss was estimated at two hundred thousand pounds sterling: it was again destroyed on the 1st of November, 1775, and the damage amounted to five hundred thousand pounds; and in 1792 it again shared the same fate.

In the other portion of the town the market-place is the most conspicuous object. It is a square piece of ground, of considerable dimensions, surrounded by houses irregularly built, the lower rooms of which are generally stores of minor importance, and containing a cage for runaway slaves, a few trees, and one or two butchers' stalls: it is also used as a place of execution, and as a parade ground for the militia troops. The streets, from the market-place, lead in different directions, some to the river, some to the Bay, and others to the Carenage.

In the Bay there are seldom many ships, as the Carnash forms the grand receptacle. Along the beach is a street extending, not far and wide, but far and narrow, and containing a few good houses, amongst which is the post office, and a great many hucksters' stores, and dirty little hovels, belonging to some of those who have already experienced the blessings of emancipation. I would have the reader see the dwellings and the condition of some of these before he votes for the *present* freedom of the slaves, and I



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STYLE OF BUILDING IN GRENADA.

can tell him that he will never dream of exclaiming

“ Oh, fortunati nimium.”

The public buildings of Georgetown are the court-house, the church, the jail, the Roman Catholic chapel, the methodist meeting-house, the custom-house, and the offices of the secretary and treasurer.

The court-house is a very fine building, with every accommodation for the barristers, who always plead in their gowns, and convenient rooms for the meeting of the council and assembly. It is built of stone, and provided with appropriate outhouses.

The jail is of considerable dimensions, with a yard and treadmill. It is situated in the street leading to the Carenage, and totally apart from the court-house, and with it is inclosed the residence of the jailor. As the apartment that contains the treadmill is close to the street, it may be heard ever and anon making its revolving motion, and producing, as it works, the most beneficial effect. I really think it is the best mode of punishing the slaves. Coleridge says, “ it must accompany every step in the process of emancipation.”

The church of Georgetown is beautifully situated on a sort of green platform, and close by it is the parsonage house. It is a very pretty building, with a neat spire and an excellent clock, which was the gift of Governor Matthews : and, to render its external appearance perfectly unique, it only requires that the platform on which it is erected should be enclosed with an iron railing. Its internal arrange-

ment is plain and simple, yet beautiful and convenient; and it is, altogether, far superior in taste, comfort, and appearance to the huge building in St. Vincent, which has cost so much to so little purpose.

The Catholic chapel is a long wooden building, to the end of which, near the roof, is pending a large and somewhat rusty iron bell, the ding dong dell of which is by no means musical, although it answers the purpose of summoning the congregation to the presence of their priest. The chapel is not handsome, but possesses the necessary internal conveniences.

The Methodist meeting-house is a stone building, in Lower Montserrat, not beautiful, but substantial to a miracle: it is cool, airy, and comfortable, and generally filled with a numerous congregation.

The reader does not, perhaps, imagine that I penned this description of Grenada after a year's residence in the island, yet so it is. I was then acquainted not only with the town, but with the country, and with the general state of things in the colony. These and more than these I will describe in due time: but as I left the place in a short time, not for another island, but for the beloved shores of my own, and as, in that short time, I did not greatly increase or extend my knowledge and experience of the state of slavery, I shall now enter on that serious subject with a serious tone, and lay aside, awhile, that light and, perhaps, frivolous style which has characterised the former pages of this volume; and

which I may resume towards its end, since it is, perchance, best calculated to destroy that monotony which generally attends a straight forward description even of the most interesting places.

Before commencing, however, to express my opinions on emancipation, opinions which I have been nearly four years in forming, I must again remind my readers that I have no interest in the West Indies or even among West Indians; and when I assert this fact so often, and so positively, I entreat them to regard those opinions as the unbiased and unprejudiced sentiments of a man who, when expressing them, declares, again and again, *that he has no other motive but that of making known the truth.*

CHAPTER XLII.

SLAVERY AS IT IS—THE NEGRO AND THE PEASANT—
QUESTION OF EMANCIPATION.

“ Unless we are infatuated by the mere sound of a word, we
“ must acknowledge that the power of doing whatever a man
“ pleases, if unaccompanied by 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*.”—*Coleridge*.

THAT slavery is an evil, and an evil of the first magnitude, few will pretend to deny: that every evil should be remedied if possible is another important truism; but if the remedy be more dangerous than the disease, if the antidote be more injurious than the bane, we ought in no case to apply either the one or the other, and that a *hasty* emancipation would be more dangerous than slavery in its existing state, hard as the task may prove, I will endeavour to explain.

Bad habits are not conquered in a day, and slavery has existed for ages. That nefarious and abominable trade in which man bartered with man for the sale of his fellow creatures, had no sooner sprung into

being, than it was allowed, encouraged, and protected by the British government.

British ships imported their victims to the plantations; and civilised nations forgot that black men should be free by all the laws of reason and of right, when they remembered, that by making them slaves, they could enrich their coffers and cultivate their lands. In time the wealth of the Colonies increased, and with it the wealth of England, then the trade became as common as sin, and vessels were as regularly sent for their cargoes of Africans as they are now for their cargoes of sugar.

Men, women, and children, were huddled together in their dark, stifling, and gloomy prison-houses; their wants unheeded, their comforts forgotten, and humanity abused. The savage beings who had charge of them regarded not the misery of their victims, but mocked the woe of their captives with sounds of revelry and joy. The song was merrily sung,

—————“the cup
 “ Was gaily drawn and quaff’d,
 “ And when the hollow groan came up
 “ From the dark hold, they laughed.”

* * * *

“ Mid howl and yell, and shuddering moan,
 “ The scourge, the clanking chain;
 “ The cards were dealt, the dice were thrown,
 “ They staked their share of gain.”

And when disease and sickness fell deep and heavy on the heads of thousands of the chained, when the sufferings of the body were added to those of the mind,

“ They dared not move, they could not weep,

“ They could but lie and moan ;

“ Some, not in mercy, to the deep,

“ Like damaged wares, were thrown.”

But this was not all. When they were landed, when they were sold, when they were given over to their inhuman masters, and sent to toil in woe for others, and to gain wealth for white men by the sweat of their brow, then, no allowance was made either for their indignation or their pain; and they were soothed for the miseries of their voyage, and for the dreadful separation from all they held most dear, with the scoffings of an inhuman driver, or the barbarous application of the whip. And so they toiled on and resisted not; for they had drunk the dreadful cup of slavery to the very dregs, and the bitter draught had crushed their spirits, and broken their hearts. Where then, I ask, was the penetration and the humanity of Englishmen; that they saw and pitied not, or if they saw and pitied, called not for emancipation?

That Great Britain, however, did see, and not only saw, but encouraged the importation, as well as the maintenance, of slaves, is as positive and certain as it was culpable and disgraceful. Thrice did our Colonies endeavour to discourage this barter of their fellow creatures; thrice did they attempt to limit, and once entirely to destroy this abominable importation; and thrice did England venture to thwart those endeavours, and to resist those attempts. Thrice did she declare, by means of her Board of Trade, “*that*

“ *she could not allow the Colonies to check or discourage in any degree a traffic so beneficial to the nation.*” *

However, thanks be to God and to humanity, that nefarious traffic *has* been discontinued, and slavery itself has cast off the rude habit of barbarism, and put on the fairer garb of amelioration and improvement. The light of religion has dawned in upon the children of the chained; and education is spreading far and wide its glorious rays, and preparing the slaves for freedom and emancipation; blessings which they have an undoubted right to claim, but blessings which it would be an injustice, and even a cruelty, not to their master, for he may have reaped his golden harvest of wealth, and filled his coffers by their labors, but to themselves and to their children, to bestow upon them in their present state.

What this present state is the people of England know not—because they know not, they conjecture,—and those conjectures lead them as far from the truth as the fair and boyish dreams of happiness and bliss are from the experience of those bitter realities—care and sorrow. To say, however, that Englishmen had so conjectured without reason would be to do them an injustice; they have had reasons, but those reasons were drawn from ill sources; from works published in open day, and containing misstatements, perhaps not intentionally wrong, but at all events unfounded and untrue. The fact is, that men, lovers of freedom, would to Heaven they had been lovers of

Vide “Barclay’s Present State of Slavery in the West Indies.”

truth, have written elaborate works on slavery without ever having travelled beyond their own loved land of liberty; and authors have brought forward productions on the tropic islands, who have never felt the glorious warmth of a tropic sun. It is not the readers but the writers of such books that are to be blamed; they are false, but they have made a deep impression which it will be difficult for truth to dispel.

It is slavery in its existing state that I am now about to develop and explain; and if my statements, in which I describe only what I have seen, statements derived from the experience which "Four Years' Residence in the West Indies" cannot fail to afford to a man of moderate observation; statements which I can avow to be true, and what is more, to be disinterested. If these, I say, have not the effect of convincing some who have not perused the works alluded to, and of undeceiving others who have perused them, why, then it shall not be for want of effort on my part, but for want of credulity on theirs. However, "Nous verrons."

To say that the slaves in general are as happy as the lower class of poor in England, would be to fix upon them the stamp of misery; for though there are those who would deceive us, though there are those who would tell us that England is in the midst of her prosperity, and that her poor, while they are breathing the light air of liberty, are eating the sweet bread of joy; yet, thank Heaven, we have eyes and we have ears, and while the former are open to the truth, the latter will be closed upon the decep-

tion. We have the starving at our doors, and we see the hungry and the houseless in every nook and corner of our great metropolis; and if to be starving and hungry and houseless be the happiness of our poor, why then, I say, to place this on a level with the happiness of the slaves, is like comparing the bitter and unpleasant taste of wormwood to the sweet and grateful flavor of honey.

There are a few slaves who because they belong to impoverished masters are themselves in an impoverished state. It is easy to suppose that a man who finds with difficulty the means of supporting himself and family, will have but little to bestow upon his slave. Of negroes placed in such situations I shall say more hereafter; at present, I must speak in a general sense, without alluding to exceptions; and I will begin with stating, that the slaves are totally free from the cares, the troubles, the poverty, and even the labor and anxieties of the British poor. And I will now detail the circumstances which render them so.

In the first place, the slave has a comfortable furnished dwelling for which he pays no rent, and, what is still better, no taxes; and this I believe is a blessing which Englishmen, high or low, have seldom enjoyed. Indeed the national taxes, and the national debt, are like Guy Fawkes and gunpowder treason—"they will never be forgot."

Secondly, the slave is under no apprehension of being separated from his family. The houses appropriated to the negroes are built in a cluster; families

reside together, and are prohibited by law from being sold to different masters; and Mr. Barclay tells us, that "families are not only sold together, but in general they are allowed to choose a master for themselves. And he shortly after adds, that "purchases of negroes often cannot be effected, in consequence of their dislike to go to the plantation they are wanted for; and the removal of them never is attempted but with their own free consent and approbation."

Thirdly, slaves if attacked by bodily illness and disease experience no uneasiness beyond that caused by personal pain. They have the opinions of a skilful physician, and the attendance of a careful nurse; and every medicine, cordial, or even luxury, which the former may prescribe, the latter scrupulously administers. Their health is preserved from interest as well as from humanity. On their death-bed they are never troubled with the painful knowledge that they are leaving behind them a starving wife, or helpless children; they know that the same master who has protected them will protect their offspring; and feed them to their hearts' content, even though it be with the bread of slavery.

Fourthly, they are provided with clothing suited to the climate; they have a regular allowance of provisions dealt out to them, and in their reception of these, but of the clothing more especially, they show an independence and a scrutiny that could hardly be expected in a slave. Scrupulous of obtaining their full measure, and extremely tenacious of partiality, they will refuse any thing that is either

damaged or worse in texture and appearance than that which is dealt out to their fellow slaves.

Fifthly, their labor is very moderate, and well proportioned to their powers. It commonly commences at sunrise and ceases at sunset, except in crop time, and it is considerably less than that of a British peasant. During the day, they have a proper time allotted for their meals, and they have twenty-four hours in the week, besides the Sabbath, to cultivate their land or carry their stock to market.

Sixthly, they have the Sabbath day to themselves—may attend divine service, and receive the benefit of instruction, moral and religious.

Seventhly, they have all a certain portion of ground attached to their huts, which, independent of the provision it yields, generally produces an overplus that sells to advantage.

Eighthly, they may and do keep fowls, pigs, poultry, goats, and live stock of every description, with the exception of horses, which they are prohibited to keep, but to which prohibition they frequently pay no regard.

Ninthly, they are liable to punishments; punishments, however, which very frequently, for actual crimes, do not exceed those which Englishmen receive for petty offences.

Having thus far enumerated the comforts and privileges that render the slaves free from the cares and anxieties of the British poor, it remains for me to explain whether or not they are happy and contented with those comforts and privileges.

Happiness is generally visible by some external indications; and if the dark desponding look, that speaks unutterable woe, be the common sign of misery—so is the bright smile that illumines the countenance of man a type of the happiness that reigns in his heart.

If then external appearances denote happiness we may draw from these the inference that the slaves are happy. I have seen them under every circumstance, and never without those light and buoyant spirits, that joyous and unrestrained clatter, those lively and often keen and witty sallies which so eminently characterise them: above all, the children enjoy themselves, but then childhood is that blissful and unthinking season of our lives when we are joyous in spite of ourselves.

I am now about to advance an argument in which I know not how far I may be joined by my readers. I am about to contend that if a slave be really happy in his slavery he is by no means fit for emancipation. If he feel that he enjoys blessings and privileges of no common order—that he is provided with all the necessaries and comforts he can desire, and if contented with that feeling he exclaim “what do I want more?” I maintain that he is not prepared for freedom; but if on the contrary he say, “I am housed, fed, clothed, and nourished, but what is all this without liberty?” then I say that he is entitled to the emancipation he desires.

That the slaves however *are*, generally speaking, contented, is a fact which all who have seen the

West Indies will join me in asserting. Those among them (and these certainly form the majority) whom planters term *the most sensible*, and Englishmen the most degraded of beings, are really and positively happy in their enslaved condition; they know that condition to be greatly improved, and they feel that it is greatly improving; there are others, however, who desire freedom, but they desire it, not for its glorious self, but for the pleasant life they imagine they would then pass;—namely, that of having nothing to do, and for the power which it would give them over their present masters: they have besides an idea that on receiving emancipation they will still be allowed to retain their dwelling, land, and produce, on their master's property, and they forget that food, clothing, and the attendance of the physician will be immediately withdrawn. I have repeated this fact to many of the slaves, and they appeared perfectly astonished and even confounded at the information. When they were undeceived, however, they invariably disclaimed any further ideas of emancipation, and positively declared that they had no wish to be free. One man in particular replied to my inquiries whether he still persisted in his former desire, “No, massa, no; me lose house, me lose clothes, me lose meat, me lose all me hab in de world, me get sick, what me do den?”

I would not however have this feeling encouraged among the slaves. I would rather that they did desire emancipation, but that they desired it with nobler motives.

Education and religion are two of the fairest flowers that adorn the beautiful garden of the mind; in those distant isles they have been long blasted by the rude and cheerless winter of ignorance; they have lately budded, and they are now beginning to blossom. I will hope with Englishmen that they may soon ripen into a fair and grateful fruit. When that day shall arrive, the feelings of the slave will be softened and refined, the energies of his mind will be called forth, and the latent spirit that has long been dormant in his soul will be roused to action and to life; he will see and know what a glorious thing liberty is, and he will desire it, not because it emancipates him from labor, but because it enables him to labor in independence and in peace. Mark me, I have said "when that day shall arrive," it has not yet arrived, but it may be hastened or delayed by the energy or the idleness of those on whom devolves the task of educating the slaves, and of instilling into their minds the principles of morality and religion. This is of course a *gradual* work, and that is why I assert that a *gradual* emancipation will be a benefit to the planter and a blessing to the slave, while a *hasty* emancipation would be an unjust and a dangerous thing both to the one and to the other.

In thus reviewing the present state of slavery, and in considering the advantages or disadvantages that would arise from present emancipation, the reader will see that I do not plunge into those violent and sometimes scurrilous arguments with which some, personally interested in the event, have injured the

cause they intended to defend. I do not indulge in invectives against Messrs. Wilberforce, Buxton, or Macauley; on the contrary, I am willing to allow, that those gentlemen have been actuated by the best of motives, and that, in many cases, their exertions have produced the best effects; nevertheless I consider that an over zeal may prove injurious to any cause; and though I am in heart and soul an Englishman and a lover of freedom, though I desire as much as any man the emancipation of the slaves, yet I would not be inconsiderate and unthinking enough to vote for that sudden emancipation, without a knowledge of the state of things, and a foresight of the consequences that were likely to ensue:—that knowledge I have, those consequences I foresee, and I therefore sincerely hope that LIBERTY *may be given* to the slaves, but that it may not be given *now*.

CHAPTER XLIII.

LIVES OF ESTATE NEGROES—AFRICANS AND CREOLES
—GRADUAL EMANCIPATION.

“ When the relative state of the master and slave is properly considered, it will be seen that this race of men are not the wretched creatures they are believed to be.”

Sketches and Recollections of the West Indies.

“ I look to the *gradual* and *safe* abolition of slavery, in which, not the individual should be set free, but the state itself should expire.”

Canning.

THE reader is, perhaps, aware that the greater number of slaves in the West Indies were born on the plantations to which they belong, and that their attachment, if they feel any to such places, must have grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength : that they do feel such attachment is evident for reasons hereafter to be told.

Those slaves who were born, fed, nurtured, and grew up in slavery, are not to be regarded in the same light as those who, from being free, have been made slaves ; and who have been brought from their native country to serve masters in a foreign land. Years have rolled away since the abolition of the slave trade, and, consequently, the race of Africans now in the colonies is nearly extinct, at all events

the majority is great among the creole slaves. It is clear that these, in their present state of ignorance, have powerful reasons for being contented with their condition, which the Africans have, or rather had not. I have already observed that they have not yet acquired the spirit of freedom, and that, consequently, they do not understand the maxim that liberty and independence, even though accompanied by poverty, are better than the best state of an enslaved condition.

The old African was brought to the colonies when slavery was in the height of its cruelty; that cruelty he was necessitated to endure, he did endure it, and though he now enjoys, with others, the benefits of amelioration; though near and dear connexions, in his present abode, may have weaned him from the ties of his childhood, yet, be assured, he retains a strong impression of the endurance of early cruelties, and, at all events, a faint one of the enjoyment of early freedom. Time and custom have habituated him to slavery—better treatment may have quieted his indignation and calmed his desire of revenge—a home, children, and grandchildren may have repaid him in some measure for the ties he left behind, yet he must have felt his wrongs, and, even if he felt them with the sullen and less acute feelings of an uneducated mind, yet he did feel them, and his sufferings deserved the sympathy of the humane.

With all classes of creole slaves, but more especially with the latter generation, the case is far otherwise. The chubby urchin, who is to be fed with

the bread of slavery, is born on the plantation to which his father belongs ; he is reared in the nursery of the estate with a hundred more, who are, like himself, the offspring of slaves ; he is well fed, well clothed, well nurtured, not torn from his home, not separated from his parents. As he increases in years he is kept from idleness, but not wearied with toil ; he passes his youth in light occupation, working in the same circle with brothers, sisters, and relatives. In his manhood he has a house by the home of his fathers, and a wife from the family of his friends. His offspring are protected by the same master and nurtured on the same estate ; his cottage, his garden, his little stock of domestic animals are all for his own use and advantage. When overtaken by the infirmities of decrepit age, he is at once liberated from labor, he spends his declining years among the scenes of his childhood, he sees his children and grandchildren treading in the paths which he has trod before, better, indeed, from the education and instruction they are now receiving, as well as from the benefits they derive by improvement and amelioration ; better too because the gloomy darkness of ignorance is vanishing before the holy light of religion ; he has still his friends around him, time, in its rapid flight has overtaken them as well as himself, and those who were the playmates of his infancy are become the companions of his age ; finally, he sinks into the grave, he dies as he was born and as he has lived, an enslaved and dependent, but, nevertheless, a happy and contented being.

Such is the general life of slaves on estates. To say, however, that it always passed in the same unruffled and uninterrupted manner would be to advance an absurdity; the freest man that lives is not without his cares, his troubles, and his disappointments, and slaves are subject to the same. Slaves, as well as other men, have their virtues and their vices, and those virtues and vices bring with them appropriate punishments and rewards. That the negroes, however, are never punished without reason, and, that they are frequently not sufficiently punished when there is good reason, is an assertion which all who have visited our colonies will affirm.

When I say all who have visited our colonies, I mean all those who have visited them lately; for I am not speaking of slavery as it *did*, but as it *does* exist, when I do it will be to prove the amelioration of the present by exposing the barbarities of the past; to show how that amelioration has been effected by humanity, education, and religion; to stimulate those who have begun the great work to exert themselves, to continue it with spirit, and, finally, to complete it with glory. If they do exert themselves, and if their exertions are encouraged by those who ought to encourage them, in a few years the work will be completed, and the safety and necessity of the future emancipation will be as palpable, as is now the danger and uselessness of the present.

The life I have been describing is *the general life of slaves on estates*, and it is not an overdrawn picture; it is not a vision of my fancy, a thing of which I

have dreamt, but a plain tale of facts which I have seen and known.

I do not, however, advance my statements as being without exceptions; I know that there are others among the slaves besides the contented and the happy; I know that there are the miserable, the cheerless, and desponding, the misanthropical, the gloomy, and morose, but these are only exceptions, and exceptions which will be found in the happiest nation under heaven; these, however, shall be noticed, and I hope fairly and impartially, but I am now speaking generally, and detailing the condition of *slaves on estates*, separating them even from the *domestic and town negroes*, which, like the excepted and the unhappy, must be spoken of alone.

I believe that the great mass of population in England seek the freedom of the slave because they commiserate his condition, and believe him to be ill treated; and, moreover, because they judge from their own feelings, and think no man can be happy who is not free. That is a noble principle, but I have already said that it is not the principle of the slave, he displays not half the earnestness and anxiety which Englishmen express for his fate. Honorable members make long speeches on the matter, and, session after session, the question of emancipation is discussed in the House, while the slave, the object of so much dispute, the injured being whose wrongs are numbered, and whose sufferings are described with such a pathetic appeal to the feelings and the hearts of Englishmen, is singing in the houses of

rum, sugar, and molasses; or smoking his pipe under the shade of a plantain bush—happier than a prince and more contented than a peasant; too ignorant to care for freedom, and therefore not in a fit state to enjoy it.

Like the rest of my countrymen, however, I vote for his emancipation, but for different reasons; not because I pity his condition, for I know that he can seldom be better, and that he will often be worse in a state of liberty, but because no man has a right to make a slave of another; still, I repeat that it must be gradual, and that since “we have done that which we ought not to have done,” by injuring and depriving him of his rights, and as “we have left undone that which we ought to have done,” by leaving him too long without education and religious instruction, we must leave these to perform their work before we can repay him for those injuries and restore him to those rights.

Let us suppose that a monarch, offended with his subject, had confined him in the dark and gloomy cells of a dungeon, which the light of day had never penetrated; that years had rolled away, as they do roll, in quick and terrible succession; that the king repented of his severity, and was willing to repay his prisoner for the injuries he had sustained, and to restore him to the enjoyment of his liberty. Think ye that he would do the generous deed by tearing off the roof of the infernal dungeon, and suddenly admitting the fearful and terrific glare, the dazzling

and majestic splendor, of a glorious and brilliant sun; would it not blind the prisoner instead of being welcome to his sight; but if, on the contrary, he were gradually conducted along a passage where the light, from being at first faint and gloomy, by degrees grew clearer and more distinct, until at length it burst into brilliancy and became illumined by rays from heaven, would he not make every step with increasing satisfaction, and finally be happy in the possession of that which he had so long foregone.

Exactly so it is with the slaves in our Colonies. Long have they been confined in the dark and cheerless dungeons of slavery, superstition, and ignorance, and never has the light of freedom dawned in upon them; were we to admit it suddenly they would become blind, from the mightiness of its splendor and the brilliancy of its rays; therefore, it is our duty gradually to prepare them for it with kindness, by education and religion, and when these shall have illumined their souls they will be enabled to grasp the glorious torch of liberty, and to hold it firm in happiness, in safety, and in joy.

For the purpose of more fully convincing my readers of the necessity of gradual emancipation, I shall continue to detail the state of slavery in all its branches, comparing the present with the past, and afterwards I will endeavor to explain the slaves themselves; I mean to develop their characters, with which Englishmen are so little acquainted; to describe their manners, their morals, and their minds;

and to tell how far they are actuated by those feelings and passions which are predominant in the breasts of white men; always, as I proceed, directing the attention of my readers to all circumstances that may undeceive those who have been deceived, and convince those who have not.

CHAPTER XLIV.

PAST CRUELITIES AND PRESENT AMELIORATION.

“ For cruel or improper punishments slaves had formerly no adequate redress

“ Now they are manumised and provided with an annuity for life; magistrates are appointed a council of protection to attend to their complaints.”

Barclay's present State of Slavery.

I have already mentioned that when I spoke of slavery as it *did* exist, it would be for the purpose of proving the amelioration of the present by exposing the barbarities of the past. As those barbarities were frequently rendered horrible by a refinement of cruelty, and as they were besides committed in “ numbers numberless,” I should only be imposing a task at once painful and disgusting to my readers, by enumerating them in their long and almost endless list. I shall therefore content myself with giving only a few specimens, yet those few will serve to show what a dark and dreadful thing slavery was, and how much the condition of the negro deserved the pity it excited.

Before I begin, however, I must state, in justice to the planters, that I firmly believe those cruelties are

as much regretted by the descendants of those who practised them as they were condemned by those who saw them. I must also warn my readers against allowing themselves to imagine that the hideous statement before them is a tale of things that *are*. Such cruelties have long since ceased to be—have long since been, not only excluded from humanity, but forbidden by law; and even when they did exist, they often met with the punishment they deserved.

That no punishment, however, not even the dreadful one of death, could be sufficiently bad for the perpetration of the crimes I am about to narrate, will be palpable to the reader.

On the 8th of May, in the year 1811, the Honorable Arthur William Hodge, Esq. was executed behind the gaol at Tortola, for the murder of his slave, Prosper. The facts sworn to in the various statements that led to the trial, are such as no humane and feeling person will peruse, without indignation at the conduct of the master, and pity for the sufferings of the slave. I will now lay these facts before my readers as they are literally copied from the appendix to the sixth Report of the African Institution, and from an abstract of papers laid before the House of Commons.

No. 1 states, that in January 1806, a “slave, named Welcome, belonging to Mr. Hodge, was employed by him as a hunter, to go in quest of runaway slaves. After hunting for four or five days, he returned home unsuccessful, in consequence of which

he was laid down, by Hodge's order, and severely cart-whipped. He was immediately sent out to hunt a second time, and in a few days again returned unsuccessful, when, with his old wounds uncured, he was a second time, by Hodge's order, laid down and severely cartwhipped. Welcome was immediately sent out hunting a third time, and returning in a few days with no better success, was again severely whipped and put in irons, with a pudding on each leg and a crook round his neck, and in the night was confined in the stocks. He was allowed little food, and became so weak that he could scarcely walk. In this condition, with dreadful sores, occasioned by his former whippings, he was ordered to go to a neighbouring estate, but being unable to walk, fell down on the road. He was carried home, and being again whipped, died the same night in consequence.

“ 2. Mr. Hodge having suspected two female slaves, Margaret, his cook, and Else, a washerwoman, of a design to poison Mrs. Hodge and his children, poured a quantity of boiling water down their throats, and then whipping them and chaining them together, he sent them in a state of nakedness to work in the field. Both these slaves languished for a short time and then died. On the day that Margaret died, one of the deponents went into the kitchen, and seeing her stupified, asked what was the matter, on which, she pulled a handkerchief from her head and showed two very severe wounds, which she said Mr. Hodge had given her. She soon after fell on her face, and, being

carried to the sick house, died that evening. Mr. Hodge had been heard to say that he was resolved neither of these women should live long.

“ 3. Some time before the death of Margaret, one of the deponents saw in the sick house a child about ten years of age, named Tamoen, with its skin entirely off. The deponent asked the sick nurse what was the matter with the child, but she refused to give an answer, and seemed afraid lest her master should know that the child had been seen. On inquiry, it appeared that the child had been dipped, by Hodge's order, into a copper of boiling liquor.

“ 4. In the year 1807, a slave called Tom Boiler, a stout, hale, hearty man, was, by Hodge's order and in his presence, laid down and flogged without intermission for at least an hour. After this infliction he attempted to rise, but could not. He was taken up and carried to the sick house, whence he never came out, but died in about a week. No doctor was called to attend him.

“ 5. Soon after the death of Tom Boiler another slave, named Prosper, was, by Hodge's order and in his presence, laid down, and for more than an hour whipped without intermission. He was then taken, by Hodge's orders, and with his hands tied behind his back, lashed to a tree. Hodge then ordered the driver to use 'close quarters,' meaning by this expression a more cruel and severe cartwhipping than is commonly used; the whip in this case being shortened, and going all round the belly, and making at the same time comparatively little noise. In this

situation Prosper was beaten till he fainted, his head hanging down backwards, and was no longer able to cry out. He was then carried to the sick house, where within a fortnight he died.

“ 6. A slave, named Jupiter, about nineteen years of age, was, by Hodge's orders, severely whipped, put in heavy irons, crook puddings, &c. and allowed little or nothing to eat. He was also burnt in the mouth with a hot iron.

“ 7. On the 27th March, 1807, a new negro slave, belonging to Hodge, was cartwhipped most cruelly in his master's presence. He died in two or three days after. When his body was carried out on a board to be buried it was seen by one of the witnesses in a shockingly lacerated state.

“ 8. A free man, named Peter, was hired by Hodge as a cooper, at two joes per month. This man, though free, was repeatedly cartwhipped at close quarters by order and in the presence of Hodge, who also put him in chains, and had him worked with the field negroes. Peter soon died.

“ 9. In 1808, a young negro, named Cuffy, was, by Hodge's order, often and severely whipped, chained, &c. ‘ He was cut to pieces,’ and had hardly any black skin remaining. After a cartwhipping which lasted an hour he was carried to the sick house, and died within a week.

“ 10. Mr. Hodge frequently caused the children on his estate, about nine years of age, to be taken by the heels and dipped into tubs of water with their heads downwards, and kept there till stifled; then

taken out, and suffered to recover and breathe, when they were again treated in the same manner, and so repeatedly, until they have been seen to stagger and fall. On this Mr. Hodge has ordered them to be taken up and suspended to a tree by their hands, tied together, and in this situation cartwhipped for some time at close quarters. Among others, a Mulatto child, reputed to be his own, named Bella, was repeatedly whipped by his orders, and he was also seen to strike her with a stick on the head so as to break her head, and moreover to kick her so violently as to send her several feet along the ground.

“ 11. A slave, named Cudjoe, a smart active fellow, was so severely and repeatedly cartwhipped and otherwise ill treated by Hodge, that he died. Another slave, named Gift, who had previously been in good health, after being cruelly whipped and chained, was, with his wounds unhealed, subjected to a further whipping, and died the same night. One of the deponents saw the body carried out for burial in a dreadful state of laceration.

“ 12. A negro woman, named Violet, was confined and severely flogged and cut by Mr. Hodge for the alleged crime of stealing candles. She died in consequence. The son of this woman ran away, and when brought back was put in chains, and so severely flogged, that he died. One of the deponents saw the boy a week before he died, and perceived, from his weak and lacerated state, that he could not possibly recover.

“ 13. A boy, named Dick, whom Mr. Hodge

charged with having stolen his geese, was very often flogged severely and at close quarters and otherwise, in consequence of which he died. He had also been put in chains, and had his mouth burnt with a hot iron.

“ 14. One of the deponents, besides swearing to the above facts, stated, that for several years during which the deponent resided on Mr. Hodge's estate, Mr. H. had been guilty of repeated and excessive acts of cruelty towards his slaves. Another deponent, who had lived at different periods as a manager on the estate of Mr. H. called Belle Vue, and who was also a witness to many of the atrocities detailed above, swore that at most of the numerous and severe cartwhippings inflicted by Mr. Hodge on his slaves, he was not actually present, Mr. H. generally choosing to inflict them without the presence of any competent witness; but that in addition to the instances at which he happened to be present, and which are mentioned above, there were many others where he saw only the effects of Hodge's cruelty in the lacerations, burnt mouths, &c. of the slaves. He was satisfied that these cruelties were inflicted by Hodge himself, otherwise he should have heard him inquire and complain concerning these marks of suffering in his own negroes. It was scarcely possible to remain in the sick house, on account of the offensive smell from the corrupted wounds of cartwhipped slaves. When this deponent first went to live on Mr. Hodge's estate, there was upon it a fine gang of upwards of a hundred able negroes, but when the last wife of Hodge

died in 1808, that number was so reduced by cruelty and absconding in consequence of cruelty, that negroes enough were not to be found on the estate to dig her grave; and therefore the deponent and Daniel Ross, Esq., one of the magistrates who signed his deposition, assisted in digging it. He could not remember the names of all the negroes who had died in consequence of the cruelties of Hodge, but he knew the number to be great. Sometimes as many as three or four in one day and night. On such occasion no doctor was ever called in. He lived in all about three years with Mr. Hodge, and in that time he was satisfied that he lost sixty negroes, at least, by the severity of his punishments, and he believed that only one negro died a natural death during the same period."

The heart sickens and the mind is disgusted with the painful recital of so many cruelties, and they would certainly have been omitted here did I not deem it necessary to insert them for more reasons than one.

In the first place, I would defend my countrymen from the charge so often brought against them, of imagining without reason that the slaves of our colonies are ill used. When Englishmen have perused statements like those before them, they could not have supposed that Mr. Hodge was the only planter who abused his power over the slaves; they must have imagined naturally, and in many cases justly, that there were other proprietors, who though they practised their cruelties with more caution and circumspection, and with a barbarity less exaggerated

and terrific than that of Mr. Hodge, nevertheless did practise them, and therefore deserved the appellation of "inhuman masters." When, however, I affirm that Englishmen were justified in such suppositions, I entreat them to mark well the period when they were so justified. It was before the slave trade was abolished—before religion and education had crept into the colonies—before England had done her duty—and before the planters had caught that noble spirit of enlightened philanthropy which now stimulates them to join their exertions to the exertions of Englishmen, to promote the comfort, the amelioration, and the instruction of the slave.

I will further hope, that if by chance publications of a former date, setting forth the evils of slavery and dwelling on the suffering of slaves, should fall into the hands of my countrymen, they will remember that such things *were*, and *are* not—that the slave trade is *now* abolished—that England is *now* doing her duty—and that the planters have *now* caught the necessary spirit of philanthropy; in a word, that slavery is *now* ameliorated, and that in the existing condition of the negro there is nothing to call forth their pity or compassion, except his *ignorance* and his *unfitness for present emancipation*.

When, assisted by the mellowing hand of time, religion with its holy light, and education with its blessed influence shall have united their exertions, that gloomy ignorance will be dispelled, that dark unfitness will be gone, that glorious emancipation will be granted.

CHAPTER XLV.

IMPROVED CONDITION OF THE NEGROES—STATE OF
ST. DOMINGO.

“ The improvement in their manners, dress, and general appearance—the greater intelligence they display, from understanding the language better—the greater comforts they enjoy from improved habits of industry and the advance they have made in religion, are in the highest degree satisfactory and encouraging.”

Barclay.

“ *** In St. Domingo, once proudly and justly termed the queen of the Antilles, cultivation has nearly ceased.”—*Barclay.*

To say that the condition of the slave was ameliorated, without bringing forward some proof of my assertion, would not be satisfactory to those readers who really wish to be convinced of the truth. As they will perhaps look upon evidence more respectfully than upon the mere advancement of an *on dit*, I will proceed to relate a few of those recent occurrences which so suddenly benefited the negro; and further, to prove that the planters, as I before observed, have caught the spirit of philanthropy, which will stimulate them to extend those benefits as much as lies in their power.

Mr. Coleridge, whose residence in the West Indies did not extend beyond a period of six months, never-

theless in that short time saw enough of the planters to justify him in saying, " 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 reformations 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." This assertion of Mr. Coleridge, joined to opinions of the same tendency expressed by others, proves, that to the liberality of the planters, among other causes, the slave is indebted for his improved condition. The Bishop of Jamaica confirms the veracity of this statement, when, in his dispatch to Lord Bathurst, he says, " I am happy in being able to assure your lordship that a very general wish to ameliorate the condition of the slaves, and to instruct them in the principles of religion and the established church, seems to pervade the great mass of proprietors*."

Supposing, as I do, that my readers will be satisfied with the instances I have produced of the good intentions of the planter, and of his cooperation in the work of improvement, I will now bring forward some regulations passed in the different islands, by which

* Vide extract from papers presented to Parliament, in a little work, called " Sketches and Recollections of the West Indies."

the slave condition has been meliorated. To place these regulations,—these things that are, in connexion with the things which, in the year 1825, Mr. Coleridge told us *ought to be*,—will be putting them in the most comprehensible, and, perhaps, the most convincing light to the reader.

In his chapter, entitled *Planters and Slaves*, after advancing, as I have advanced, the necessity of a gradual emancipation, and contending, as I have contended, that “When the negro peasant will work regularly, like the white peasant, then he ought to be freed,” Mr. Coleridge inquires, “How are we to originate this moral stimulus?” and he then adds, “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.”

All this is now commenced, education has begun its work, and religion is making increasing progress week after week; churches have been erected, schools founded, books distributed, and clergymen appointed with stipulated salaries, who are required to assist in promoting and propagating Christianity among the slaves. Baptisms, marriages, and even the reception of the holy sacrament are now by no means uncommon; and, although it will require long years and steady exertions to convert the slaves into any thing

like a moral and religious race of people, yet the prospect is by no means unpromising, neither is the work that is commenced unprogressive.

Mr. Coleridge proceeds—

“ II. By amending the details of existing slavery ;
* * * by enacting express laws of protection
of the slaves ; by reforming the judicatures ; by ad-
mitting the competency of slave evidence, and by
abolishing the Sunday markets.”

The details of the then existing slavery have been amended and are daily amending ; laws too for the further protection of slaves, and, more particularly, for restricting and limiting their punishments have been enacted and are daily enacting, and to a few of these I will call the attention of my readers.

In the island of St. Vincent proprietors are by law obliged to keep a book, in which all offences and punishments are recorded, and they are forced, under a penalty of twenty pounds, to produce these books for the inspection of the magistrates, whenever they may be called for. Gang drivers are not allowed to carry a whip in the field.

In Grenada, Tobago, and St. Kitts, late enactments have softened and mitigated the punishments of slaves in the most humane and reasonable manner ; and in Dominica the public flogging of the women has been long since abolished.

In Jamaica, the person who shall ill use or over whip any slave is subject to a heavy fine ; the chain gang of culprits no longer exists, and magistrates are

obliged to listen to, and to interest themselves in all complaints made to them by the negroes of cruelty or ill treatment.

These, with many other salutary regulations, have been put in force respecting the punishments of negroes, and the colonies have not been less forward in granting to the slaves privileges even greater and more numerous than those recommended by Mr. Coleridge.

In Tobago and St. Kitts slave evidence has been admitted, without the restrictions placed upon it in Dominica and St. Vincent; and, in Grenada, the testimony of the negro is placed on the same footing as that of the white man. In this latter island the Sunday markets have also been entirely abolished, and in St. Vincent they are prohibited from being continued beyond the hour of ten in the morning.

I confess that, on this subject, I differ from those who object to allowing the slave to dispose of his provisions in the public market before the hour of devotion; and I never perceived the great advantage that would be derived from depriving him of this petty privilege. However, this may be my want of penetration and not their want of judgment, and, therefore, I will say no more on the matter.

To proceed in my list of privileges; in Dominica the mothers of six children have two days in the week to themselves, and slaves who either *are*, or pass as being married, cannot be parted.

In Tobago the slaves have guardians, and are protected from being punished by their drivers.

In Barbados, the murderer of a slave suffers death without the benefit of the clergy, and no negro is tried for a capital crime without the presence of three judges and a regular jury.

Thus we find that all those measures which Mr. Coleridge, in 1825, tells us should be the preludes to emancipation, in 1829 have actually passed into laws, and that not only those, but that further and greater privileges have been granted to the slaves, and that even better things are in agitation, and these are facts which I think eminently prove that slavery has been vastly and wonderfully ameliorated since the introduction of education and religion, and, still more, since the time when cruelties of a horrid nature were too often practised without meeting with the punishment they deserved.

All this, however, only tends to strengthen and confirm the truth of the assertion, that gradual emancipation should be the object of all those who profess to be the friends of negroes. If, as I have already stated, education and religion have begun to produce a good effect in the minds of the slaves, and if the planters, in proportion as they observe that good effect, proceed, in consequence, to limit their punishments and extend their privileges, there is little doubt but that the work which, in the first instance, proceeds gradually, will, in a short time, advance rapidly towards its completion; but if, by some hasty and inconsiderate measure, the slaves in our colonies receive their emancipation suddenly, they will proceed in their ignorance to commit the same follies as their

brethren in St. Domingo ; and there is little doubt of their insuring to their masters the same proportion of wealth, and to themselves the same share of happiness.

What the state of St. Domingo was, is, I believe, well known, what it is may be known also, and sufficiently proves the bad effects of a hasty emancipation. And what was she? She was the fairest gem in the fair cluster of the tropic islands ; the finest colony of France, the wealthiest and the most fertile, her crops flourished, her population was great, her exportations were immense, her commerce was extensive. And what is she now? You will say she is free. She is, but has her freedom made her happy ; are not her white inhabitants annihilated or dispersed, her crops reduced, her exportations diminished, her wealth vanishing, and her commerce destroyed. Are not the wild hogs revelling on the lands that were once fertile but now uncultivated ; are not the emancipated people too idle to perform their tasks of labor and to cultivate their own plantations. Nay more, are not the very roads in a miserable and rugged condition for want of proper attention, and do not the military authorities find themselves necessitated to enforce the trifling portion of work that is performed, because this race, emancipated in their ignorance, and freed before they knew the use of freedom, will not voluntarily execute even that little.

With these examples before us, and with the failure of other experiments which have been tried for the

encouragement of free labor without force, let us be content; let us not, like a bad physician, who administers to his patient a medicine that will render his condition worse instead of better, administer to the unenlightened slave that glorious freedom which future years may fit him for, but which he could not now support.

CHAPTER XLVI.

EMANCIPATED SLAVES.

“ I have more than once witnessed how much an independent wealthy slave can look down upon a poor free man of his own color.”

Barclay.

WHILST pursuing my arguments in favor of gradual emancipation, it may not be amiss to give the reader an idea of the personal comforts and mental improvement, in short, of the general condition of those emancipated slaves, who are now residing in and about the towns and capitals of the West India Islands as free persons; hoping, at the same time, that he will bear in mind, the distinction between these and those blacks who were born free.

I have already stated, that slaves who seek freedom, seek it with no other view than that of being emancipated from labor; they have none of the fine feelings of Englishmen on the subject; they cannot reconcile to their minds the idea that freedom can be either great, glorious, or desirable, when there is work in the case; they do not believe it; nobody can convince them, and nothing but religion and education will ever

“ Teach the young idea how to shoot.”

They think the free man is the man who has nothing to do but to eat, drink, and sleep.

It is with such notions, that the slaves who are now free, have been emancipated; we may, therefore, easily suppose, that they have put themselves to no trouble to gain the good opinion of the world, either for their morality or their industry. A livelihood, a bare and insufficient, and not a pleasant and comfortable livelihood, is their only object.

Eating, drinking, and sleeping, form the main business of their existence. From their natural idleness, their unconquerable unwillingness to do any thing they can avoid doing, they do not find the two former of these so plentiful as they could desire, they however get enough to satisfy nature, and with that they are contented. It is from this cause, that we observe them dwindling away from the stout, hale, and hearty appearance, that commonly characterizes the slave, to that lean, thin, miserable, and dejected condition, which too often distinguishes the emancipated negro.

They generally pass their lives in the following manner. They obtain work for two, or perhaps three days, though they are seldom known to labor for so long a period at a time, and this work is of the lightest and least laborious kind. The particular kind of provision on which they support themselves is bought for a trifle; a few plantains, yams, taniers, and okros, with their accustomed mess of pepperpot, or calilou, are sufficient to maintain them for a week or more, though it may be supposed they do not grow very fat on such nourishment.

The money which they have earned with their three days' labour, will not only purchase for them these necessaries, but will also afford them the further gratification of getting drunk at an early hour in the morning, and of laying deprived of their senses, and in the condition of a brute, sleeping away in all the glories of their freedom, on the benches of that all polluting, and polluted receptacle of disgusting perdition, a new rum shop; or folded in their tattered coverings, which leave them in a state little short of nudity, reclining on the side of the public road, the objects of the pity and commiseration of every passing slave.

When the pittance which enables them thus to prolong their miserable existence is entirely spent, they probably contrive to obtain something from the charity of those who are not like themselves free; but when at length the slave, tenfold happier than these beings, who know not the value of their freedom, convinced of their worthlessness, ceases to compassionate their miseries, their sufferings, and their disease; they are then obliged to return to labor for another day or two, after which, the same scene commences, and the same consequences ensue.

In this manner do they drag on their existence; in this manner do they make a use, or rather an abuse, of the emancipation granted to them; with how much prudence and good judgment, may, I think, be seen from the effect.

The bodies of these unfortunate persons cannot be in a more lean, wasted, and emaciated condition than

their minds are in a state of low, immoral, and uncultivated degradation.

As slaves, they might have improved, but as free men they have little opportunity, and still less inclination, to receive or benefit by instruction of any kind. The mornings of their sabbaths are spent in the rum shops; and those, surely, are not places to learn religion; there their minds will not be awakened to a sense of right and wrong; their souls will not be expanded by the blessed influence of education; their morals will not be improved by hearing good precept, or imitating good example.

They revel in drunkenness and sin, and before the hour of devotion arrives, they are plunged by the influence of a pernicious liquor, into a dark, dangerous, and disgusting insensibility.

This is not an overdrawn picture of the general life (with of course a few exceptions, and a very few) of those male negroes, who, from having been slaves, are become free. That of the females differs in many respects; but I regret to say, that it is not less to be pitied.

The women have not generally that deplorable appearance, that miserable, sickly, and emaciated exterior which characterizes the men; neither do they go in rags and tatters.

Indeed, their case is the reverse; they maintain their good condition when they are made free, and look as well, as hearty, and as stout as when they drank syrup and cane juice in crop time, on the estates where they were slaves. They are not only

neat and cleanly in their dress, but full of finery and show. They wear various kerchiefs, gaudy gowns, many-colored sashes, and a profusion of ornaments, and decked thus, they enter the house of God and kneel down with as much apparent earnestness of devotion in their demeanor, as there is real shamelessness and impudence in their hearts.

These women grow fat upon the bread of prostitution, and draw their finery and their support from the foulest sources of shame, of infamy, and guilt. Of course while they are maintained by these sources they will do no work, and consequently their lives are lives of idleness. All this, while they are strong, and lively, and unthinking, may be congenial to their tastes and feelings; but when their bodies are diseased, and their constitutions weakened by dissipation and excess, when years have rolled away, and they find themselves no longer young, then their sources of support fail, and the dreadful curse of poverty falls hard and heavy upon the afflictions of decrepit age.

When reduced to this condition, many of these miserable beings, with the same ignorance which they have always manifested of the value of freedom, now seek to return to slavery; and some have not only solicited, but implored their ancient masters to receive them into servitude, and with it to the rights and privileges they once enjoyed.

I, who have been four years in our Colonies, could relate a number of such instances, and they did not even escape the notice of Mr. Coleridge in the short

period of six months. He tells us, that "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." And soon after relating this anecdote, he adds the following sound and reasonable reflection. "Surely," says he, "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."

If Englishmen, however, will not give credit to the relation of events that have passed in distant lands, let them look to an occurrence that happened some time back in their own, when several slaves who had been brought to England, and were made free, declared before British magistrates, and in a British court, their wish and determination to return to a state of slavery, and to be again subject to the dominion of their former masters. This fact was published in all the newspapers, and must have been seen by the unthinking but enthusiastic advocates of sudden emancipation, as well as by the more prudent supporters of a gradual and progressive freedom.

The manner of life both among the males and females now in an emancipated condition, but who were formerly slaves, I have described to the best of my power, exactly as I saw it, and as it called forth my pity and commiseration.

Like all other circumstances that tend to throw

a light upon the state of things in our colonies, it only proves the prudence and necessity of proceeding cautiously in the great work to be achieved, and holds out an additional inducement to the friends of the negro, to comport themselves while advocating his cause with that mildness and moderation which is likely to produce the best effects.

Surely none will deny that it is more just, more charitable, and more humane to educate the uneducated, and to enlighten the unenlightened slave, to teach him the true principles of freedom, and then to let him enjoy it, than to give it to him while he is ignorant of its worth, while he knows not how to appreciate its value, while he is unconscious of the benefits he might derive from it, and while, instead of making it a blessing, he would convert it into a bane.

If England desire to emancipate her slaves without injuring her colonies, if she seek to bestow liberty on one class of her Transatlantic subjects without overwhelming the other with destruction, she will look before she leaps; she will proceed step by step, and with a caution worthy of the importance of her undertaking.

We all know that the West Indies, in spite of the arguments of sophists, are far too valuable to be sacrificed at the shrine of carelessness; and if there be safety, honor, and prudence in making vigorous but gradual efforts to gain a great object, and if there be danger, folly, and temerity in making them suddenly, and with force, I am inclined to think

Great Britain will prefer a slow and sure, to an impetuous and uncertain, measure.

The colonies certainly produce a great revenue, and the loss of this great revenue would, as certainly, not promote the payment of our national debt: a truism which is, I think, clear to the comprehension even of the fourth estate of the realm.

CHAPTER XLVII.

DOMESTIC AND TOWN SLAVES—THEIR LIVES.

“ The greatest part of them live in a state of complete idleness, and are usually ignorant and debauched to the last degree.”

Six Months in the West Indies.

IN a preceding chapter I promised the reader that I would notice the condition of the domestic and town negroes, which will include all those to whom the description I have given of the life of slaves on estates will not apply.

The life, then, of a town negro is totally different from that of a slave in the country. An inhabitant of a West India town is, perhaps, the possessor of six, eight, ten, or even a dozen slaves; and out of this number he selects three or four of the most valuable for his own domestic purposes, and generally hires out the rest to serve, in the capacity of servants, those persons who may not, like himself, have any negroes of their own.

Too many of these slaves are worthless and bad, from many causes; and, among others, from the bad discipline in which they are kept by their masters.

The master expects to receive a certain sum, monthly, from his slave; that sum usually varies from four to eight dollars, according to the age or

abilities of the negro, and it too often happens that, provided it is regularly deposited in the hands of the master, he gives himself very little trouble or concern about the manner in which it is acquired.

Hence arises the great difficulty of obtaining good servants, and the still greater one of getting bad ones punished as they deserve.

Their petty larcenies, their great impositions, their infamous neglect, their frequent disobedience of orders, and their total indifference to the pleasure or displeasure of those who hire them, must be tolerated and endured ; for nontoleration and nonendurance would be not only useless but impolitic. You may complain to the owner, but he regularly receives his stipend, and what cares he? you may scold and abuse the slave, but he laughs at you in his sleeve, and continues in his old road ; what cares he? you may tell your friends and acquaintance that your case is very hard, they will pity you, and say, " So it is ;" but what care they? Therefore all ye who may be hereafter doomed to cross the broad Atlantic, and to vegetate in the tropics, on this subject listen to one of those whom experience hath taught, and take the advice of the initiated. Your servants, if they be hired slaves, will plague, tease, worry, torment, discompose, unphilosophise (to use a word out of my own dictionary), vex, irritate, put you out of temper, and make you perspire beyond all calculation ; therefore you must suffer yourselves to be wronged, robbed, imposed upon, displeased, and disobeyed ; only when all this happens you must not complain, you must

not make a fuss, you must be quite quiet, quite civil, quite calm, and quite cool; and since you have no chance of redress by a statement of your grievances, and a very slight one of bettering your situation by changing your servants, you had better let them rob, steal, displease, and disobey as much as their slave-ships may please so to do; and then, like true philosophers, join your friends in the exclamation, what care we? This is my advice, reader, and unless you follow it you will have very little comfort, and it may be, very little peace.

I have said that the slave usually carries a stipend to his master of from four to eight dollars, according to his ability, out of his monthly earnings, I will now tell how he himself exists.

If he be let by his master, he is probably hired by a resident for a certain sum, say six dollars per month, and this money is regularly paid to the owner. In his new place the slave is provided with a Negro house, of which there are a certain number attached to every dwelling, and he is either fed, or receives half a dollar (about two shillings and twopence) per week to feed himself. If, however, as is often the case, the owner say to the slave, you are at liberty to go and hire yourself out, only you must be sure to bring me six dollars a month for your labor, the fellow generally contrives to hire himself for three or four dollars extra, which he, of course, deposits, with all the coolness of a philosopher, into whichever pocket of his pantaloons has no hole at the bottom.

I should further mention that his owner engages to furnish him with clothes.

Thus it appears that he receives a certain stipend, part of which he pays over to his possessor by whom he is clothed, that he is housed and fed by the resident who hires him, and that all this is for his domestic services. Let us now examine what those domestic services are.

Certainly, then, they are not remarkable either for their multitude or their magnitude.

The condition of a hired domestic is little short of a sinecure. He, or she, is most frequently idle; but when very busily employed, one need have but little penetration to discover that it is either in doing nothing, or in doing mischief.

Every poor devil who, like your very humble servant, hath lived in the West Indies without possessing slaves of his own is aware that one's household affairs, however circumscribed, are never carried on without the connivance and cooperation of a certain body of ministry. In fact, the establishment of *mi-lor Anglois*, who goes for a little while to the West Indies, is quite a nation in miniature.

His dwelling, *par exemple*, of moderate dimensions, and with a neatly shingled roof, is the representative of a country; then he has his negro houses, his kitchen, and his stables, fit receptacles, by my faith, for his lords, his commons, and his ministry. A tall, stout, hale, hearty *obstinate*, and *unbending* butler by way of *premier*, a cook, a housemaid, a washer-

woman, a groom, and a little stable boy are the persons of whom the said ministry is composed: a nice assemblage, by the manes of my aunt Josephine, of whigs, tories, and liberals! Perchance, too, *an old woman* may have crept into this august assembly; and, reader, why not? See you, I pray, any just cause or impediment why old women should be excluded? Well, all these, and it is quite natural, *have their relations to serve*. The butler is *the man in power*, and has the key of the cellar, so he gives a bottle of wine to his first cousin, and a bottle of porter to his maiden aunt; the housemaid presents her sister with a pair of decanters, the washerwoman gives a shirt to her son, the cook dispenses soup, meat, and vegetables to his poor relatives, and the groom, and the little stable boy take care to let their friends and acquaintance have a nice ride on their master's horses. All these make their market penny, and so the master, who represents *the people*, is robbed, cheated, imposed upon; and in the meanwhile, poor man, some of his friends endeavour to persuade him that he is no worse than others, and *the more miserable he gets the more happy they would make him fancy himself*.

But, joking apart, it is a well known fact that the house servant will really do nothing but wait at table, and a few duties equally light; the washerwoman will do nothing but wash; and in fact, there is no one servant who will do the slightest portion of work beyond what they consider a *sine qua non*.

They do also cheat, rob, and pilfer; and though

they only take a little at a time, and would be really afraid to take much, yet as

“ every little makes a mickle,”

they manage between them to make away with a good deal in a short time, and they do it so cunningly that, although you know very well who it is that takes this, that, and the other, yet you can never catch them in the act, and very seldom trace out the hiding place where the stolen goods are deposited.

I have before said that the domestic slaves have negro houses, which are commonly attached to the dwellings of their masters. In these they ought to sleep, and sometimes do, but they are oftener absent; one night in the house of a friend, another at one of those pic-nic evening parties which I noticed in the former pages of this volume.

The females gain by prostitution and robbery what the males procure by robbery alone; and, for this reason, we seldom find either sex deficient in articles of dress, for there is no class of people in the world more vain of their external appearance, or more anxious to adorn their persons.

Household servants, however, are not the only class of slaves who gain their subsistence in town. There are a number of boys and women whom their owners either employ themselves to carry about various articles for sale, in wooden trays, or hire them to the hucksters for the same purpose.

There are also a number of slaves who have learnt some business, and gain no inconsiderable wages in

the practice of it. Among these we may rank coopers, carpenters, turners, bricklayers, taylors, and shoemakers, all of whom thrive well in the colonies.

I think I am not unjust when I say that these negroes are generally more civilized, and more respectable, than others.

From their several trades they derive considerably more cash than they are obliged to pay over to their masters. This enables them to maintain a good and comfortable appearance; which, as it is the fruit of honest industry more than of dishonest roguery, looks well.

From being put in a train to acquire creditably what they earn, they have less temptation to seek it fraudulently; and from being generally employed in doing good, they have not so many opportunities for doing mischief. Moreover, from the circumstance of having served their apprenticeship at an early age, and from having dwelt from that early age in the towns, and among white men, they have become somewhat more enlightened; and if for morality and religion they are not far before their brethren, yet, upon the whole, I should say that they were better prepared for emancipation.

Let this sentence lead no one astray. I do not say that they are prepared, but that they are better prepared than the rest.

So much for the domestic and town negroes.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

EXCEPTIONS TO THE GENERAL RULE—FOOD AND
CLOTHING.

“They are not so badly off for food as many people in this country imagine.” *Bickell.*

“Negroes are generally fond of dress, and, in the towns, many of them * * * are respectably clad.” *Ibid.*

THE condition of slaves on estates, and of town and domestic negroes having been delineated, it remains for me to bring forward the exceptions which I promised to notice; detailing the situation of those slaves who, from various causes, are less happy than their brethren.

Of this class there are many of a naturally morose and unhappy disposition—a sort of tribe of misanthropes—whom no situation could please, and who would be, from habit, just as discontented with their freedom as they are now with their slavery; but there are also a few slaves who are unhappy from other causes, some from belonging to impoverished and others to tyrannical owners.

That all men are not gifted with the same portion of humanity is true, however much it may be lamented; there are some who are by nature cruel, some whose minds are sufficiently depraved to feel a sort of pleasurable delight in inflicting tortures on their fellow

creatures, and if the power of actually maiming, mutilating, or overwhipping those beneath them be denied, they will, nevertheless, contrive a thousand ways and means, beyond the reach of the law, for tormenting and rendering them unhappy, for making their lives miserable and their existence a burthen.

Perhaps there is no man so likely to possess this feeling as the uneducated, unenlightened, but emancipated being who, from having been a slave, has become elevated, by an unlooked for train of incidents, to the situation of master.

One would perhaps think that a being who had himself known the sufferings of a suffering state, would, if he had it in his power, be instigated by a desire to mitigate those sufferings in the condition of others. A feeling exactly the reverse of this is, however, commonly predominant; and it is too proverbial, that there is no tyrant so tyrannical as the tyrant who has once been a slave.

I regret to say that, among the towns in the West Indies, there are too many such tyrants, too many who have found the means to elevate themselves from the degraded situation of slaves to the important condition of masters, who, because they have received no education sufficient to fit them for their new rank, consequently treat the slaves in their possession with more harshness and cruelty than is either necessary, or, among other owners, customary.

I will state, however, my conviction that female owners, of this class, are more cruel than the male; their revenge is more durable and their methods of

punishment more refined, particularly towards slaves of their own sex.

Male or female, however, such owners are equally deserving of censure, and generally meet with the proportion they merit.

I have said that they frequently treat their slaves with cruelty, but it is with a cruelty that does not come under the notice of the law; it is not of a flagrant or monstrous kind, they dare not maim nor mutilate their slaves, neither would they if they could, for it would be only injuring their own property; they cannot even whip them for their greatest offences beyond a limited number of stripes, with an instrument fixed by law, without the sentence of a magistrate; but they can find many sinister means to make them miserable, and it is not difficult to discover, by the condition of their slaves, those masters who put such sinister means in practice.

The circumstance of their having been once slaves themselves, will, of course, lead the reader to infer that they are not white men. I will now tell him that most of them are colored, and many quite black, but I hope he will not imagine that I intend to throw a slur upon the whole body of colored people; I should be very sorry that my observations were so misconstrued, or that they tended to injure any but those against whom they are directed, viz. the cruel and the unjust. I am sorry to say, that amongst these we may also rank a few of the French inhabitants of our colonies.

I will state, however, in justice to the whole body

of West Indians, speaking generally, that they are too humane to encourage cruelty of any kind; and, that when they see it is beyond the reach of the law, and that it is carried on with a caution that baffles the possibility of attacking it as it deserves, though they cannot punish they always censure and condemn, and unite in deprecating and despising those who practise it.

Of those slaves who belong to impoverished masters I shall merely say, that it is impossible for those who are assailed by poverty to provide their negroes with food and clothing so liberally as the more opulent owners, and that their slaves, as they have fewer comforts and privileges than the generality of their fellows, are, consequently, less happy and contented.

I have thus far kept my promise of noticing the condition of all the more unhappy sort of negroes in the West Indies, and they appear to consist of three classes—

I. The unhappy by dispositions morose and discontented.

II. The unhappy by the sinister ill treatment they receive from those owners who have been themselves slaves, and from a few of the French inhabitants.

III. The unhappy from a want of comfort, arising from the impoverished condition of their masters, and their consequent inability to provide them with a liberal allowance of food and clothing.

These three classes may be termed exceptions of the general rule of the happiness and contentment now existing among the slaves in the West Indies.

Of the first I will say nothing, for I see no remedy

for the evil. Of the two last, however, I do really believe that some means might be found for ameliorating their condition.

Of the second class I would suggest that a person be appointed, whose duty should consist in inquiring into the condition of all slaves who appear to be in a lean, weakly, and emaciated state, from unnatural causes; and that provided the effects produced could be proved to have arisen from sinister ill treatment, that the offenders should be duly punished, either by depriving them, during a certain period, of the services of their slaves, or by imposing a heavy fine that would effectually prevent them from repeating the offence.

With regard to the third class I will only remark, that I think no master should be allowed to keep more slaves than he can maintain in a good condition, and properly feed and clothe; or if he do keep them, that he should be obliged to hire them out, and to devote a certain portion of their earnings to those purposes.

While I am on this subject it may not be amiss to state of what the food and clothing of slaves in the West Indies commonly consists. I will begin with slaves on estates.

Osnaburgs, baize, linen checks, woollen caps, cotton handkerchiefs, hats, thread, needles, &c. are exported to the colonies in the various ships that trade thither; and, together with salt codfish, and herrings, with sugar-making implements, and other estate necessaries, are called plantation stores.

The slaves are usually provided with three suits

of clothing a year, which they commonly make up themselves from the various stuffs delivered to them. Their hats and woollen caps are made in England, I believe expressly for the West Indies. The frock coats of the men, and the petticoats of the female negroes are usually of baize, or osnaburg; and they have shirts, shifts, cotton handkerchiefs, and linen checks regularly dealt out to them.

The suits they wear are cool, and adapted to the climate; and they seem to prefer them loose, for, as they make them themselves, they could, if they wished, wear them tight.

To all who have seen the colonies, it is a well known fact that there are many slaves on estates who dress themselves, not more decently, for they are all decent, but more smartly than the rest, and in a suit of clothes of which they have not received a single article from their masters, but which they have themselves purchased in town. Purchased them!!! Purchased them do you say? Ay, sweet reader, 'tis even so: the slave in his ameliorated condition has many means whereby to purchase a host of comforts, if he have the inclination so to do. How, then? Listen, and thou shalt hear: I have already told you that he has a portion of ground exclusively his own, which he has a proper time allowed him to cultivate; that he has also a house, and that he usually keeps in its neighborhood fowls, pigs, and goats. I might have mentioned too, that he receives, in crop time, a certain number of canes, a certain quantity of sugar, and a fixed allowance of

sling*. In his provision ground he plants guinea grass, Indian corn, yams, taniers, okros, peppers, &c. He also procures fruit, growing in his own garden, or in other parts on or in the neighbourhood of the estate, and as it may be easily supposed that he could not consume all these things himself, he carries them with him to the town market, and there disposes of them to good advantage. With his profits he either purchases wherewith to make him drunk, or wherewith to make him smart; or, if he thinks it more prudent, he lays by his earnings, and in a short time the accumulation amounts to something considerable.

To give some idea of what those earnings are, we will suppose the contents of his wooden tray in the market to be

A young pig.....	1 dollar
A pair of fine fowls	$\frac{3}{4}$
Vegetables, fruit, calabashes, &c. ...	$\frac{1}{2}$

Amounting, in the whole, to two dollars and a quarter, near ten shillings sterling.

This, if accumulated, would amount to twenty-four pounds a year, without including the sale of canes, sugar, sling, and even clothing, for his clothing he often vends, as the quantity he receives from his master is more than sufficient for his use.

It is not, however, every week that he has a young pig, and a pair of fowls to sell, therefore the amount of his earnings is not so great as ten shillings, but if we include every thing that he is able to dispose

* A sort of thick syrup.

of, I think we may fairly average his profits at five shillings, which would amount to thirteen pounds per annum; as much as British servants usually receive. But when I assert that the greater number of slaves can earn five shillings, I am by no means saying that they do. There is a vast difference between *can* and *do*, and nobody appears to understand that difference more than Monsieur le Noir.

Those who have the power of earning frequently neglect it, and the cursed spirit of slavery leaves too many contented with what they deem sufficient for nature, without spurring them to exert themselves to gain an overplus. These, from natural idleness, only cultivate sufficient ground to yield them as much fruit, and as many vegetables as they require for their own consumption; consequently, they have none to sell. Others, however, are more enterprising, and strive to make as much as they can, frequently laying by, but oftener spending their earnings.

Slaves on the estates in the vicinity of the towns have often greater advantages than their fellows in the country, because they are enabled, after their daily work, to bring bundles of grass into town, and to sell it to the different persons who keep horses. As Guinea grass is an indispensable article they are always certain of a sale, and they may earn a great deal by it.

I was regularly supplied with three bundles per night by the same man during a period of six months. I gave him a bitt a bundle, which made it about one shilling a night, so that in the six months I must have paid him rather more than ten pounds sterling;

and this was independent of the sale of his sugar, sling, stock, and provisions, which he brought to town every week, and by which he must have earned something considerable.

I have now said enough to show that many slaves can, and that some do, make wherewith to purchase a host of comforts ; and I will wind up my statement with the assertion that I have known several negroes who had accumulated large sums of money, more than enough to purchase their emancipation, but that as they saw no necessity for changing their condition, and were very well contented with a state of slavery, they preferred remaining in that state and allowing their money to increase.

But to return from my long digression, the food of slaves on estates usually consists of salted provisions, which are sent out from England, with their own mixture of vegetables, of which there is an immense variety.

Yams, taniers, plantains, okros, and sweet potatoes, &c. are really fine sustenance when eaten with salt codfish, herrings, or pork, all of which the slaves prefer to fresh meat : if they did not they might consume their pigs and poultry, but they often exchange these for salt provisions.

They render their meals palatable with Cayenne ; and their favorite messes are the pepper-pot and caliloo. They are fond of rum ; and they drink great quantities of cane juice, which is very fattening.

It is certain that they prefer their own mode of living to that of the Europeans. Their diet is whole-

some, and suited to a warm climate. They get as much, nay more, than they can eat, and with that they are perfectly satisfied.

There are, however, some among them who like to have a few luxuries in their huts; whether for their friends or for their own consumption I know not, but this I know, that the driver of the great gang on — estate, took me into his house, and offered me a glass of wine, and a bit of plum cake.



CHAPTER XLIX.

SLAVES—DAYS OF JUBILEE.

“ 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.”

Coleridge.

“ While on the subject of Christmas I may remark, that the whole of the negroes in Jamaica have three, and some of them four days allowed for their amusements.”

Barclay.

I SAID I would explain the slaves themselves, perhaps I could not have undertaken a more difficult task. Eccentric in their habits, and unaccountable in their dispositions, it requires much study and observation of their character to be able to form one's self, much less to convey to others, a good idea of them.

I cannot describe them as a race possessing qualities which may be applied generally; for, indeed, there is so much variety among them that it is difficult to find any six or eight that can be said to resemble each other in any one particular point.

We all know that as great differences exist between the minds and dispositions of men as between their stature, their features, and their general appearance; but we know also that every race of people has its peculiar characteristic. The Spaniards are proud

and haughty; the Dutch obstinate and phlegmatic; the Italians polite and *plein de ruse*; the French lively and volatile; the Irish warm and impetuous; the Scotch cool and persevering; while the English, to include multum in parvo, are all John Bulls; yet I can find no characteristic for the negroes, nothing that will apply to all, unless it be the undisputed possession of flat noses, thick lips, a skull that might well resist a blow from the iron hammer of a London blacksmith, and the patronage of a certain invisible little devil, who is always about their persons, contriving, with most praiseworthy perseverance, to instigate them, whenever an opportunity offers, to put their hands to mischief. I will, therefore, content myself by stating the qualities which are possessed by some, and the passions which actuate others; and I will endeavour to illustrate points in the characters of a few by an original anecdote, or the occasional relation of an occurrence of which I may have been a personal witness.

I know not what prompts me to begin with one of their worst traits, perhaps it is that this trait may be more generally applied than many others; a peculiar kind of dishonesty, which has tempted nearly all those with whom I have had the honor to be acquainted, to practise petty larcenies, and to rob as many trifles as they thought they might steal with good chance of concealment and little hazard of punishment.

Many of the slaves have an idea, which it is difficult to convince them is a false one, that there is

really no harm in this sort of robbery; imagining as they do, that by pilfering from their owners or masters one or two trifles of which he already appears to have too many, they are doing him no injury, and themselves much good. As long as they do not take things of value they consider themselves honest; and therefore, reader, if ever you go to the West Indies, and hear that Cudjoe, Quaco, and Quashey are honest men, you will know what sort of honesty they possess.

Taking the negroes "en masse," I think I may call them a lively, sprightly, and good tempered set; not likely to be deeply impressed even with the most solemn warnings, or the most affecting scenes, but carrying in their faces a joyousness peculiarly their own, and in their hearts a total indifference to the woe of others. Yet no sensation can be greater than that created among them by a fête or festival; no people can be more alive to pleasure, none more willing to sacrifice future good to present gratification. Novelty is charming to them, and they display a curious interest in every new scene. On the arrival of a bishop, the departure of a governor, or the drilling of a body of troops, I have seen a whole crowd as much exhilarated as if every one of them had taken a bottle of champagne for their breakfast.

They seize every opportunity of enjoying themselves, and the fête which is given to the master is generally likewise a source of amusement to the slave.

A ball is given, and while the merry guests are

dancing with their fair partners in the drawing-room, and enjoying themselves within, I would lay the woolly caput of my friend Quashey against the head and shoulders of a cabinet minister, that a joyous assemblage of our darker brethren were "tripping their light fantastic toes," which, Heaven knows, are fantastic to a miracle, in the great hall without, dancing the very Lancers themselves, with a grace, gaiety, and *gouût*, equal to that displayed by their masters and mistresses.

When a slave is displeased, however, he is generally very sullen and morose as long as his displeasure continues; but, though he is very capable of bearing malice, it is not in his nature to keep a gloomy countenance; and, although his injury is not forgotten, his gaiety is soon resumed. There are, however, some amongst them who will scruple at no means to gain a furious and quick revenge, and that revenge is sometimes as diabolical in its nature as dreadful in its consequences, and as hateful in its design as it is possible for human nature to conceive, or human power to execute. The following is a horrid specimen. A black woman of middle age, on an estate in the island of Grenada, belonging to a gentleman noted for his kindness, his humanity, and his consideration for his slaves, had conceived, for some trifling reason, a dislike to her master, and had promptly determined to have her revenge. After pondering in her mind a thousand means of satisfying her dark design, she at length settled that no loss could so materially injure her master as the loss of

one or two of his slaves; and, accordingly, she resolved on the crime of murder, and actually did destroy two or three (I forget which) of her own children, by administering to them a quantity of ground glass in their meals. This she thought the most effectual method of doing the dark deed without discovery.

In the mind of that woman, the diabolical spirit of revenge was too powerful even for the near ties of kindred that exist between a mother and her offspring, and the strongest affections of our nature to contend with and to thwart; the same spirit reigns, only in a milder degree, in the breasts of many of the slaves.

Gratitude for many kindnesses, is a quality not often found among the blacks, although one may sometimes meet with it; but great cunning, keen penetration, sly remarks, and witty inventions, an indescribable quickness in telling a good, or rather a bad lie, and a terrible propensity to swear that black is white, are points of character applicable to nearly all.

Many of them have also much comic humor. I had, in Grenada, a servant, named Cudjoe, who was in the constant habit of getting drunk, and, in his moments of intemperance, I used to reproach him, and frequently felt inclined to give him a good cuffing, but he always foiled my wrath, by declaring that he was perfectly sober, and, in proof of his assertion, saying, (raising one leg, and holding firm by the first substantial thing he could lay hold of,)

“ Massa, you eber see a drunken man tand upon one foot, eh ?”

Another negro is said to have replied to a gentleman, who was in the constant habit of giving him long lectures for running away, and, who, at the conclusion of one of these, was once about to flog him for the same offence, “ Massa, if you preache, preache; if you flogge, flogge; but no preache and flogge too.”

This is an old story, although little known, but the following is certainly original.

A young negro boy, about twelve years of age, belonging to a gentleman who resided in town, was, for some unknown cause, in the constant habit of running away, and vegetating in the woods till he was brought back. He had repeated this offence about a dozen times, and had always been forgiven on his promising not to commit it again. At length, however, he was one day brought back from one of his excursions, and summoned to the presence of his master, who strongly suspected that, as he was so young, he must have been led astray by one more old in iniquity than himself. His master addressed him—“ Well, Plato” (you see, reader, he had the name without the disposition of a philosopher), “ so you have been running away again. I am sure there is somebody who tempts you; now, if you tell me who it is, I will forgive, but if not, I will flog you.” “ Well, Massa,” replied the young sinner, “ if you no lick* me I go tell you true.

* Flog.

You sabe* my daddy da sleep wid me; Massa, one night, bout ten o'clock, the debil da come, he whisper, 'Plato, you run away,' my daddy hear de debil, he say, 'Plato, you no run away.' Well, Massa, de debil say one ting, my daddy say anoder, me no sabe what for do; den de debil pull me, so my daddy pull too, at last, Massa, de debil pull tronger, and me run away."

Plato ceased, and was forgiven; but Plato is incorrigible, and still runs away.

Strong attachment, either to their wives or to their children, is not common among the slaves, this is perhaps partly owing to their immorality, and because they have more wives than one; and partly because any anxiety for the comfort and welfare, and lately the education and instruction, of their offspring is removed, by the conviction that all this will be attended to by the owner; and it often happens that, where there is little care there is also little affection. The mother who gives her infant babe to be nursed by a stranger, and only sees it occasionally, as duty requires, until it has grown out of its infancy into childhood more matured, does not feel for it the love of one who has nursed and reared it herself, who had performed for it all those sweet and tender offices which so eminently endear the child to the mother, and the mother to the child.

The indifference of one has weakened the ties of nature, the anxiety of the other has strengthened the affections of her heart.

* Know.

But, independent of these causes, I do not believe that attachment to his offspring is at all conspicuous in the character of a slave, if it were, his ignorance and uncivilization would not conceal it from us. Education may develope and improve our affections, but nature has planted them in our breasts; and the wild tigress, in her lair, will often display more affection for her offspring than those cold-hearted beings who form many of a mighty nation, where refinement and education may have done their noblest work.

It is not, however, uncommon to see a slave attach himself to one woman, and the number of lawful marriages among the negroes, as religion makes its progress, will, doubtless, increase. However, I think example would be more beneficial than precept; for, while the former shows that they may do what the latter tells them they ought not to do, I fear there will be little chance of any wonderful amendment, and, at present, it cannot be denied that they are a most immoral race.

There is yet one kind of attachment of which the slaves are eminently capable, and that is an attachment to their masters and owners, doubtless engendered, where it exists, by kind treatment and mildness of manner.

Fidelity is also a quality which they often display, and of this the following is an instance.

It was at the commencement of one of the insurrections in Barbados, that a gentleman, residing on an estate at a small distance from town, was only

forewarned of the approach of the rebels in time sufficient to enable him to fly with his family to the capital.

He happened, unfortunately, to have a large sum of money in his house, which it was impossible to take with him. He, therefore, called one of his slaves, an elderly woman, in whom he had some confidence, and giving her the box which contained the money, told her that he relied upon her fidelity to keep it for him, and to restore it whenever the insurrection might be quelled. The woman took the box, and did not abuse the confidence of her master. She contrived to secrete the property as long as the insurrection lasted, and when all disturbances had ceased she drew it from her hiding place, and returned it to its lawful possessor, who, in gratitude for her fidelity, emancipated her and her children, and gave them besides enough to live on without much labour.

I think I have now said enough to give the reader some idea of the character of slaves, which he will perhaps render more correct by associating it with the description I have before given of their manner of living, the privileges they enjoy, the laxity of their morals, the uneducated state of their minds, and the light in which they view emancipation; all of which may, I think, be said to bias their characters in a greater or less degree.

Of course they have numerous little peculiarities of their own, which it would be impossible for me to delineate, and with which none can be acquainted but those who have seen them.

One point in their characters, which I particularly remarked was the regular flow of spirits which nearly all seemed to possess, and the light joyousness which appears to pervade the whole race, keeping an incessant clatter upon their tongues, and an unfading smile upon their faces.

I am inclined to lay great stress upon this circumstance, because I know that in England so much absurdity is advanced on this subject. People will have it, and God knows why, that the planters are a most inhuman set of beings, who find no pleasure equal to that of torturing their slaves, as if the planters had not something better to employ them; and that, consequently, the said slaves are a most miserable race, always sighing, and groaning, and whining, and complaining; half starved, and more than half murdered; and pining for their emancipation either by death or the government.

Now to Death, grim sinner that he is, I will have nothing to say; for, indeed, however anxious I may be to introduce him to some of my monied relatives who may wish to favor me with a legacy, the longer we remain unacquainted the better it will be for both of us; for, in the first place, I am not fat enough to make any thing like a decent meal for the hungry tyrant, and, in the second place, I am not yet quite tired of my pilgrimage in "this wicked world." But to the government: I will just hint, as I have done before pretty broadly, that the aforementioned emancipation must be gradually brought about, and not resolved upon in a hurry; and to the public I

will repeat, that all those who talk to them about the sighs, and tears, and groans of the negroes, are only seeking to deceive them into credulity; and that they have never witnessed, as I have, an assembly of these oppressed people on their grand day of jubilee, which they call "crop over."

This festival is a sort of "harvest home," and is described by Mr. Barclay, in his very able work on the Present State of Slavery in the West Indies: he will pardon me for quoting what he has said on this subject. "The day on which the last of the canes are cut down on a sugar plantation, flags are displayed in the field and all is merriment. A quart of sugar and a quart of rum are allowed to each negro on the occasion, to hold what is called "crop over," or harvest home. In the evening they assemble in their master's or manager's house, and, as a matter of course, take possession of the largest room, bringing with them a fiddle and tambourine. Here all authority, and all distinction of color ceases; black and white, overseer and book-keeper mingle together in the dance. About twenty years ago it was common on occasions of this kind to see the different African tribes forming each a distinct party, singing and dancing to the *gumbay*, after the rude manners of their native Africa; but this custom is now extinct. The fiddle is now the leading instrument with them, as with the white people, whom they now imitate; they dance Scotch reels, and some of the better sort, who have been house servants, country dances. Here the loud laugh and the constant buzz of singing and

talking bespeak their enjoyment, and the absence of all care about the present or future ills of life."

This statement of Mr. Barclay's is natural, interesting, and true; and though I believe it is more particularly relative to Jamaica, it will also apply to nearly all the other islands, differing only on one or two points of inconsiderable consequence. For instance, I believe in one or two of the Leeward Islands it is more usual for the august assembly of sable revellers to carry on their gaieties on the green lawn before the dwelling of the proprietor, than to take possession of one of the rooms in the house. The music also is sometimes of wonderful variety. An empty barrel, "par exemple," with a large piece of parchment over the top, a kettledrum, a tambourine, a pipe, a *gumbay* or *bonja*, with sundry other instruments, and these aided by the vocal efforts of men and women, boys and girls, do verily emit sounds of most terrific merriment, and might frighten and amuse an unaccustomed bystander, more than many wot of. I must not, however, charge the slaves with a crime of which, if we except their young ones, they are seldom guilty, namely that of producing inharmonious and nonaccordant sounds; on the contrary, they have, generally a good ear for music, they sing or whistle with wonderful correctness any tune they may have heard, they dance in excellent time, and are altogether very intelligent persons in any thing connected with music. I remember when Mr. *Thomas Haynes* Bayly's song of

“ I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,
Where roses, and lilies, and violets meet,” &c.

first came to Grenada it had not been a week in the island before every black little scamp in Georgetown was singing the air to the following parody :

I.

Me be a nigger boy, born in de hovel,
What plantain da shade from de sun wha da shine ;
Me learn to dig wid de spade and de shovel,
Me learn to hoe up de cane in a line.
Me drink my rum, in de calabash oval,
Me neber sigh for de brandy and wine ;
Me be a nigger boy, born in de hovel,
What plantain da shade from de sun wha da shine.
Me be a nigger boy,
Me be a nigger boy,
When me live happy, wha for me repine ?

II.

Me neber run from my massa' plantation.
Wha for me run ? me no want for get lick ;
He gib me house, and me no pay taxation,
Food when me famish, and nurse when me sick.
Willy-force nigger*, he belly da empty,
He hab de freedom, dat no good for me :
My massa good man, he gib me plenty,
Me no lobe Willy-force better dan he.
Me be a nigger boy,
Me be a nigger boy,
Me happy fellow, den why me want free ?

But to return to the festivals, which I would give so much to show to some of my countrymen ; the

* Africans who have served their apprenticeship during a certain period, and are now free, are called by the slaves “ Willy-force niggers,” meaning Wilberforce's negroes.

song I have just quoted contains only a profession, but those assemblies are a manifestation of happiness.

I have said that croptime is their grand jubilee, I will now add that it is not their only time of amusement. Besides the seasons of Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, and, among catholics, the carnival, which are always seasons of gaiety, they are perpetually assembling in little parties, whenever they can find time and opportunity ; and none who have witnessed the joyousness of these parties can deny the happiness of the slaves.

This happiness appears the more complete because it is partaken by all. Old men of sixty scruple not to foot it in the merry round, with some dozen or two of their grandchildren ; and if their step be not as light, and their action as lively as some of the young ones in the happy group, it is only the effect of time, for the eagerness with which they all flock to their little fêtes, and the glad smile of pleasure and good-nature that sits on every countenance while they continue, sufficiently proves them to be enjoyed.

CHAPTER L.

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS ON SLAVERY.

“ Another word, gentlemen, and I have done.”

Defence of a Prisoner to the Jury.

THE few preceding chapters will, I think, give the reader an idea of the existing state of slavery in our colonies, and of the characters and manner of life of that race of people whom Englishmen are so anxious to see emancipated.

I imagine that none who have read the pages I have written on slavery with a calm and dispassionate mind,—with a mind unbiassed by prejudice, and resolved only to regard those statements which I have pledged myself to be true, will retire from their perusal without being in some degree convinced of the ameliorated condition of the negroes, and of the folly of emancipating them before that ameliorated condition be more and more improved.

I have before stated, that the ideas of my countrymen on this important subject have been continually turned into a wrong channel by the misrepresentations of both parties concerned; by anti-slavery pamphlets on one hand, and by opinions

and publications emanating from the colonists on the other. The circulation of such works has produced both harm and good, and their writers are partly to be praised, partly to be pitied, and partly to be blamed.

The abolitionists and enthusiasts in the cause of anti-slavery are to be praised for their vigorous support of principles which they *thought* right, and for their sturdy opposition to those which they *considered* wrong; yet they are to be blamed for acting too often only upon what they *thought*, and what they *considered*, rather than upon what they were *sure of*, and what they *knew*; and they are to be pitied for the ignorance which in many instances caused their *good intentions* to produce *bad effects*.

On the other hand, the colonists are to be praised for their exertions to ameliorate the condition of their slaves, for the good laws they have passed, and their endeavours to make public the truth; blamed for having asserted in some instances a little more than the truth; and pitied because it was the principle of self-interest that prompted them to do so,—a principle which pervades the arguments of all men when they are speaking on a subject which concerns themselves, and which they no more than others could resist. I am however willing to think with Pope, that

“ Whatever is is best ;”

and I believe that the violent controversies on slavery, however censurable in themselves, have nevertheless