

# AN EPIC

On the miserable state of the  
ISLAND  
OF  
GRENADA,

British West Indies.

BY

MARS.

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There's something rotten in the state——  
SHAKESPEARE.

——with all thy faults I love thee still—  
My country! and, while yet a nook is left,  
Where English minds and manners may be found,  
Shall be constrain'd to love thee.

COWPER.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
"This is my own, my native land!"

WALTER SCOTT.

GRENADA, B. W. I.

Printed by G. W. SMITH, at the "*Equilibrium*" Office, St. George's

CHRISTMAS 1883.

*best and cheapest* sugar. Its present struggle with the *Beet bulb* must ere long decide the supremacy of the *sugar-cane*, if it only get *fair play!* "Who's afraid?" \*

At the dawn of a New Year, it is devoutly to be hoped REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT will be granted to this Colony, and that the sinews of *war and peace*, CAPITAL and LABOUR, will flourish in its train, to develop the latent resources of this very fertile and interesting island, at present only a *sanatorium* for the neighbouring colonies and its humiliated and struggling people.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

THOS. EDMD. PASSEE.

Grenada, B. W. I.,

Xmas 1883.

\* A favourite expression and watchword of the late Charles Wells, a patriotic son of the soil.

## PROEM.

### “No Surrender”!

Since an early part of the year now drawing to a close, the Epic contained in the following pages was, from time to time, published in the “*Equilibrium*” newspaper—a newspaper which sprung up into existence in the very nick of time, and which has done good *yeoman* service for the island of Grenada, by interposing a veto or an arresting hand, and discussing the political and social questions affecting the well-being and interest of its down-trodden people.

Cursed by pretentious, factious and overwhelming solitudes of *paternal* government, forced upon a reluctant people much beslaved with Utopian promises, too good to be believed in by any one possessing a particle of common sense; oppressed and cajoled by turns with an unwelcome, irregular and assiduous system of *criminal* taxation, bred of it by ill-digested and ill-distributed increments; and, brought by lavish expenditure on meretricious offices and works to startling and glaring insolvency, from which it has not yet emerged, this splendid island, a perfect gem of the Caribbean sea, with detaced highways and depressed trade, together with its *enthralled* tax-payers, have passed through a chequered, painful and degraded experience. An experience which calls aloud for reform and amelioration, peace and contentment. To ensure such factors in this loyal island, loyal only in the presence of the British Constitution, the detestable and obnoxious form of *government paternal* must be abrogated by a short

## VIII

immortal essence which once stamped him to be a man, escape not an infernal thralldoom for having alienated or ignored his ethical and political rights, and that he become a base imitation of Pan, accursed, bellowing and roaming like a London sandwich man, through an apprehensive, brutalizing and maddening eternity, marred, labelled and advertising himself—*Escheated and Damned by the British constitution!*

The Nation which gave FREEDOM to the individual slave, must not have a political slave, except from disability or forfeited right. Its magnificent ENSIGN on which is emblazoned in broad grandeur the letters of mystic flame—ENFRANCHISEMENT!—must awe the tyrant, punish the usurper, as well as promulgate its political creed as an example to other people, nations and languages. The mission of this Great Nation must cherish and consolidate, not crush, disintegrate nor dissever any fractional portion of its loyal people by any more ridiculous expedients and experiments—ridiculous to the nations we stigmatize and denounce for exercising arbitrary and absolute sway over their people, crushing their lives' blood and instincts of humanity, inter-dependence and social welfare.

And, just look at the ridiculous pretensions projected upon Education in the Colony. Is it not "much cry and little wool," and wool of the vilest description? Amongst other things needless to notice here, it has been sought to annihilate *patois*, the dialect of the common people, a jargon or kind of Provin-

cial French from the face of the Island, by prohibiting with *strong penal* enactments its use in the Primary schools, just as if *English* teachers had nothing better to do than encourage or teach such jargon, and it was urgent to destroy *this demon only*, to the neglect of essentials of the first order and importance. Yet the purest Anglo-Saxon it is alleged comes from English speaking people who have learnt to speak a little of the French language. Yet more, one would suppose that Philology is a recognized branch of knowledge, and no vernacular be it *patois* or jargon, should be despised however ridiculous it may appear to superficial, contemporary *savants*. But, it has been said that, a wild Irish *parvenu* possessing some cunning lore, yet a base blackguard at heart, bereft of the noble sensibility, sympathies and exalted good nature of the *genuine* Irish, and who has earned much villanous notoriety in our midst, thinks *devoutly* otherwise, and believes *patois*, this *bête noir*, must corrupt the natives. Might not this *genius* (evil, perchance!) preferentially attempt to exterminate the Irish *brogues*, folk lore, and mother wit, of savage Ireland? "*Nous sot, mais Manicou connais qui bois ye montez. A 'twelment, ye maigre con cuckoo-manicoc; ye ca chembez crab. Poor jab, ye tombez mal! Ye bas tenis l'argent. Sukeyang ca susez le shesh. Ye modis mal!*" \*

\* The above is a fair sample of current Grenada *patois*, and may be rendered, as follows:—*We are stupid, but the 'possum knows which tree to climb. At present, he's as lean as the mocking-bird; he's catching crab. Poor devil, he has fallen badly. He hasn't cash. The vampires are sucking him dry. He's badly damned!*

And it would really appear this *profound notion* has proved infectious, and that from a parallel or sinister motive it has been logically deduced *all the higher forms of knowledge will tend to corrupt the people of this Colony*, judging from the singular apathy, or rather persevering folly, a Grammar or High School has been shelved by *this paternal* government. And why should not the intelligent youths in the Island have an opportunity to come to the front and be useful in their generation? Is it because that in the proximate future they will be able to compete and contend successfully with the hard tax-masters and force them to yield their fair *quota* towards the general taxation of the colony, now mainly assessed against and contributed by their parents? Be that as it may, to the whining mortification and eternal disgrace of *paternalism*, a body of gentlemen as foundation-members are about establishing a High School in this island, and it is expected the School will be inaugurated at the commencement of the new year.

Turn we now to a *very sore* subject—the highways of the island. The question arises—*are there any; so to speak?* Save tracks and some of uncomfortable gradients, the *main* thoroughfares of the island are more or less completely obliterated. Tracks, as if made by wild beasts in an unbroken country are all which remain to shew how completely a *paternal* government can demoralize a colony, even in one of the first essentials of civilization—*good roads!* The roads the Romans made in Britain at the time of the invasion, the English government have always kept in

good order and improved; but, the roads which the French made in this island, where are they? Where are they ye *hacks* of *paternal* civilization; and, where are the roads ye have made or improved? Now, let some unprejudiced strangers, not the poor standard of *hacks* and miserable "*screws*" who sometimes take a peep at and sedulously avoid them, but a commission of reasonable men view the all but effaced highways of the colony, and the obvious result must be not only a condemnation of them and the *paternal* policy, but a stern recommendation to put up at once "*No Thoroughfare!*" boards, or turn out as sappers and miners the whole gang of *paternal* rulers to *re-make them*, and thereby give these theoretical talkers and reasoners of *paternalism* a *practical* taste of the substantial meaning of this *damnable political heresy of paternal rule*, which fathers not only such persistent neglect, decay and retrogression, but everything else which tend to disorganize and paralyze this unhappy colony.

With the New Year, let us hope a popular form of *Representation* will be accorded to our Island, as well as to others smarting like our own under the *absolutism* of *paternal* rule—proved, found wanting, and a cursed blot on the escutcheon of the British Constitution, and most demoralizing to the high dignity of British character!

Although in view of the exigencies of the times, and at the request of several persons, the author has issued the *Epic*, as far as it has gone, in book form, it must not be considered for a moment that it is closed. He

reserves the right, which leisure and occasion may afford him, to "open fire" at any time and continue the caros.

The text of the Epic has been revised, and foot-notes have been appended for the information of distant readers.

The author has no pretensions to versified *fiction*, but has adhered to *plain facts*, that all who run may read, and he challenges any one to disprove them. Tho' he retains his *nom de plume*, yet he failed after a few cantos had appeared to preserve his *incognito*, and this has entailed an additional responsibility on his veracity. To fastidious, sanctimonious and sentimental critics he need not apologise for the tone and style he has adopted. The frigid, delicate or affected morality that would dissemble the naked truth with plausible veneer, is unworthy of his consideration. Suffice it—"Desperate maladies require desperate treatment!"

A true copy of the CHARTER of Grenada, granted, signed and sealed by King George the Third, and referred to in the epic, is subjoined for general information.

In closing these prefatory remarks, the author desires at this joyous season, to wish all good folk and true the time-honoured, genial greeting of Old England, A MERRY CHRISTMAS & A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

"Ring out the old, ring in the new;  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

MARS.

Grenada, B. W. I.

Xmas 1883.

AN EPIC  
ON THE  
MISERABLE STATE  
OF  
GRENADA,  
B. W. I.

—o—

I.

Could I but move Grenada's heart,  
And stir her friends to act ;  
Could I arouse their latent part,  
And strong, stern deeds enact ;  
I'd have the minion horde who wield  
The island's downward fall,  
Well *cane'd* through many a *caneless* field,  
And kick'd full o'er Pall Mall ;—  
That London folks might join the cry  
Of all Grenadian men,—  
With echoes of a kindred tie,  
And sympathetic pen !

II.

O London ! heart of our empires,  
Where freedom lives and hope aspires,  
Where greater good than evil thrives—  
As bees in many busy hives,  
Which move in emulating pace,  
True masters o'er the lower race,—  
Couldst thou but see with naked eyes  
The class of men, who rules and lies,  
Full o'er Grenada's sinking state,  
You would the knaves quite soon check-mate,  
Recall them "home" to London town,  
As worthless drones in Thames to drown !

III.

We want them not, but abler men

Who'd help the country's weal, o'er glen  
 And hill with tillage's cheerful face,  
 And brighten up the verdant place  
 Forlorn, with plentiful returns  
 Which warm the heart where'er one turns.  
 The island now is fallen low,  
 The people mostly very poor,  
 And why, because the taxing rate  
 Is trebled o'er her wretched state.  
 The men who work their selfish weal,  
 Not hers, with animating zeal,  
 Have struck the blow and earn'd the hate  
 Which now must sink them to their fate.

## IV.

They've taxed e'en rocks and useless land,  
 Quite worthless to the luckless hand  
 Who owns but can't use them for gain,  
 Like better lands he pays with pain.  
 They've trodden down each cane estate,  
 Which fed the poor and kept the state  
 With teeming fields and fine out-turns  
 Of produce shipped hence by tons,  
 And Rum that makes the Cognac grand,  
 Which now is sold with stars for brand.  
 Then labourers could their wages gain  
 Each month, in sunshine and in rain,  
 But now, the few who're left by fate,  
 Cannot get on at all third-rate ;  
 They till some grounds and cocoa plant,  
 Yet they do still employment want.  
 The state employs them on the roads,  
 But then, won't pay except with goads :  
 Not roads alone, but other dues,  
 'Tis hard to wrench from its old screws.

## V.

The country tracks are mostly torn  
 By slides and rocks, with brush o'er grown,  
 Such roads the de'il himself would not  
 Travel o'er them if now he wot,  
 Save o'er the Rich. Hill \* line, where Moy  
 Purloined the means, with dev'lish joy,  
 To make his carriage way quite smooth,  
 But which the Fates have damn'd forsooth,  
 To mark the waste of public cash  
 By Irish wit and bullied dash !  
 The roads ! the roads !! are bitter, fell,—  
 The byeways too, are ripe for hell !  
 The ruler's had two nasty sprawls, †  
 When next he's down he'll earn three falls.

Are all the "*Local Boards*" mere bounce,  
 Not *worthy* then of gold an ounce ;  
 Or, is my *golden worthy* man †  
 Nought but another wretched kern ?

## VI.

\* Thousands of pounds of taxes were spent upon this portion of road, to form a *carriage drive to be used by 3 or 4 carriages*, while the main roads of the island, which bear the brunt of the traffic and convey the bulk of the produce to the outports, were, and are still shamefully neglected and most dangerous to man and beast. The *carriage drive* was swept away by a tempest in a night, and a yawning chasm still marks the spot to the reflecting traveller—a warning to pompous and overbearing traitors with overweening confidence, who glory in "*L'etat c'est (Moy?) mois!*"

† Administrator Goldsworthy had two severe falls from his famous gray charger, all through the *atrocious* condition of the roads of the colony.

‡ Administrator Goldsworthy promised *municipal boards* for the parishes, which are very much needed, but like most colonial rulers (all talk and "bunkum"), did nothing to establish them.

The Nutmeg and the Cocoa tree  
 In time may shed their blessings free,  
 To those with *capital* who wait  
 For full five years quite o'er their pate,  
 With competition on the boards  
 In other lands, and *better* roads !  
 But, mark Ceylon, its Coffee groves  
 Were struck by blight and beetle droves,  
 Full when its fame was high abroad  
 For coffee *best*, its demi-god !  
 The planters there, are ruined all  
 With owners in a dreadful fall,  
 And now she's planting Cocoa fields  
 To eke the loss which Coffee yields !

\* \* \* \*

Now, let Grenada stick to canes,  
 Which yield than Cocoa *broader* gains,  
 Dividing well to each his share  
 With good Grenada Rum to spare :  
 The Nutmeg and the Cocoa tree  
 For rich and cool highlands d'y'see,  
 While Canes shall rule the seaboard o'er  
 And upper grounds with 'vantage more.

#### VII.

Now Cocoa, should be planted more,  
 Full two or more miles from the shore.  
 Let Nutmegs too and Spices fine,  
 With large Liberian Coffee shine ;  
 And Oranges, with various fruits ;  
 Bananas rich, and manioc roots ;  
 Yams, Indian Corn, Pigeon peas too,  
 And Cotton fine for Carriacou.  
 Then Cocoanuts, and Breadfruits more,  
 With Ginger large, and Pimento.  
 Time was we shipp'd rich Indigo ;  
 Why not now with good Tobacco ?

Aloes, and Limes to make Limejuice,  
 If some would plant could be of use.  
 The Climate of our isles is fair  
 For all to yield abundant cheer.  
 But, let the Government or State  
 Take heed to help the cane estate,  
 Which has a *locus* and a name  
 Resplendent o'er these island's fame.  
 'Tis sad to see the lowlands waste  
 Their *sweetness*, through the scurvy State,  
 In bushes and decaying blocks,  
 Weird monuments of Sugar Works!

## VIII.

Can taxing *wastes* with *mules* and *carts*,  
 Keep up the industrial arts ;  
 Or each decaying cane estate  
 Pay rates through laws inveterate ?  
 If taxes are the artful cue,  
 Domestic arts then try to screw,  
 And tax old maids for wickedness  
 In liking (?) single blessedness ;  
 Or, put ten pounds on all old cats  
 Which fail to catch the wily rats.  
 By this I mean to point and show,  
 How planters struggle with the blow.

## IX.

When erst the French Grenada took  
 They tried with pride to rule by book,  
 But warlike Caribs would not work,  
 So they were chased full o'er the rock,  
 Or *Morne Sauteurs*, the Leapers' Hill,  
 Where they do shine brave warriors still.  
 The French usurpers quickly sought  
 The negro slaves, which then were bought  
 To grow *sweet* sugar and *strong* rum,

Of which the blacks had always some,  
 With blows besides to make them work,  
 For they were deemed most lazy stock.  
 And if the truth you will allow  
 You'll find *most lazy* Quashies now,  
 With marks his iron fetters made,  
 Of which he makes most loud parade,  
 To shirk the urgent work in hand  
 And then point blank refuse off hand!

## X.

Next, England came upon the isle,  
 And slaves soon wore sweet freedom's smile,  
 And bonds and bans of slavery  
 Were burst by noble chivalry!  
 The moral vict'ry of this stroke,  
 Will live embalmed and ne'er be broke,  
 While British character stands strong—  
 A bulwark still against what's wrong!  
 The *freed* negro took devious ways,  
 And those who wrought shirk'd weekly, *days*,  
 Whilst others took to different trades,  
 By which they rose to higher grades.

## XI.

Then labour lost full many a hand,  
 And Maltese came to swell the band,  
 With Portugese and gaunt Coolies,  
 To re-inforce their black allies.  
 And then sometimes, a ship came o'er,  
 With Africans from captur'd dhow.  
 Some took to land and some to trade,  
 But mostly all have money made;  
 And these in turns, have bought up land,  
 And Estates too through labour's wand;  
 While some have hidden treasures found,  
 Of which the Marshal heard no sound.

All these, and *decent* blacks, now smile  
 Encouragement throughout the isle :  
 Themselves and children too, employ  
 Good hands, and shout for more with joy !

## XII.

Is boasted Immigration dead,  
 Or are its votaries all fled ?  
 Time was the cry was loud and long,  
 But now 'tis languid, save in song.  
 If Cane estates were now to rise,  
 And wave their arrows to the skies,  
 Like Phœnix, from their ashes sweet  
 And beat the European Beet,  
 O'er till'd, and with disease to fail  
 Like Irish murphies in the trail,  
 Should we not want some Coolies more,  
 Or 'Badians say a goodly store,  
 To till our fertile lands again,  
 And ship more produce o'er the main ?

## XIII.

Yet more ! If now the sugar-canes\*  
 Were till'd with care and ground with pains,  
 Well strained from all extraneous feed,  
 The juice full well condensed with speed,  
 The Sugar would be strong and sweet  
 And *in per centage, beat the Beet,*  
 With all the European care  
 Bestow'd upon *its best welfare !*

\* It is a well-known fact in Grenada, that Sugar can be made from the cane for about £8 to £9 per Hhd. if early and good tillage be observed, even with the old plant and machinery; and, in some rich and well-favoured localities, for £4 to £6. With improved appliances, capital and labour, what might not the future of the cane be in this fine island ?

Then Sugar from the canes would pay  
 At *twelve pounds gross per ton*, we'll say :  
 And then it would be cheaply seen  
 At *twopence down per pound*, I mean.  
 'Tis true ! Then let Grenada plant,  
 And stir the Government, to grant  
 Her freer scope to earn success,  
 By taking off deterrent cess,  
 That capital may help with loans  
 And bring about more normal tones.

## XIV

And, why should not the Island shine,  
 And make more Ram with Liqueurs fine,  
 Grenada Shrub, and Crème Noyeau,  
 With Mango Gin, † and Crème Cacao ?  
 All these and more, can well be made  
 Upon our cane estates for trade,  
 And shipp'd with speed abroad for sale,  
 Per Cargo Steamers or the Mail.  
 There's industry enough to spare,  
 To yield returns a goodly share,  
 If but the State would lend a hand  
 With *Taxes less and bless the land*.  
 Let all the people rise with might  
 And put all things quite pat and right,  
 That soon upon Grenada's shore  
 Prosperity may rise and glow :  
 The task is theirs and birth right too ;  
 Then, stand quite fast with colours true,  
 And soon the Government shall yield  
 Their foolish and rapacious greed !

† Mango Gin and Bananas Spirits have been distilled in the island. The author himself has made delicious Crème de Noyeau, from the bark and leaves of the Noyeau tree, indigenous in Grenada.

## XV.

Let song re-echo through the land  
For immigration's helpful band !  
Of funds there is abundant store,  
So much indeed there was to show,  
That Government have borrow'd loads  
Which now'tis hard to get restor'd.  
O Moy ! was't you who helped this thing  
To borrow so, with poor Maling,  
True victim to your Irish wit ?  
But hold, the biter shall be bit !  
Perhaps full soon your greedy heart,  
May feel the hard ignoble part  
You played in politics with craft,  
Or get perchance another draft  
To some more lov'd congenial climes,  
Where you may feel my simple chimes,  
And learn that you have wronged much,  
And some perhaps left in the lurch.

## XVI.

The five bank-notes you forced from me,  
*Beyond what you agreed d'y' see,*  
Have brought remembrance to my mind  
That you are quite a venal hind.  
To save dispute, I paid the trash  
To Harwood here in very cash.  
You know full well, and Lewis knows too,  
That this that's writ and more are true.  
In truth, I owe you further change  
Which now I'll pay in "fair revenge."  
I've heard some other people groan,  
With many a pitying moan,  
That you have struck them mortal blows,  
Or wrench'd from them some heavy tolls ;  
But this I cannot vouch is true,  
And lies between themselves and you :

But, judging from the public cry,  
 You must have sinned most damnéd high !  
 And now, I'll leave you for a while,  
 That you may bite the file, or smile ;  
 Next time I pink you with my pen  
 'Twill be for high misdeeds I ken.  
 These cantos may in future tell  
 Some shocking things, and harrow hell.

## XVII.

My theme is immigration still,  
 Of this the country wants its fill,  
 And Derby's Earl should see to this,  
 Or things will surely go amiss.  
 The borrow'd sum *took all aback*.  
 Full soon it was all paid up back.  
 The immigration fund *intact*,  
 Must then be used as laws enact,  
 And *not for roads*, bold Robinson—\*  
 No "*robbin*" now most courtly *son* !  
 The general fund, or tax on land,  
 Can mend the roads *sublimely grand* !  
 Or, pave with "good intentions" well,  
 All Public roads, just as in hell.  
 Now let the Press and People rise,  
 And sound the clarion to the skies,  
 For immigrants to come and share  
 Some mutual interests and welfare.

## XVIII.

Barbadians too and Coolies more,  
 Come forth and share our bounteous store.

\* Governor Robinson actually proposed in his famous speech, that the *immigration fund*, specially founded by law for the introduction of labourers, should be mis-applied and used to mend, or rather re-make, the effaced public highways, while the general wail for labourers is loud and long throughout the colony; and, for years past, none have been introduced.

Fair Nature is no niggard here,  
 Just try the soil with barely care,  
 And you will find it rich with joy :  
 The Product varied without cloy.  
 The climate moist and *not* too hot ;  
 Perennial Spring to all begot.  
 No wonder then that Quashie's wants  
 Are well supplied by Nature's grants,  
 Which make him thriftless here the more,  
 And work for wages fitful so.  
 Barbadians *here* and Coolies *too*  
 Will tell you more that is quite true,  
 How they have bought up lands and stock,  
 And built snug blocks, by labour's pluck ;  
 And, with their families repose,  
 Contented o'er their thrift and scores.  
 Come immigrants and Quashie give  
 Your emulating zeal to live,  
 That he like you may try to rise  
 And earn fair wages ere he dies !

## XIX.

Now, when 'tis known the poor estate  
 Of Coolies in their parent state,  
 How they in India mostly want,  
 And starve and die for food that's scant,  
 'Tis difficult to comprehend,  
 Why they are not allow'd to mend  
*Their fortunes more, these Indies West,*  
 Where they get rich and thrive with zest.  
 It is the fears of British friends (?)  
 Who falsely interfere, that tends  
 To keep them *protégés* of fate,  
 Upon their own benighted state,  
 Than send them hence to mend their ways,  
 And future too, in every phase.  
 In India, they but swarm in bands,

And change not as Mahomedans;  
With local prejudices long,  
The bulk remains fanatics strong,  
Although the missionaries try  
Their craft, and Christian truths to ply;  
But, in the West, a broader trait  
Obtains, which yields to Christian faith.  
It is the force examples press,  
The greater bearing o'er the less,  
Reversing here the influence sure,  
Which bore them on their native shore.

## XX.

Now then, let rulers bear in mind,  
That planters all are very kind  
To Coolies here, as other hands,  
Who work for wages on their lands :  
They are allow'd a piece of land  
To till, which yields them wants at hand,  
And then to keep domestic beasts,  
Which oft are sold, or crown their feasts :  
And on some cane estates, they keep  
A horse or cows, some goats or sheep ;  
With pigs and ducks and poultry too,  
They have full choice and not a few.  
The law protects them in a feud,  
Of this they're tutor'd to be shrewd,  
And they when here as denizens  
Have more than right of citizens.  
Their barracks and their cots are good,  
And better far than jungle, wood,  
Or roadside tree, where oft they sleep  
In India there, *all in a heap*.  
And, when they're sick, the doctor's near  
With medicines, and nurse with fare,  
What then can mortal man do more  
To cheer the Coolies to the fore.

## XXI.

Not all the Coolie immigrants  
 Who're sent, fulfil the planters' wants :  
 A few are lank, their *physique* poor,  
 All these sham sick and love a sore,  
 To bilk the planters and shirk work,  
 And are a plague and endless talk.  
 And these *black sheep* but leaven then  
 The *lies* upon the stronger men,  
 Who always are a better class,  
 And lik'd by planters in the mass.  
 The doctors know full well this phase,  
 Which oft a wily Coolie plays ;  
 And, when he's sent to do some work,  
 He grumbles o'er his hapless luck,  
 And gives no end of trouble to  
 The overseers and planters true.  
 Can the Protector now deny  
 My challenge then to this outcry,  
 And speak for conscience and for truth,  
 If such is not a fact, and fruit  
 Of mostly all the Coolie noise,  
 Which are brought forth for equipoise ?

## XXII.

Now Cork,\* you know you can't gainsay  
 This fatal blot, which mars my lay,  
 As much as Immigration fair,  
 Throughout the land and in the air.

And Cork, what is't you do I pray,  
 Beyond the drawing full your pay ?  
 I think sometime ago you drew  
 A full report, and fairly true,  
 Of all the Coolie immigrants,  
 So happy in their various wants,

\* The Protector of Immigrants.

Located on a few estates,  
 Where time will soon close contract rates,  
 And leave them free to go away  
 To India far, or here to stay.  
 But then, good Sir, what next you'll do,  
 Save make some *blank* returns *that's true*,  
 And draw your pay for earning nought  
 From Immigration Fund, so fraught ?

## XXIII.

And then, perhaps the Government,  
 With leering eyes and money scant,  
 Will sink the *Immigration Fund*  
 In *General Fund* quite moribund,  
 And Cork upset you from your perch,  
 And leave the planters in the lurch  
 To till themselves their own good lands,  
 Then wreck'd upon the damn'd quicksands  
 Of dev'lish fate and discontent,  
 By thoughtless, sad mis-government !  
 And next, perchance may come to pass,  
 That they have made of Cork an ass,  
 To *cork* the Immigration scheme,  
 And next in turn to *uncork* him.  
 We stand upon the question broad,  
 And Emigration want abroad ;  
 And, ne'er shall cease our cry for men,  
 To aid us with the mighty pen,  
 To smite the hydra-headed beast  
 Which Immigration stops the least.

## XXIV

Who cares aught for Admin'strator, †  
 Who struts like some gladiator,  
 Full round the isle to crush the scheme  
 Of immigration here by whim ;

† Administrator Goldsworthy tried to be *fussy*  
 about coolies with *pipeclay* austerity.

Or, e'en for a *colossal* foe,  
 To strike the *small* remnant a blow ?  
 Not e'en with instructions from "home",  
 Well conn'd, or pocket full a tome !  
 Oh no ! this thing must not be done  
 Before the government atone,  
 For their full share of wrongs, I trow,  
 Of which the world already know,  
 Why then attempt to pick a hole,  
 Here, there, and everywhere, by *role* ?  
 For nought, find fault, and cause dispute  
 For trifles so, to shew you're "cute" ?  
 Satan himself, if left in heaven,  
 Would pick some holes with damning leaven ;  
 'Twas picking holes with pride throughout,  
 Up there, that pitched him headlong out !  
 And now, for government, he tries  
 To play high jinks and spin white lies.

## XXV.

Whoe'er would rule Grenada true,  
 Must not the immigrants eschew,  
 But rather bring them more in bands  
 To waken up our fallow lands.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Chinese are a shocking lot,  
 And not quite worth a serious thought,  
 Except, that they in China should  
 Remain, and eke their livelihood.  
 We want them not, but Coolies *strong*,  
 With more Barbadians in a throng.  
 The cocoa and the cane estate,  
 Must have more workers soon than late ;  
 For those who wrought before as hands,  
 Have risen owners of fine lands,  
 Of three to ten and acres more,  
 And built fine cottages galore,

Where they and families abide,  
 And employ hands as time doth glide.  
 Look now around and view this thing,  
 Which should more immigration bring,  
 To fill the labouring ranks so thin'd,  
 If we shall prosper than be ruin'd.

## XXVI.

Be ready all Grenada's friends  
 For the *Commission*,\* when it trends  
 Grenada's shores, for to enquire  
 And judge of things that we require.  
 In labour and in politics,  
 Where some have played fantastic tricks,  
 This *great Commission* will perceive  
 How they have practis'd to deceive;  
 And how the Colony is wreck'd  
 On sands, with crushing cess not reck'd!  
 How clever servants of the crown,  
 Are still a table talk of town,—  
 The pest to progress and fair trade.  
 How competition they parade,  
 By trafficking full o'er the land,  
 Or shipping cocoa from the strand.  
 A mask'd trade agent was great (!) Moy,  
 Who plied his craft with rich alloy;  
 One moment full attorney for  
 The crown, another twists he law  
 Or lays it out, and grabs his fill  
 Of cash, then makes his clients' will.  
 Though law damns all, whate'er betide  
 He swims yet o'er the legal tide!

## XXVII.

Next, he is trade attorney to  
 Some London Merchants, just afew,

\* The *Royal Commission* sent to the West Indies.

And makes advances with intents  
 To reap commission on clients,  
 And thereby learns their way of trade ;  
 And, by competing, makes a raid  
 Upon the commerce of the isle.  
 Then like a tool he bears a smile,  
 When all goes well upon his side ;  
 But, plays the deuce, when chuck'd aside  
 By any victim of his scheme,  
 Who suffers by his spite and whim.  
 Does he farm law and commerce sore ?  
 Who is't can tell that this is so ?  
 He'll let you draw by Bill, some dross,  
 That is, he may the Bill endorse,  
 Or give you \* cash to buy cocoa  
 And produce on the market floor ;  
 Which you must ship to order told,  
 Or you will feel this loan of gold.  
 If all goes well, 'tis very well ;  
 If otherwise, 'tis sad to tell !

## XXVIII

A few most curs'd benighted scamps,  
 Who yearn for gold like vagrant tramps,  
 Are blatant o'er his mighty worth ;  
 But soon he'll close each filthy mouth,  
 And turn the blackness of each hide  
 Upon their souls a darkening tide !  
 And serve ye right ye craving rats  
 Who soar aloft as ravening bats,  
 On brazen wings just to and fro,  
 But doom'd to smash on earth below !  
 He has some coloured *protégés*,  
 Which he may too pack divers ways.  
 Of law but quite a particle,  
 He lords it o'er Sir Oracle,

\* By cheque from self or sub.

And when he opes his eyes and mouth  
 All dogs must not their tails put out.  
 Where'er *his* law is poor or scant  
 He plies abuse with deafening rant !  
 Ye Gods ! descend to view this cove  
 Who sets himself to rival Jove, —  
 A legal Irish wight to rule  
 O'er heathens well with *cash* ferule !  
 Yea, come with *cash* to make him grin  
 Ere Momus drives him back to Erin !

## XXIX

His predecessor did the same,  
 As villain up to any game,  
 And now he's starring as a judge,  
 Ere he confronts the mighty Judge,  
 Who will demand a reck'ning true  
 From him, and others of his crew :—  
 A hellish lot, Satan himself  
 Will hang in hell, for craving pelf ;  
 And, practising *more* damn'd deceit  
 Than *he*, with pantomimic feat !  
 'Twas he who smote, with foulest tricks,  
 Our chartered rights and politics,  
 With others of his blasted breed,  
 Then sought for place with ravening greed,  
 Like carrion vultures, quite elate,  
*To eat Grenada's carcass state !*  
 Some through Old Nick have thriven well,  
 Whilst others he consign'd to hell,  
 Like Tantalus, who ne'er should drink  
 Of Lethean waters on the brink.

## XXX.

This "whited tomb," did thrive awhile,  
 With power full o'er Grenada's isle.  
 He built a snug Boucan, to trade  
 In cocoa nibs with Johnson's aid ;

And, whether crude, half raw, or dried,  
 The stuff when bought was sunn'd and bagg'd,  
 Then shipp'd away to London town  
 To pile the dross he craved to own.  
 But then, as if the produce got,  
 Was pilfer'd from a neighbor's lot,  
 Or cocoa fields on estates near,  
 And bought quite cheap without a fear,  
 Full oft the proceeds were a loss  
 To Sheriff's man, or Johnson's "boss."  
 The fluctuating cocoa trade,  
 At other times, the traffic paid!

\* \* \* \* \*

For State intrigues, and Denham's case,  
 He proved himself a scullion base,  
 Was sack'd and shipp'd to lower grade,  
 From whence he's risen a judge, to trade!  
 The legal wrongs and dirty acts  
 He left behind, are startling facts;  
 And now, methinks, his conscience quakes  
 With stings, o'er chain'd with venom-snakes!

### XXXI.

These two Attorney-Generals,  
 Were crafty churls and wretch'd "pals,"  
 Who played, by turns, a venal game,  
 And sought for lucre without shame.  
 Look well around and view the past,  
 To see the tricks they play'd out fast!  
 They drew their pay from government  
 Each month exactly to a cent,  
 And ofttimes claim'd *large extras* too  
 Which some did deem "damnation blue;"  
 But then, what cared these for a taunt,  
 If they the *cash* could only flaunt  
 Before the eyes of wond'ring men,  
 As monarchs of a devilish glen!

And more, these were allow'd to graze  
 O'er pastures legal, divers ways ;  
 And, oft they bounded o'er the plain,  
 To eat both house and land, with slain !  
 With blood-stained jaws and blood shot eyes,  
 These legal wolves, as mad vultures,  
 Oft soar'd the empyrean heights with state,  
 To imitate the love they hate,  
 And plead for those they hope to skin,  
 Like villains from the land of Erin !

## XXXII.

Ye gods ! what wrongs have not such fiends  
 Enacted with their legal gins,  
 To snap up coppers from the poor,  
 Or smite the rich a heavy blow ?  
 They've often twist or pass'd a law  
 To strike a victim on the jaw,  
 And ruled that clients' rights and fees,  
 Should theirs remain with chuckling glees !  
 With fees on fees, what cares had they,  
 Save clients' *cash* their will obey ?  
 What tho' a noble angel weeps,  
 Or devils grin like chimney sweeps,  
 Upon a sad and hopeless case  
 Where some have proved most damnéd base,  
 To sell the ruin of kit and kin,  
 And earn'd with pride remorseless sin !  
 What tho' the cause be theirs to plead,  
 And gain an everlasting meed ;—  
 To soar from earth to heaven with grace  
 And redeem'd souls to join a pace !  
 What tho' the right were theirs to hold  
 For God's eternal sake !—the gold  
 Would blast their black insensate hearts  
 And hell acclaim their legal arts !



The Queen's Attorney should be true  
 To his high office, not a Jew,  
 To skin the commerce of the isle,  
 And rend all clients with a smile.  
 He should respected be by all,  
 And keep the law a bulwark wall  
 Against those evil-doers bold,  
 Who offer bribes with tarnish'd gold ;  
 Or those who've outrag'd, wrong'd the law,  
 And seek to 'scape just by a flaw ;  
 With others of the motley mass  
 Who wrong their fellows as a class.  
 And, if the island could afford  
 A goodly sum upon the board,  
 As stipend for official lore,  
 Without the "*private practice*" more ;  
 It would by far be much the best  
 To pay down cash, and stop the rest :  
 And then the office might be pure,—  
 A monument of truth secure.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now Schooles, we're glad to see you here,  
 Be true to us, and never fear ;—  
 Be true to self, but be a man,  
 And we will help you as we can !

### XXXV.

There is a low and corrupt trade,  
 Throughout the land, which tramps have  
 made.

They rob the planters' cocoa fields,  
 Or buy the produce from the thieves,  
 Which they re-sell to other knaves  
 Who know it, and the law out-braves.  
 These tramps, with bags upon their backs,  
 Oft wander through the country tracks ;

With half-moon scales, they ever flash,  
 Will buy raw cocoa cheap for cash !  
 Along the road-side may be seen  
 Their cocoa shops, with all kinds in ;  
 A handful here, and there a lot,  
 Some raw, half-dried, but stolen bought.  
 Their trade is mostly done at night,  
 In moonlight bright, or clear twilight ;  
 And soon the various lots are dried  
 Upon some mats, sorted, and bagg'd ;  
 And then, are sold to merchants grand,  
 Who ship much produce from the strand.  
 Ofttimes, these merchants have a score,  
 Of buyers such, to swell their store.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then little children often too,  
 Are sent to sell a pound or two,  
 And thus acquire the way to steal,  
 Which oft they practise 'gainst their weal.

### XXXVI.

But then, some cocoa merchants grand,  
 Are rogues themselves throughout the land !  
 They keep a horse and ape, the gent,  
 Are mostly black, quite indigent ;  
 But, rich on London merchants' cash,  
 They pompous grow, and " cut a dash !"  
 I will describe a motley tool,  
 Who plays the gent—the wretched fool !  
 The heart of this black trader is,  
 As black as his black hide and phiz ;  
 He proves a scoundrel at the test  
 To those who tolerate him best !  
 Beware ! his low insidious smile,  
 Which he puts forth to mask his guile,  
 When he intends to insult you,  
 A practice some have made him rue.

He argues much, is blatant more,  
And quite a cursèd, blackguard bore,  
Who flaunts his folly o'er a theme  
As if sound logic were a whim.  
He keeps a meagre low rum shop,  
Just to encourage cocoa up,  
And every night barrels outside  
He puts, for cocoa stolen wide ;  
Next day, he reckons with the tramp,  
And thus he lives a monstrous scamp!

## XXXVII.

Can nothing stop such cocoa thieves ;  
Or cocoa merchants, as you please,  
Who thrive full o'er the traffic foul,  
Without a lawful overhaul ?  
Why should a wayside cocoa shop  
Tempt labourers so, as with a sop,  
'To rob their masters' cocoa crop  
So' much, or painful drop by drop ?  
The labourer passes in the morn,  
His p. with food he holds adown ;  
At even, the pan returns quite full  
With cocoa, stolen as a rule.  
The cocoa shop the stuff buys up,  
And gives some coppers as a sop ;  
At other times, a bag is brought  
Which yields more profits to the lot ;  
And, thus the trade is kept full flow,  
Till bags on bags are piléd more !  
With Argus' eyes, the planters fail  
To catch the thief, or find his trail ;  
The police too, can get no trace  
Of rogues, in such uneven race.  
This cocoa business is bad trade,  
Where every scamp can make his raid,

And purloin cocoa from the land,  
Or rob the growers with high hand !

## XXXVIII

Can law not reach and bring to shame,  
All perpetrators of this game,  
Who stalk the country round as gents,  
Levying cash from trade agents ?  
Why not enact a law and smite  
This cocoa trade each road-side site ;  
And keep it well within fair bounds,  
In all the different parish towns ?  
Why not a shilling License grant,  
To all to buy who cocoa want ?  
And then the craft could honest live,  
Where none might steal, nor neighbours  
grieve.

A book of names of those who sell,  
With dates and weights from each as well,  
To check the tramps, or low raiders,  
Should then be kept by all traders.  
From children none should buy, nor risk ;  
And, hours of trade from six to six,  
Would keep the dealers up to mark,  
Where now they traffic in the dark.  
The police then could overlook  
These shops, and those who're robb'd each  
book,

And rascal traders get their dues,  
The thief, the tramp, and merchant screws ;  
And this nefarious cocoa trade,  
Would rise and thrive to higher grade,  
And growers would be safe at last,  
Nor suffer much, as in the past.

## XXXIX.

The fraudulent cocoa traffic bears,  
No good to votaries but fears,

Lest they be caught, and forced to pay  
 The piper smartly some fine day ;  
 And such, has happened rarely too,  
 Which proves the class knows well its cue.  
 These rogues ne'er seem to prosper much,  
 And hardly do they go to church.  
 But mostly seen engaged to dry,  
 The cocoa stolen on the roadside nigh ;  
 And, if they move on Sundays out,  
 It is to go and have a rout ;  
 And then they muster horses strong,  
 Pretend that these to them belong,  
 When you do know that such is false,  
 And all *their stock* are noisome lice,  
 Of these they keep a dreadful store,  
 And which Bears' grease develops more !—  
 And, don't each trim his grisly poll,  
 To make it rise a bushy knoll ?

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis since the cane estates have fall'n,  
 The cocoa-buyers have so risen  
 In every nook and wayside spot,  
 To ply their game—the knavish lot—  
 So cautious of each turn they take,  
 Which dooms them still to final brake.

#### XL.

Of all the parishes which trade,  
 And cocoa traffic most degrade,  
 Grand Pauvre holds the foulest nest—  
 Of thieves and scamps the most detest !  
 The shanties o'er vile Mungo town,  
 And other shanties lower down,  
 Team well with traders of this ilk,  
 Who buy and sell, and trade to bilk.

When fine, the lots on sheets and mats  
 Are placed to dry, while they at draughts \*  
 Will while away the hours all day ;  
 At even, these seek the ready prey !  
 And thus they gather many kinds,  
 From " customers," or thievish hinds.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis well to know, that John Munro,  
 Full o'er Grand Pauvre years ago,  
 Did trade, and keep a dry-goods store,  
 But dealt with cocoa-buyers more.  
 He sold provisions, rum, as such,  
 But cocoa trading he loved much ;  
 And often used to say, or brag,  
 He'd buy his brother in a bag,  
 If brought to him, as cocoa pack'd,  
 By any one who'd get him sack'd.  
 This was indeed a *mortal* joke,  
 Which shew'd a cocoa business stroke.

#### XLI.

Our hero here, who owned not much,  
 Of cocoa fields he could avouch,  
 From buyers more he had as drags,  
 Did ship at times some hundred bags ;  
 And oft, right through the season sure,  
 He'd ship eight hundred bags, or more.  
 Now whence came such enormous store,  
 Of bags on bags of dried cocoa,  
 If not from owners in Saint Mark,  
 Who ship their produce each by mark,  
*Except of owners small a few,*  
*Who sell a score of bags, or two ?*

\* Not the game only, but *draughts* of common  
 " *hogo*" rum, enough to knock down a hippopotamus  
 tho' this animal is amphibious and accustomed to  
 liquids.

In sooth, the thieves the cocoa stole,  
 And tramps with traders played their rôle,  
 Then bought these owners' cocoa cheap,  
 And thus the bags were mass'd a heap.  
 The practice still obtains the same,  
 And cocoa-buyers ply their game,  
 Can ship their hundreds o'er the beach,  
 As if they owned ten estates each,  
 And have of cash some thousands told,  
 At least ten thousand pounds of gold !

## XLII.

Our hero's gone, let's hope to rest,  
 Like all good people of the biest,  
 But then Grand Pauvre is accurst,  
 And State-forsaken in the dust !  
 Her roads—dont mention such wry screws,  
 Which now the Sun repairs for use !  
 Her surfs—go them and then be jamm'd,  
 For that you'll be, or else be damn'd !  
 The roadway and the seaway then,  
 Lead you to this improvèd fen ;  
 And one or two good people, you  
 May see, will say, " How-do-you-do ?"  
 No houses there for fish, or flesh,  
 Yet these are sold quite sound and fresh.  
 No market-place ! And police three,  
 Do rule full o'er the land and sea,  
 Except each week the magistrate  
 Doth come, to keep good order straight ;  
 The doctor too, will come and go,  
 O'er tracks, egad ! which make one sore.

The village, named *Victoria* town,  
 Should pay street taxes to the Crown ;—  
 And cash from o'er Munro's estate,  
 Could help to make the town ornate.

This cash so made within the place,  
 Must not the state's *poor* coffers grace,  
 When *roads* and *jetty* loud demand  
 Its use, full o'er her seas and land!

## XLIII.

Where is the steamer *Waltham*, ho!  
 Which oft was seen, to come and go,  
 Along the island's western coast—  
 A transient joy and travellers' boast?  
 Where, O! where, is her whistle sound,  
 Reverberating all around,  
 Full startling sea-birds in their flight,  
 Or passengers in anxious plight?  
 Her "biler's bust," by steam o'er-blown,  
 Or does she pine for cash O! Browne?  
 She should not pine for current gold,  
 If fares and freights were cheaply sold,  
 And government *fair* subsidy  
 Would grant for lee-way, as a fee.  
 "Rely upon the masses" Browne,  
 And you ne'er will be overthrown;  
 Reduce her fares one-third we'll say,  
 More travellers then will make her pay;  
 In numbers greater they will flock  
 Where now they hesitate, or mock,  
 And seek the passage boat a heap,  
 Or water 'bus, all in for cheap,  
 Well stowed like herrings all the while,  
 Distilling reeking vapours vile!

## XLIV.

The steam sea-mare should ne'er retreat,  
 But, in the race for freights, could beat  
 The passage boats from o'er the seas,  
 As with low fares, with greater ease.  
 Then let her try, but once again,  
 Her luck for gold full o'er the main;

id where before she muster'd few,  
 Let her bring more, and trade renew.  
 Thus will all travellers take to her,  
 And she shall sweep the coasts full o'er,  
 A joyful thing upon the waves  
 To such as *mal de mer* outbraves,  
 But greater joys to those who 're poor,  
 Who needs must jog with pockets low.  
 And then, methinks, good Browne will smile,  
 Or rub his hands with glee awhile,  
 And think twice o'er before he'd stay  
 The steamer's useful "trackless way."  
 When travellers laugh and *Waltham* pays,  
 Who'd grudge the owner's gains and praise?  
 Then *Waltham* blow thy steamy blast,  
 In quick recurring echoes fast,  
 Go twice a week to Grenville Bay,  
 If fares and freights are low 'twill pay;  
 And every day up western coast  
 And back, save Friday say, at most.  
 'Twas so before, but plough the main  
 With *cheaper rates* and success gain!

## XLV.

The local steamer had at first,  
 Was *Alpha* but she did not last,  
 And *Waltham* pray don't shut us up,  
 An *Omega*, with jests enough?  
 The *Alpha* might if managed well,  
 Have still remained to ply a spell,  
 And aid the *Waltham's* faster pace  
 In reg'lar trade, a noble race;  
 And then, the twain could keep the seas,  
 By steaming forth just as they please.

\*

\*

\*

\*

Perchance, two steam-boats small, *broad  
beam,*

Could better keep the traffic trim,  
When Carriacou and Grenville Bay  
Might make bi-weekly visits yay,  
And mails with passengers and freights,  
Be had with joy and cheaper rates.  
'Tis worth a private's venture's pains,  
To try two boats and reap the gains,  
Which such a scheme would bring about  
In *constant* traffic without doubt.

\* \* \* \*

The government should subsidize  
(Not own these boats in anywise),  
For carrying mails, *et cetera*  
And then we'd have a new era.

#### XLVI.

The government, or state "masher,"  
Will ne'er put forth the *Stone Crusher*,  
To mend the roads throughout the isle  
And travellers' curses check awhile ;  
And is't two steamers they could float,  
By optics filled with beam and mote ?  
The Fates retrieve us from this fate,  
Of Stately muddle which we hate,  
And bring us less serener bliss,  
From parent state than Judas' kiss !  
With boasted water-way nowhere,  
And trackless pathways everywhere,  
Our state can boast proud minions sure ;  
But can these last for evermore ?  
And will tax-payers tamely stand  
With folded hands, a crushed band ?  
No ! "*Dagga Foutre !*" we must sound,  
When *Pra-pra* state craft teems around !

Two canny Scots, \* old colonists,  
 Did "bang" these words with clenched fists,  
 Their rage over many a shameful deed,  
 When they, old planters saw the need;  
 Or made their labourers do fair work,  
 With tact and sheer persistent pluck!  
 Now then, let all tax-payers "gang"  
 For *sea-way, road-way* dauntless "bang"  
 Their threats, full o'er each public jade  
 Who dams *all ways*, and us degrade,  
 But takes great care to spend the rates  
 Upon bad jobs, or wretched mates!

## XLVII.

The steam stone-crusher is a "sell,"  
 A monument of fools as well!  
 And its a pity, it may not grind  
 Their bones, and ease the public mind!  
 A *strong* bone-crusher for the state,  
 Would be of use to those we hate,  
 And make officials pause a while  
 Ere they outrage, and trample our isle,  
 Persistent shirk her best welfare,  
 Or do most things with heedless care.  
 Why was St. Andrew's curst with it,  
 Full prone, a huge incubus treat,  
 To rust unseen and waste its power,  
 Beside the road at every shower?  
 The life of iron is its use,  
 And then 'twill last with much abuse,  
 But let it lie in rust to rest  
 And you must find a wreck at best.  
 No shed upon its ponderous frame,  
 Can keep the crusher without shame;

\* The late Honbles. Andrew Munro and William McEwen, who were each *President* of the island—now a defunct office under the present *regime*, as most other good things.

But, soon 'twill fail with bad hiccup,  
 As dredger hulk—"Marie Sallop"!  
 Then like her plates the crusher's wreck,  
 May bridge the drains, and them bedeck;—  
 And thus large sums are wasted o'er  
 The land, by many a stupid flaw!

## XLVIII

The steam stone-crusher's proper place,  
 Should be the western coast to grace,  
 Were roads are tracks, and stones abound  
 Of every size, and all around.  
 'Tis there its mettle could be tried,  
 And metal crushed at every stride,  
 Which could be distributed wide  
 By droghers on the flowing tide,  
 To every port, or sea-girt trace;  
 And then, the roads would mend a-pace,  
 With something done to them at last,  
 Which ne'er had been for years gone past.  
 Then, let the crusher start from town,  
 Due north her course, to Charlotte Town,  
 And when it there arrives, the test  
 Will prove how roads are mended best;  
 And, how road metal may be sent,  
 Right thro' the isle with less time spent.  
 This scheme would cheaper work the 'screw',  
 Than let it run where stones are few;  
 Or gather rust within its shed,  
 Reposing on a wayside bed!

## XLIX

From Charlotte Town the crusher then,  
 Shall steam full north to Sauteurs' glen,  
 And mend the *cursed infernal trace*,  
 Which leads to Crawfish for a space;  
 And, if its strength outlives this feat,  
 We'll sing a pæan to the treat

That taxes are at last well-spent,  
Beneath our island's firmament !

\* \* \* \* \*

I dare not pause, to lend this spot  
Description, in my flowing thought.  
I dare not, must not, lest perchance,  
My mentor dart Elysian glance,  
And then poetic frenzy may  
Entrance my vision as a fay,  
To soar the realms with sweet refrain,  
O'er dear Grenada's lovely main,  
And I ignore my mission clear,  
To jog with mundane facts now here.  
I may not tell, O Weeping Rock !  
And Curry Comb, thou mighty block,  
Thy teeming griefs, thy secret might,  
And drear, hard fate at dark midnight,  
When fairies rule the ghouls full sore,  
And urge them thro' thy rock-bound shore ;  
How loup-garous\* their fires play,  
And skin themselves to suck their prey ;  
Or, when fair Cynthia's silvery rays,  
Bewitch love scenes in gilded haze !  
Nor yet, the sunsets o'er yon west,

\* A *loup-garou* is supposed to be a vampire, or blood-sucker. The lower orders of the people believe that this personage may be a man or a woman ; is able to remove its human skin and replace it back ; " makes fire," *i. e.*, a fitful but much larger light (*patois* : "yang-yang"!) than the fire-fly ; and, who generally goes about on dark nights, to suck them when fast asleep. Traces of blood disgorged after such nocturnal carousals, it is affirmed, are often shewn to and credited by superstitious friends and neighbours. Woe be to the man and woman who are believed to be "playing loup-garou," and who after accomplishing such exploits at night would make believe they are honest people during the day !

That would enrapt a Turner † best !  
 I may not tell, that o'er this track,  
 A horseman † beat old Time with knack,  
 In fourteen minutes dashed thro' stones,  
 From Diamond House to Dougaldston's ;  
 Nor, where a doctor § sped away,  
 So young, so brave—a torrent's prey !

L.

To our true *mouton* then we go,  
 And say this track makes travellers sore.

† England's greatest landscape painter, used to go to Brighton to study the sunsets *there*, but how entranced would he have been to feed his genius on those in our western horizon ! Can they be surpassed ?

‡ The late Mr. Edmund Passee, an accomplished and skilful horseman, achieved this feat. He rode "*Pretender*", a very swift gray, owned by the late Mr. Forsyth, manager of Diamond Estate at the time. The distance may be about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles through. The track must have been in better repair than it is now, but its configuration like an extender corkscrew with some scores of ugly distortions about it, and studded with boulders and ravines, is much the same. Both horse and rider must have escaped by a miracle. Mr. E. Passee rode for love, but Mr. Forsyth made and won the bet. "*Pretender*", none the worse from this exploit was sold after the event to the late Mr. Harford for 30 joes.

§ Dr. William Welsh, who, after attending to a sick call and returning homeward, was washed away with his horse by the flooding of the Gros Point ravine during a tempestuous night. The mangled remains of the hapless doctor were found the next morning jammed amid boulders of the ravine near the sea, along with a portion of the horse's bridle. Nothing was ever seen of the horse, but it is generally supposed it was *torn to pieces* by the force of the torrent against the *sharp* boulders and rocks, jutting out from the bed of the ravine, and swept far into the sea.

'Twas here Goldsworthy and his grey,  
 Fell midst the stones, an easy prey.  
 'Then why not mend it as a boon,  
 With crusher or no crusher, soon?

\* \* \* \*

And where's *that special* man of state,  
 'Yeapt the Alexander Great,  
 Who draws a hundred pounds a month—  
 With protests grave, and many a taunt?  
 He comes to draw, that is his cue!  
 Whether he draw he draws most true—  
 Of plans a few, of cash a lot,  
 Which makes us think how sad our lot;—  
 To pay high rates for diagrams,  
 Then make sad jokes and epigrams!  
 Once, Alexander, named the Great,  
 Conquered the world by master-trait,  
 And yearned for other worlds to gain,  
 But none he found to ease his brain.  
 Here then, is emulation grand,  
 'To practice science o'er the land!  
 Then Alexander, why not blow  
 The bluffs from off the sea-girt shore,  
 And leave some proof of fame behind,  
 Of science to the native mind!  
 "Peace hath her victories no less  
 Than war;" but zounds! we're in a mess,  
 For science is quite short of breath,  
 From overwork, and pale as death!  
 Can dynamite, in safety clay,  
 Not blow these western cliffs away,  
 If but our genius would devise  
 A plan, to blow them off sea-wise?  
 Come Begrie do, now lend your aid,  
 As both of you are over-paid,

For earying on a lazy game  
Upon our isle, and 'tis great shame !

## LI.

Yes 'tis great shame, to see how roads,  
Are all neglected with the fords,  
By those who should their mending seek,  
Than-leave them worse and worse each week,  
As if Decay had smote the land  
In wanton mischief with its wand !  
Who cares a whit, for those who jog  
O'er fords, with stones some freshets clog,  
So dangerous to man and beast,  
Save those who can't the risk resist.  
Yes freshets more, must clear these fords,  
Just as the sun repairs the roads !  
Loud curses o'er the powers that be,  
Which gloat upon oar misery !

\* \* \* \* \*

The bridge, St. John, so near to town,  
With broken-back and all but down;  
How long, think you it has been so ?  
Perchance, you'll say, a week—not more,  
But hold! *four* \* rulers since have seen  
The wreck, and *one* looks on serene,  
With Begrie, Alexander too,  
Chanting—" *We have no work 't' do-o!*"

## LII

The Public works which have been done,  
Have not much admiration won :  
Ofttimes, they've cost three times too much.  
And this the works themselves avouch,

\* Administrator Maling, Governor Robinson, Administrator Geldsworthy and Administrator Laborde.

Where one can view them as they stand ;  
 While *some are failures* thro' the land.  
 'Tis true ! And this will always be  
 When Pay-sheets pile their columns free,  
 While such as Risk just gives a look,  
 And foremen flaunt their wages book,  
 As time, materials too, are spent,  
 And wasted much with grand intent !  
 In times gone by, the cane estates,  
 Were partly ruined by Pay-lists' rates,  
 When Jock the planting manager  
 And John the active overseer,  
 Would multiply their Wills and Bills,  
 And wages draw thro' owners' gills,  
 While such impromptu phantom men  
 Ne'er wrought upon the estates then.  
 These Jocks and Johns let's hope are gone,  
 Since Wills and Bills are left forlorn,  
 And owners quite afraid to get  
 Some loans, to square their estates net.  
 So much were Pay-lists on the brain,  
 That owners felt their damning strain,  
 And some their estates had to sell  
 To close the pangs of ruin fell !

## LIII.

The state no Pay-sheets should require,  
 Of labourers engag'd for hire,  
 But contracts grant for every work  
 And stop the island's current talk  
 Of waste of time, materials, skill,  
 Sad things which make tax-payers feel,  
 That cash is thrown away full free  
 By those'ycept, "The Powers that be."

Now Risk, *those approaches* you've plann'd  
 To the Victoria Bridge, so grand,

Are huge, cyclopean sure, high art,  
 A tribute to your genius bright ;  
 Memorials for posterity  
 Without the least asperity,  
 They'll stand as Roman walls have done,  
 Colossal walls with pillars crown'd,  
 When time shall change the river bed,  
 And bridge Victoria shall be fled !  
 They'll prove you played a master's craft,  
 And raised your fame in concrete art !  
 The Fish House too, its basement mass,  
 A concrete block like solid brass,  
 Will shew thy talent spares not cash  
 When 'tis to stop the ocean's wash ;  
 Or, bleed tax-payers for the nonce,  
 Tremendous Scot, with ne'er a bounce !  
 The *narrow* bridge at Beausejour,  
 Is quite a *narrow* failure through.  
 Why need we instance more of waste  
 Of genius, cash, 'gainst public taste ?  
 Now Risk, when next you plan again,  
 Pull out a tooth, pray dont refrain,  
 And then you'll see the joke most clear,  
 Which makes tax-payers quake with fear ?

## LIV.

Now Education is the theme,  
 Of such we want a helpful scheme,  
 To train the island's children right,  
 Beyond few sums, to read and write,  
 That those who have some latent stuff  
 May thrive with sense, not blatant, rough,  
 Discourteous to their betters more,  
 Or those beneath them for a show !  
 Most true, "a little learning is,  
 A dangerous thing," the mind to freeze;

For soon, you'll have most vain upstarts,  
 Devoid of all industrial arts,  
*Pure fools*, which improve not with grace;  
 A curse to all, the states disgrace,  
 A social pest; they know no trade,  
 But argue, rant, with loud parade,  
 Because they feel they cannot rise  
 Like those they view who're nobler, wise.  
 The breed is plentiful around,  
 In every class you hear their sound;  
 Quite profitless to self and state,  
 They struggle, fail—spent fools too late!  
 For these neglected weeds we plead,  
 That they may live their country's meed,  
 And prove that they can serve the crown  
 When duty bids them hold their own;  
 Or otherwise, maintain their stand,  
 Like men upon their native land!

## LV.

Now Begrie, brace your nerves to bear,  
 For we must speak without a fear.  
 Most shrewd *didaskalos*, you came  
 To us *a riper scheme to frame*  
 And aid the Education Board,  
 But not to trudge upon the road,  
 To act for Risk, his welcome tag,  
 Nor play his game as student fag;  
 Nor e'en, to draw a "swell" report,  
 Which makes much noise, and shews your  
*forte*  
 In Primary Schools the districts round,  
 Just as a drum betrays much sound!  
 We've heard these sounds so oft before,  
 That what you've writ but makes us sore,  
 To think that teachers o'er these schools  
 Are stubborn still as brutal mules,

Or lack the mental train to guide  
 The children o'er our island wide.  
 But pray, good sir, whose fault it is,  
 They're left to wander as they please,  
 Thro' all the mazy lanes of thought  
 Without some guides to shew them out?  
 You blame the stupid teachers sore,  
 For teaching little ones their lore,  
 And shew the bane the system breed,  
 With even hand in every creed;  
 But, will you tell us why you've not,  
 The Secondary schools brought out,  
 To teach our youths and younger men  
 The wealth of mind your knowledge ken?

## LVI.

You dare not say. And why? Because  
 There are sad shifts within the cause;  
 You fear the state, the state rules you,  
 And thus the fact obtains most true!  
 But deem not that the state, nor you,  
 Can stop the scheme to please a few,  
 Who boast, old fools, a parent's care  
 They may outrage with vaunting air,  
 And ship their children hence with pride,  
 When they should keep them by their side;  
 Till these increase in size and lore,  
 To fit them for the struggle o'er.  
 The rich who've scrap'd their substance  
 cheap,  
 By fraud or tricks, a heavy heap,  
 Can make such pompous shows ere while,  
 And send their offsprings from the isle;  
 But, men of sense, a higher school  
 Must needs require as a rule,

Within an easy radius home ;  
 And keep their cash for days to come  
 When they can spend it on a youth,  
 With 'vantage more and greater truth.  
 Again, not all can spare the funds  
 To send their offsprings o'er these bounds ;  
 And must such flourish rank as weeds ?  
 No ! Our isle wants them for her needs.  
 A higher school is needed sore,  
 To teach our youths substantial lore,  
 And fit them for their duties here,  
 Or push them in a wider sphere.

## LVII.

The government *was* overdone.  
 But *now* 'tis fully moribund.  
 The taxes all are rated high,  
 And our fine island's ruined nigh,  
 By drones who hold the reins of rule,  
 Who *laissez faire*, or else misrule,  
 Yet salaries draw, with greedy zeal,  
 Indifferent o'er Grenada's weal.  
 There's something "rotten in the state",  
 For notning has been done of late ;  
 And, all tax-payers wait aghast,  
 For crack of doom by trumpet blast,  
 To ease suspense, or bring relief,  
 Since Laborde droops in utter grief,  
 And will not budge a blessed inch,  
 O'er dull stagnation he can clinch !  
 And here, a bad example grows,  
 On which tax-payers could repose,  
 And say, with justice quite sedate,  
 We'll pay no taxes to the state  
 Till Laborde makes a starboard move,  
 Or the official *port* improve.

Then, put the ship of state about,  
 Close haul, and rotten planks rip out,  
 Steady the helm, and she will tack.  
 Full clear of breakers on her track.

## LVIII.

When George the Third was King, this isle  
 Received its Charter without guile;  
 As by the Paris Treaty sure,  
 Grenada then was ceded o'er,  
 With every right without reserve,  
*Save rights of citizens*, observe!  
 The Registrar, St. George's Town,  
 Can shew this Charter from the Crown,  
 To any one who'd like to view  
 The parchment in high office true.  
 This Charter to our people here,  
 Is good as *Magna charta* dear;  
 And, all our citizens now claim  
 Their rights in Queen Victoria's name.  
 Such rights, were never yielded up,  
 By true Grenadians for a sop,  
 To government's paternal smiles,  
 Which crush their victims down with wiles.  
 And when, some eight sad years, now flown,  
 The myrmidons of state had blown  
 Their trumpet to confederate,  
 These islands in a compact state,  
 They got the scullion Sheriff here,  
 To pass a bill with knavish care,  
 And rob the people's right to raise  
 And levy taxes divers ways,  
 As by the Charter they had done  
 With loyal zeal in days bygone;—  
 And thus ignoble men ignor'd  
 The people and their Charter old.

## LIX.

But hold ! the people's rights remain  
 A bulwark still, which they must gain !  
 The bill which villains smote their rights  
 Is faulty with the murkiest blights ;  
 And, mark the points that we can raise,  
 To crush that bill in every phase.  
 Now, why was not the House \* dissolv'd  
 By Proclamation, law observed,  
 And all the people asked to send  
 Their delegates, to rend or mend,  
 Their Constitution o'er the land ;  
 For this their chartered rights demand ?  
 This would have been the *legal* way  
 To sound the people, let us say,  
 To mend, rescind, or *vote by law*  
*Their legal rights without a flaw.*  
 The men who in the House did sit,  
 Were sent to vote the taxes fit,  
 To make sound laws for every class  
 And harmonize the human mass ;  
 The Constitutions were not these,  
 Till they were sent to frame them, please !  
 'Tis 'gainst the law of logic tense,  
 And quite absurd to common sense,  
 That they could swamp the people so,  
 And blast their rights for evermore !

## LX

The people sent no carrion wights,  
 To eat their legislative rights,  
 And feed on offals they might rake  
 From offers vile, which miscreants take ;

\* The House of Assembly, to which the people elected representatives, as in every free and civilized country.

And, some of these do thrive amain,  
 Who sold the country o'er for gain !  
 Full soon, a blasted fate shall break  
 Such scoundrels for Grenada's sake,  
 Like that infernal, monster Jew,  
 Who hung himself, example true  
 Of sordid, traitor-knaves to be,  
 Who barter rights of people free !  
 Go now, each scamp who got this pelf,  
 And, by appraisement, hang thyself ;  
 Or, those most damn'd, who nothing got  
 Yet sought for same, go hang the lot,  
 And then each tool can hang himself  
 For grieving o'er this filthy pelf !  
 Such names, are all inscribed in hell,  
 As those who did sweet freedom sell !  
 Our country shouts for vengeance loud,  
 O'er rogues who sold free rights with fraud ;  
 For justice too, she loudly calls  
 O'er sad mis-rule, *paternal* churls !

## LXI.

'Tis not the crown, the British crown,  
 Which dear Grenada tramples down ;  
 'Tis knaves, who rule with iron rods  
 Within her sacred rights as gods,  
 Who, tho' they speak in freedom's name,  
 Yet shrink not from their venal game.  
 Confederates who federate  
 Foul chains *paternal* that we hate ;  
 Who levy taxes thro' the isles,  
 With mocking or sardonic smiles,  
 And spend the same on selves and friends  
 As if they were the country's ends ;  
 Who waste the public cash apace,  
 And shew poor value with disgrace ;

Who make no roads, nor mend those there,  
 Altho' they have a Steam Crusher ;  
 Who dare not educate, or teach,  
 Lest some should rise and them impeach.  
 Whose system is to crush with wiles,  
 Or cloak misgovernment's huge piles,  
 Till devilish chance should change their phase  
 And screen them from the public gaze !  
 This wretched system must be struck,  
 By people cast quite in the muck ;  
 And, soon enfranchisement's bright wand,  
 Shall gleam upon our country's strand !

## LXII.

The people now must make a stand  
 For chartered rights, and then demand  
 From every hill, or glen, or gorge,  
 The constitution of King George,  
 Whereby they may the taxes raise,  
 By deputies, at every phase ;  
 And keep the government full trim,  
 With legislative rights and vim.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was an act of war in peace,  
 Which caused their chartered rights to cease ;  
 For, by the violence of slaves  
 In compact with false servants, knaves,  
 Was wrought the mischief thus denounc'd ;  
 Yet they, no rights have e'er renounced,  
 But strong remonstrance ever made,  
 At every stage, right thro' this raid.  
 A strong *Defence Committee* then,  
 Will meet the wants of honest men,  
 And draft a programme for the nonce,  
 Which they in time can best announce.  
 And thus, the people could essay,  
 To bring strong arguments in play,

And shew that they can legislate  
 As well as myrmidons of state ;  
 And—" *Forward for our sacred rights !*"  
 Shall echo o'er Grenada's heights.

## LXIII.

But lest some curséd traitors lurk,  
 In ambush here, our hopes to balk,  
 And shout "high treason" where we stand,  
 We'll sear their conscience with a brand.  
 A case against the Government,  
 To test in lawful courts, anent  
 The peoples right 'gainst them, we trow,  
 Will shew from whence foul treasons flow !  
 And such a case, can well be brought  
 In lawful courts, and there be fought,  
 Full 'gainst the present Government,  
 By anyone with funds and bent.  
 But a *Defence Committee*, could  
 Much better fight in law, and should ;  
 As they can urge the people's cause  
 And chartered rights, on standard laws,  
 Thro' counsels able to defend  
 Such rights, and all encroachments rend.  
 Yet more, a deputation sent  
 Against the faulty Government,  
 To our belovéd, gracious Queen,  
 By all the people who have been  
 Quite fleeced of rights King Georgius gave,  
 Praying for restoration grave,  
 Would sap the fabric to its base  
 And sack this autocratic race,  
 Whose false, pernicious, played out look,  
 The people can no longer brook !

## LXIV.

Now, mark Barbados, how she stood  
 Upon her rights, in valiant mood ;

Upholding these, denouncing craft  
 She played a loyal, noble part ;  
 Her sons combining in her cause,  
 Have saved *free rights* on standard laws.  
 Her enemies are now nowhere,  
 Save *great* Pope Hennessey elsewhere ;  
 And, can these mortal men who hope,  
 Forget this *great paternal Pope*,  
 Who nearly sent their rights to hell,  
 Without redemption, by a spell ?  
 But Reeves, who held a patriot's wand,  
 Can tell the facts with humour bland !  
 And shall Grenada cease her cry,  
 Nor claim her rights with efforts high ?  
 And will her people see good times,  
 Unless they stir for them betimes ?  
 By all the saints our districts own,  
 We pledge St. George, who hails from town,  
 To strike our foes with even hand,  
 And slay them with his fatal brand !  
 And, while the world itself bestirs,  
 Where are the native barristers ?  
 Will none come forth to help their isle,  
 Which nurse them with a mother's smile,  
 And led them forth in lawful fray,  
 So thoughtful, kind, in full array ?  
 Shall these, and others at the bar,  
 Not wage a great, and conquering war ?

## LXV.

And why, should not the People form  
 Themselves in clubs, to urge reform,  
 And smite each vile oppressive clause,  
 Which knaves inlay to mar the laws ?  
 "Who would be free themselves must strike  
 The blow" *with might*, just as they like,

And bring enforcement to the scratch,  
 By all the means that can o'er match  
 Such false, most curst, nefarious rule,  
 Which makes tax-payers but the tool;  
 Or, mere machines to pay the rates,  
 That are full levied o'er their pates!  
 The people ne'er should be forlorn,  
 And tho' the Constitution 's gone,  
 Or if you like abeyed awhile,  
 (Which may evoke a hopeful smile),  
 Yet they must club together more,  
 And shew their might o'er despots low,  
 Till they regain their rights to frame  
 The laws that rule them all the same.  
 Full soon *St. George's Club* should rise,  
 And wake loud echoes in the skies,  
 That freemen may themselves o'er rule  
 Their destiny, as every fool.

## LXVI.

As constant water wears hard stone,  
 Their rights will yet be over borne,  
 If they unite in compact power,  
 And claim them each recurring hour.  
 The times and manners of the age  
 Are ripe to move an onward stage;  
 And purge from dear Grenada's sway,  
 All arbitrary wrongs, that prey  
 Upon her people, and their trade  
 Without remorse, and them degrade.

Now mark, how they have pilfered been,  
 Of their Grand Jury rights to screen  
 The victims of vindictive law,  
 And save them from its craving maw,  
 And made the Queen's Attorney *Judge*  
*Of facts*, where he may have a grudge!

And thus this magnate holds the scales  
 Of *facts* and *law* at his coat tails;  
 And, in a small community,  
 He crows with proud impunity;—  
 But, when he trades, or cocoa buys,  
 Ye gods! he stinks "tarnation high"—  
 The foulest skunk is cleaner far  
 Than this most foul *carnivora*!  
 Each house and land with cocoa-tree,  
 Becomes his own with added fee,  
 And if one grumbles o'er his fate,  
 He'll feel the villain's deadly hate,—  
 A hate which may be felt and seen  
 Till God of Justice change the scene!

## LXVII.

But now, the Grand Jurors subtend  
 To Petty Jurors for a blend,  
 Unhappy in *mélange* full sore,  
 To judge the *facts* in courts below.  
 And then, as if in irony  
 When locked to judge a felony,  
 Old Sharpe, the marshal, plays his game,  
 And starves them to his niggard shame,  
 While marshal, judge, and lawyers go  
 Straight home, all chuckling "*Not for Joe!*"  
 The marshal's "*chops*" are always full  
 With promised cheer, and plentiful,  
 But when this comes it proves quite scant  
 In expectation to the want,  
 And oft the jurors needs must sigh  
 For more, which they sometimes do buy.  
 Now Sharpe, pray dont become a *flat*,  
 And ill-serve jurors as a rat;  
 Yea, deem it not a Harrow trick,  
 Lest you be dubb'd a *hard "old stick"!*

But learn, that midst the jurors there  
 You have some gentlemen to care,  
 Accustomed to a decent *mode*,  
 And that Grenada pays their board.  
 And whilst the Yorkshire *greasy ham*  
 Requires *pure grog*, as *native yam*,  
 To wash it down and check the ills  
 Which call aloud for doctors' pills,  
 Think you, the jurors locked at *four*, \*  
 Need not good cheer with *curazoa* ?

The Grand Jury, dissolv'd by act,  
 Should be restored a vested fact,  
 Quite straight without a single flaw,  
 To keep the scales with legal law.  
 And such the people do desire,  
 To lift the law from legal mire !

\* Judge Grasham, who hails from Yorkshire (the *black country*), has frequently declared in open court he will not work after 4 o'clock, the hour common labourers "knock off" here. Frequently, in a felony case, the jurors are locked up about that hour till 10.30 next day. The jurors naturally grumble at this, preferring to go on with the case in hand, especially after a *bracing luncheon* the judge very considerably allows himself and court to obtain, at an adjournment for half an hour about 1.30. When it is considered there are no hotel accommodations afforded, but *bare boards* for jurors to *gitch* and *pine* on, and *hard board* too, it must be admitted that they *fare* badly. Now is this *fair* ? No wonder then they make a *fairish* row as in a *fair*, and as they can't pay for their *fare* homeward like others to enjoy their *homely fare*, it is most *unfair* ! They may read books in the library there, about *fair ladies* and *fairies*, but when they can say *farewell* to such HARD and FAST lines they are sure then to *fare* well.

The judge can always leave at *four*,  
 But jurors *cant*, but wish *before* !

Woe! Woe!!

The following are the extracts embodying the Charter referred to in the foregoing Epic :—

EXTRACT from the Definitive Treaty of Peace and Friendship between His *Britannic* Majesty, the Most Christian King, and the King of *Spain* ; concluded at Paris, the 10th Day of February, 1763. To which the King of *Portugal* acceded on the same Day.

#### ART. IV.

HIS Most Christian Majesty renounces all pretensions, which he has heretofore formed, or might form, to Nova Scotia or Acadia, in all its parts, and guarantees the whole of it, and with all its Dependencies, to the King of Great Britain ; moreover, His Most Christian Majesty cedes and guarantees to his said *Britannic* Majesty, in full right, Canada, with all its Dependencies, as well as the Island of Cape Breton, and all the other Islands and Coasts in the Gulph and River St. Laurence, and, in general, every thing that depends on the said Countries, Lands, Islands and Coasts, with the Sovereignty, Property, Possession, and all Rights, acquired by Treaty or otherwise, which the Most Christian King, and the Crown of France, have had till now over the said Countries, Islands, Lands, Places, Coasts, and their Inhabitants, so that the Most Christian King cedes and makes over the whole to the said King, and to the Crown of Great Britain, and that in the most ample manner and form, without restriction, and without any liberty to depart from the said Cession and Guaranty, under any pretence, or to disturb Great Britain in the Possessions above-mentioned. His *Britannic* Majesty, on his side, agrees to grant the Liberty of the Catholic Religion, to the Inhabitants of Canada ; he will consequently give the most precise and most effectual Orders, that his new Roman Catholic Subjects may profess the Worship of their Religion, according to the Rites of the Romish Church, as far as the Laws of Great Britain permit. His *Britannic* Majesty further agrees, that the French Inhabitants, or others who had been Subjects of the most Christian King in Canada, may retire, with all Safety and Freedom, wherever they shall think proper, and may sell their Estates, provided it

be to subjects of His Britannic Majesty, and bring away their Effects, as well as their Persons, without being restrained in their Emigration, under any pretence whatsoever, except that of Debts, or of Criminal Prosecutions; the Term limited for this Emigration shall be fixed to the Space of Eighteen Months, to be computed from the Day of the Exchange of the Ratifications of the present Treaty.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### ART. IX.

The Most Christian King cedes and guarantees to His Britannic Majesty, in full Right, the Islands of Grenada, and of the Grenadines, with the same Stipulations in favour of the Inhabitants of this Colony, inserted in the fourth Article for those of Canada: and the Partition of the Islands, called Neutral, is agreed and fixed, so that those of St. Vincent, Dominica, and Tobago, shall remain in full right to Great Britain, and that of St. Lucia shall be delivered to France, to enjoy the same likewise in full right; and the high contracting Parties guarantee the partition so stipulated.

#### BY THE KING: A PROCLAMATION.

GEORGE 'R.

WHEREAS, We have taken into Our Royal Consideration, the extensive and valuable Acquisitions in America, secured to Our Crown, by the late Definitive Treaty of Peace, concluded at Paris the 10th day of February last; And being desirous that all Our loving Subjects, as well of our Kingdoms as of Our Colonies in America, may avail themselves, with all convenient Speed, of the great Benefits and Advantages, which must accrue therefrom to their Commerce, Manufactures, and Navigation; We have thought fit, with the advice of Our Privy Council, to issue this Our Royal Proclamation, hereby to publish and de-

clare to all Our loving Subjects, that We have, with the advice of Our said Privy Council, granted Our Letters Patent, under Our Great Seal of Great Britain, to erect within the Countries and Islands ceded and confirmed to Us, by the said Treaty, Four distinct and separate Governments, stiled and called by the names of Quebec, East Florida, West Florida and Grenada; and limited and bounded as follows, viz:—

*First*—The Government of Quebec; bounded on the Labrador Coast by the River St. John, and from thence by a Line from the Head of that River, through the Lake St. John, to the South end of the Lake Nipissim; from whence the said Line, crossing the River St. Lawrence and the Lake Champlain, in 45 Degrees of North Latitude, passes along the High Lands which divide the Rivers that empty themselves into the said River St. Lawrence, from those which fall into the Sea; and also along the North Coast of the Baye des Chaleurs, and the Coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to Cape Rosieres, and from thence crossing the Mouth of the River St. Lawrence, by the West End of the Island of Anticosti, terminates at the aforesaid River of St. John.

*Secondly*—The Government of East Florida; bounded to the Westward by the Gulf of Mexico and the Apalachicola River; to the Northward, by a Line drawn from that part of the said River where the Chalahouchee and Flint Rivers meet, to the Source of St. Mary River, and by the Course of the said River to the Atlantic Ocean; and to the Eastward and Southward by the Atlantic Ocean, and the Gulf of Florida, including all Islands within Six Leagues of the Sea Coast.

*Thirdly*—The Government of West Florida; bounded to the Southward by the Gulf of Mexico, including all Islands within Six Leagues of the Coast, from the River Apalachicola, to Lake Ponchartrain; to the Westward, by the said Lake, the Lake Maurepas, and the River Mississippi; to the Northward, by a Line drawn due East from that Part of the River Mississippi, which lies in 31 degrees North Latitude, to the River Apalachicola or Chatahouchee; and to the Eastward, by the said River.

*Fourthly*—The Government of Grenada comprehending the Island of that Name, together with the Grenadines, and

the Islands of Dominica, St. Vincent, and Tobago.

And, to the End that the open and free Fishery of Our Subjects may be extended to and carried on upon the Coast of Ladrador, and the adjacent Islands, We have thought fit, with the advice of Our said Privy Council, to put all that Coast, from the River St. John's to Hudson's Straights, together with the Islands of Anticosti and Madelaine, and all other smaller Islands lying upon the said Coast, under the Care and Inspection of Our Governor of Newfoundland.

We have also, with the advice of Our Privy Council, thought fit to annex the Islands of St. John's and Cape Breton, or Isle Royale, with the lesser Islands adjacent thereto, to Our Government of Nova Scotia.

We have also, with the advice of Our Privy Council aforesaid, annexed to Our Province of Georgia, all the Lands lying between the Rivers Alatanaha and St. Mary's.

And whereas it will greatly contribute to the speedy settling Our said new Governments, that Our loving Subjects should be informed of Our paternal Care for the Security of the Liberties and Properties of those, who are and shall become Inhabitants thereof; We have thought fit to publish and declare, by this Our Proclamation, that We have in the Letters Patent, under our Great Seal of Great Britain, by which the said Government are constituted, given express Power and Direction to Our Governors of Our said Colonies respectively, that so soon as the State and Circumstances of the said Colonies will admit thereof, they shall, with the Advice and Consent of the Members of Our Privy Council, summon and call General Assemblies, within the said Governments respectively, in such Manner and Form as is used and directed in those Colonies and Provinces in America, which are under Our immediate Government; and We have also given Power to the said Governors, with the Consent of Our said Council, and the Representatives of the People so to be summoned as aforesaid, to make, constitute, and ordain, Laws, Statutes, and Ordinances for the public Peace, Welfare, and good Government of Our Colonies, and of the People and Inhabitants thereof, as near as may be agreeable to the Laws of England, and under such Regulations and Restrictions as are used in other Colonies; and,

in the mean Time, and until such Assemblies can be called as aforesaid, all Persons inhabiting in or resorting to Our said Colonies, may confide in Our Royal Protection, for the Enjoyment of the Benefit of the Laws of Our Realm of England; for which Purpose, We have given Power under Our Great Seal, to the Governors of Our said Colonies respectively, to erect and constitute, with the Advice of Our said Councils respectively, Courts of Judicature and public Justice, within Our said Colonies, for the hearing and determining all Causes, as well Criminal as Civil, according to Law and Equity, and as near as may be agreeable to the Laws of England, with Liberty to all Persons who may think themselves aggrieved by the Sentences of such Courts, in all Civil Cases, to appeal, under the usual Limitations and Restrictions, to Us, in Our Privy Council.

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*Given at Our Court at St. James's, the 7th day of  
October, 1763, in the Third Year of Our Reign.*

GOD SAVE THE KING.

A PROCLAMATION.

GEORGE THE THIRD, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c., &c., &c.

*To all our loving Subjects, whom these Presents shall  
or may concern.*

WHEREAS We have, by Our Royal Proclamation, given at Our Court at St. James's, the Seventh Day of October, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty-three, and in the Third Year of Our Reign, divided our extensive and valuable Acquisitions in America, secured to Our Crown by the late Definitive Treaty of Peace, concluded at Paris the Tenth Day of February then last past, into Four Distinct Governments, stiled and called by the names of Quebec, East Florida, West Florida, and Grenada; and having taken into our Royal Consideration, how greatly it would contribute to the speedy Settling our said new Governments,

that Our loving Subjects should be informed of Our paternal Care for the Security of the Liberties and Properties of those who then were and should become Inhabitants thereof, We did not think fit to publish and declare by that Our Proclamation, that We had in the Letters Patent, under Our Great Seal of Great Britain, by which the said Governments were constituted, given express Power and Direction to Our Governors of our said Colonies respectively, that so soon as the State and Circumstances of our said Colonies would admit thereof, they should, by and with the Advice of the Members of our Council, summon and call General Assemblies within the said Governments respectively, in such Manner and Form as is directed in those Colonies and Provinces in America, which were under Our immediate Government; and we had also given Power to the said Governors, with the Consent of Our said Councils and the Representatives of the People, so as to be summoned as aforesaid, to make, constitute, and ordain, Laws, Statutes, and Ordinances, for the public Peace, Welfare, and good Government of Our said Colonies, and of the People and Inhabitants thereof, as were or might be agreeable to the Laws of England, under such Regulations and Restrictions as are used in other Our Colonies; and in the mean time, and until such Assemblies could be called as aforesaid, all Persons inhabiting in, or resorting to, Our said Colonies, might confide in Our Royal Protection, for the Enjoyment of the benefit of the Laws of the Realm of England, for which purpose We had given Power under Our Great Seal, to the Governors of Our said Colonies respectively, to erect and constitute, with the Advice of our said Councils respectively, Courts of Judicature and Public Justice within Our said Colonies, for the Hearing and Determining all Causes, as well Criminal as Civil, according to Law and Equity, and as near as might be agreeable to the Laws of England, with Liberty to all Persons who might think themselves aggrieved by the Sentences of such Courts, in all Civil Cases, to appeal, under the usual Limitations and Restrictions, to Us, in Our Privy Council.

And whereas We have been given to understand, that through some doubt of the Intention of Our said Proclamation, Courts do still subsist in this Island of Grenada,

wherein Methods of Determining Property and Administering Justice, not founded or regulated by the Happy Constitution of Our Kingdom, do still prevail, and being graciously pleased to extend the Benefit of the Laws of England to Our new adopted Subjects, as well as those born under Our Allegiance, and to make both the equal Objects of Our paternal Care. We have therefore thought fit, with the Advice of Our Captain General ROBERT MELVILLE, Esquire, Governor in Chief, in and over the Southern Charibbee Islands of Grenada, the Grenadines, Dominico, St. Vincent, and Tobago, in America; and of all other Our Islands and Territories adjacent thereto, and which now are, or heretofore have been, dependent thereupon, &c. &c. &c. and Our said Council, to issue this Our Royal Proclamation, hereby to publish and declare to all Our loving Subjects, that the Laws of Great Britain are in force in this Island, as far as the Nature and Circumstances of the Colony will permit; and that all other Jurisdictions, Offices, Commissions and Proceedings for the future, not founded on those Our Laws of England, are hereby declared to be absolutely determined, utterly void, and totally abolished.

And We do further declare it, to be Our Will and Pleasure, and do hereby strictly enjoin and require it, that all who have been, and now are, Notaries in this Island, forthwith upon the Publication of this Proclamation, shall collect all Patents, Grants, Plans, Surveys, and Conveyances of all kinds, Mortgages, Marriage Contracts, Last Wills, and all Deeds, Papers, and Instruments of Writing whatsoever, that have been considered as Records in their several Offices, and arrange them according to their Nature, in separate Bundles, inclosed in Inventories mentioning each Paper contained in each respective Bundle, and deliver them into the Register's Office of this Our Island of Grenada, within two Calendar Months from the Date hereof.

And We do hereby forbid all Persons whatsoever, to presume to act in Opposition to Our Declaration hereby published, under Pain of Our highest Displeasure.

Witness: ROBERT MELVILL, Esquire, Our Captain General and Governor in Chief, in and over the Southern Charibbee Islands of Grenada, the Grenadines, Dominico, St. Vincent's, and Tobago, in America, and all other Our

STATE OF GRENADA, F. W. I.

Islands and Territories adjacent thereto, and which now are, or heretofore have been dependent thereupon &c. &c. &c.

*Given at Our Town of Fort Royal, the Nineteenth Day of December, in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty four, and in the Fifth Year of Our Reign.*

ROBERT MELVILL.

By His Excellency's Command,

ALEXANDER SYMPSON.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

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EXTRACT from the Definitive Treaty of Peace and Friendship, between His *Britannic* Majesty, and the Most *Christian* King; signed at Versailles the 3rd September, 1783.

ART. VII.

The King of Great Britain restores to France the Island of St. Lucia, in the condition it was in when it was conquered by the British Arms; and His *Britannic* Majesty cedes and guarantees to His Most *Christian* Majesty the Island of Tobago. The Protestant Inhabitants of the said Islands, as well as those of the same Religion who shall have settled at St. Lucia, whilst that Island was occupied by the British Arms, shall not be molested in the Exercise of their worship; and the British Inhabitants, or others who may have been Subjects of the King of Great Britain in the aforesaid Islands shall retain their Possessions upon the same Titles and Conditions by which they have acquired them; or else they may retire in full security and liberty, where they shall think fit, and shall have the power of selling the Estates, provided it be to His Most *Christian* Majesty, and of removing their Effects, as well as their Persons' without being restrained in their Emigration under any pretence whatsoever, except on account of Debts, or of Criminal Prosecutions. The Term limited for this Emigration is fixed to the Space of Eighteen Months, to be computed from the Day of the Exchange of the Ratifications of the present Treaty. And for the better Securing the Possessions of the Inhabitants of the aforesaid Island of Tobago, the Most *Christian* King shall issue Letters Patent, containing an Abolition of the *Droit d'Aubaine* in the said Island.

## ART. VIII.

THE Most Christian King restores to Great Britain the Islands of Grenada, and the Grenadines, St. Vincent's, Dominica, St. Christopher's, Nevis, and Montserrat; and the Fortresses of these Islands shall be delivered up in the condition they were in when the Conquest of them was made. The same Stipulations inserted in the preceding Article shall take Place in favour of the French Subjects, with respect to the Islands enumerated in the present Article.

## PROCLAMATION.

GEORGE THE THIRD, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, and so forth. To all our Loving Subjects of our Island of Grenada and its Dependencies, and to all others whom these Presents shall or may concern.

Whereas by the eighth Article of the late definitive Treaty of Peace, made between us and his most Christian Majesty, signed at Versailles on the third day of September now last past, and duly ratified on the nineteenth day of that month, the most Christian King did restore to Great Britain the Islands of Grenada, the Grenadines, St. Vincent, Dominica, St. Christopher, Nevis, and Montserrat: And by the twentieth Article of the same Treaty, it was agreed, that we should, at the end of three months after the ratification of that Treaty, or sooner if it could be done, enter again into the possession of the aforesaid Islands.

And whereas we have constituted and appointed our trusty and well-beloved Edward Matthew, Esquire, Lieutenant-General of our Forces, to be our Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief in and over the Island of Grenada, and such of the Islands commonly called the Grenadines to the southward of the Island of Carriacou, including that Island, and lying between the same and Grenada, in America, Chancellor, Ordinary, and Vice-Admiral of the same; and by our commission to him, under the Great seal of Great Britain, have authorized and empowered him, with the advice of our Council, to summon and call a General Assembly of the freeholders and Planters in the Islands under his government, in such manner as in our instructions is prescribed, to the end that our said Governor, with the consent of our said Council and the Representatives of the people to be summoned as aforesaid, may make, constitute, and ordain laws, statutes, and ordinances, for the public peace, welfare, and good government of our said colonies, and of the people and inhabitants thereof, as near as may be agreeable to the Laws of our Kingdom of Great Britain, under restrictions and regulations as have been observed heretofore in our said colonies: And we have also given power under our great seal, to our said Governor, to erect and constitute, with the advice of our said Council, Courts of Judi-

ature and Public Justice, within our said Island of Grenada, for the hearing and determining all causes, civil as well as criminal, according to law and equity, as near as may be agreeable to the Laws of England.

And whereas, until such General Assembly can be summoned and called together for the purpose aforesaid, it is proper that our loving subjects should be informed of our paternal care for the security of the liberties and properties of those who are or shall become inhabitants of our said Islands: We have, therefore, thought fit, with the advice of our said trusty and well beloved Edward Matthew, Esquire, our Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of our Islands aforesaid, and of our Council of the same, to issue this our royal proclamation hereby to publish and declare to all our loving subjects, that by the restitution of the said Islands to our Crown, all our subjects inhabiting the same, became entitled to the enjoyment of the benefit of the laws of the realm of England, as far as the state and circumstances of our colonies permit; that such laws, accordingly, became in force, and all other laws, jurisdictions, offices and modes of proceedings, lately ceased and determined: And we do hereby, with the advice aforesaid, constitute and erect anew all and every the Courts of Judicature and Public Justice, civil as well as criminal, which had been erected and were existing in our said Island of Grenada at the time of the capture thereof by the arms of his most Christian Majesty, hereby authorizing, requiring, and commanding the several Judges, Justices, and other officers of our said Courts, the several Justices of the Peace, Constables, and other Ministers of Justice, as well in Grenada as in the Grenadines thereon dependent, who were duly authorized and empowered thereto at that period, and whose post and offices have not been already vacated or superseded by other appointments thereto made by us or by our Captain-General, forthwith to resume, enter upon, and discharge the duties of their said several offices and places respectively, in such manner and form, and according to such laws and mode of proceedings as were observed and in force previous to the capture of our said Islands as aforesaid, or in such other mode as shall hereafter be established by our said Captain-General, with the advice of our Council and Representatives of the people as aforesaid, and to continue in the exercise and discharge of their said respective office, until our Royal will and pleasure shall be otherwise declared with regard to such appointments: And we do hereby strictly command and enjoin all our officers, civil and military, and all others our loving subjects, to be aiding and assisting to our said Judges, Officers, and Ministers of Justice in the discharge of their several and respective duties, for the administration of justice and the preservation of Peace and good order within our said Islands.

And we do hereby declare it to be our Royal will and pleasure, that the several parishes, towns, bays, and other places, within our said Islands, shall henceforth be called by the several English names which they bore, respectively, before the said capture, and in all acts, records, and other public proceedings, such English names, and no others, shall be made use of in describing the same.

And we do further declare it to be our will and pleasure, and do hereby strictly enjoin and require it, that all who have acted as

Notaries in our said Islands, whilst the same were under the dominion of his most Christian Majesty, forthwith upon the publication of this proclamation shall collect all minutes, plans, surveys, and conveyances of all kinds, mortgages, marriage contracts, last wills, and all deeds, papers and instruments of writing, whatsoever, made or attested by any of the said Notaries in their capacity, since the third day of July, 1779, and not already lodged in the Register's Office of our said Islands, and arrange them accordingly to their nature in separate bundles, enclosed in inventories mentioning each paper containing in each respective bundle, and deliver them into the Register's Office of this our Island of Grenada within fifteen days from the date hereof.

And we do hereby forbid all persons whatsoever to presume to act in opposition to our declaration hereby published, under pain of our highest displeasure.

Witness Edward Matthew, Esquire, Lieutenant-General of his Majesty's Forces, Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief in and over the Island of Grenada and such of the Islands commonly called the Grenadines to the southward of the Island of Carriacou, including that Island, and lying between the same and Grenada, in America, Chancellor, Ordinary, and Vice-Admiral of the same.

Given at our Town of St. George, the tenth day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-four.

EDWARD (L. M. S.) MATTHEW.

By his Excellency's command.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

## ERRATA.

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