TWELVEMONTH'S RESIDENCE
IN THE
WEST INDIES,
DURING THE TRANSITION FROM
SLAVERY TO APPRENTICESHIP;
WITH INCIDENTAL NOTICES OF THE STATE OF SOCIETY,
PROSPECTS, AND NATURAL RESOURCES OF
JAMAICA AND OTHER ISLANDS.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:
CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.
1835.
DEDICATION.

TO WILLIAM MURPHY, ESQ.

I DEDICATE THIS WORK:

AND WHILE INSCRIBING IT TO HIM,

WHOSE FRIENDSHIP,

IN MY ESTIMATION, IS PREFERABLE TO

THE HIGHEST PATRONAGE,

I FEEL I AM ADDRESSING IT TO ONE BY WHOM

THE RIGHTS OF ANY RACE OF MEN

ARE NOT REGARDED WITH INDIFFERENCE.

R. R. M.

LONDON,
June 16, 1835.
PREFACE.

The reader who is preparing to set out on his travels by his fireside, has a right to know something of the companion with whom he is about to journey.

In conformity with the custom of gratifying this laudable curiosity, I beg to remind the reader, it may not be the first time we have travelled together; and I trust, if I have found any favour in his sight as a compagnon de voyage, the journey will not be our last in company. We have heretofore been amongst mosques and minarets, effendis and sultanas; I would now fain conduct him to the fair islands that are "throned in the West," and luxuriate awhile amongst pimento-groves and cane-fields.

In October, 1833, six gentlemen, holding special appointments as stipendiary magistrates, were sent out to Jamaica. I was one of that number. We had nine months’ observation of the state of the country, and experience, as general magistrates, to prepare us for our new duties. With what spirit we entered on them, would be useless for me to state. No man who writes a book adds much to the character of his credibility by preliminary averments of truth and impartiality. No author on West India matters, who differs from that body on any subject connected with slavery, will depreciate anger or disarm prejudice, by disclaiming hostility to the interests of the proprietors; and no man’s opinions, I am well aware, will be espoused by any party who does not carry out his opinions to the extreme length of theirs. I do not expect my work will please any political party;—that it will not serve my interests, I am well assured. That it may serve the interests of that great question which is now solving in
the West Indies, is the first and most ardent of my wishes.

I am indebted to the liberality of Mr. Rippingille, the artist, for the use of his admirable picture of "The First of August," and his publisher, Mr. Moon, for the permission afforded of copying the engraving. I have written this work, like a preceding one, in the form of Letters. In so doing, I have followed the bent of my taste. My critics, no doubt, will "warrant I have a thousand of these Letters, writ with blank space for different names." I only hope they will be able to say "And these are of the second edition." Many of these Letters have been addressed as they are published; others, wherein the subject has been scattered through several Letters, are made up of their collective information, and are addressed to my friends, as dedications of matter on particular subjects. I need not say, on such subjects my sentiments do not involve the opinions of my friends.

R. R. M.
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LETTER XXI.

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ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 14, line 18, read the which
15 - 31 - to write
82 - 1 - kibabs
87 - 21 - sugar-cane; and where
98 - 18 - Fantyn
121 - 11 - chibouque
136 - 12 - my friend
137 - 15 - of a negro wake
137 - 31 - star-apple, bread nut.
172 - 1 - maize
190 - 20 - their old shell
209 - 38 - Melilla
212 - 18 - Lucayos

VOL. II.

Page 13, line 35, read Wolcot
52 - 20 - hardly more powerful
67 - 5 - objected
95 - 4 - if lasting prosperity
TWELVE MONTHS

IN

THE WEST INDIES.

LETTER I.

DEPARTURE.

To Thomas Campbell, Esq.

Falmouth, October 4, 1833.

My dear Sir,

To-morrow I embark for Jamaica aboard his Majesty's packet Eclipse, commanded by Lieutenant Griffin of the navy, one of those mariners of England who in times of peace prefer the purgatory of the packet service to the comparative paradise of a comfortable cottage in Cornwall or Devonshire, on half-pay. Yet, if any navy gentleman chose "to live at home at ease," in the tranquil enjoyment of a moderate income, a placid wife, and a very pretty house and garden, few apparently might give up the business on deep waters with a fairer prospect of happiness than this same lieutenant.

At the hotel where I have taken up my quarters there are five other gentlemen, holding special commissions like myself, destined for Jamaica—Major M'Gre-Vol. I.
gor, Captain Dean, Lieutenants Colebrook and Everard, and Mr. Norecott.

If our passage do not prove an agreeable one, the weather, and not my companions, must surely be to blame—for a more agreeable set of men I have seldom met with. There is something peculiar in the merriment of men who are embarking for far-distant lands—it is too high, (to speak medically,) too hectic a sprightfulness for genuine gaiety—and I never see it that I do not look athwart its glare for the sombre shapes of regretted friends, or fleeting ghosts, of newly-departed joys:—they glide before the scene that's acting, and are not to be jeered from sight or memory. No matter, feigned or felt, we are all in high spirits; how will they be I wonder this day twelve-month? how many of the merry party may then be in existence? You are not fond of the dismal, neither am I; but you have not forgotten that solitary child of mine, and the which you were wont to call "the audacious boy:" well, it was necessary to part with him the day before we set out for Falmouth. I had enough on the Jamaica die without staking my little fellow's life. So we packed him off to Cheltenham, where he was to remain with a kind relative; and when the urchin was leaving us, and found himself (for the first time in his life) in a coach drawn by four horses, the uproariousness of his glee, as he waved his cap and bid us good bye, was in such miserable unison with his poor mother's feelings, that I thought I began to understand the full meaning of the mournful words ascribed to Queen Mary.

These merry little birds will break my heart.

He was soon out of sight, perhaps for ever. Jamaica is a country which some people of a whitened-brown complexion call their mother, and the great majority of European visitors find their grave! We might get planted among the sugar-canes, or deposited in the Atlantic. In the folly of my sadness I fancied my wife,
or any other man’s wife similarly circumstanced, might have perpetrated a sonnet on the occasion, and somewhat to the following effect; and in presenting it to you, no doubt you will duly appreciate my modesty.

1.

The new-fledged bird that leaves the mother’s nest
Heeds not the eye which follows its first flight;
And little mindful of the panting breast,
Whose warmth it needs not, soon is out of sight.
The tiny warbler feels the new delight
Of freedom now, and flutters mid the throng
Of sprightly songsters, while in mournful plight
The lonely mother chirrups for her young,
And makes that vain recall her melancholy song.

2.

Like that poor bird, when thou art far away,
Thy mother’s heart will pant for thee, my boy!
And long for thy return, when thou art gay
And those around thee every thought employ:
But time, nor change, nor distance can destroy
A mother’s boundless love, and “none can feel
As she feels for thee;”—all-prospective joy
Plumes but one hope in bidding thee farewell.
In thy young breast she deems the seeds of virtue dwell.

When you told me to write to you, you did not say whether in prose or verse; but I scorn to take advantage of a friend’s inadvertence;—“from this time forth I never will” write doggerel. Whenever I have any thing worth communicating, I will address you in plain prose.

Colonial politics I mean to administer to you with a sparing hand. Peradventure you will ask me “what else have I wrote about, from the land of politics and pimentos?” for I hold that a gentleman of any ingenuity, were he placed on the summit of a desolate coral-reef in the South Seas, might write a very useful and entertaining work on the peculiarity and topography of
his barren rock, speculate on its origin, philosophize on its formation, descant on its solitude, and contrast its tranquillity with the turmoil of some villainously populous community.

But the sunny isles I am about to visit are no South Sea coral-reefs,—but glorious lands where the picturesque and the barbarous, the luscious and the romantic, liberty and slavery, violence and hospitality, "the pepper-pot" and the punch-bowl, strong prejudices and private excellences, are mingled together in a heterogeneous compound; and if the constitution of this olio afford no subject for contemplation or description, then am I like the learned Dr. Smellsfungus, of discontented memory, stalking over the world to little purpose,—wandering from east to west, "from Dan to Beersheba," to ascertain forsooth that "all is barren," and that beauty or goodness there is none to meet with. "The noblest study of mankind is man,"—and I am well aware the basest use which can be made of that pursuit is doing injustice to the objects of it.

Whatever are my sentiments on any subject, I will state them frankly; and whether the facts that may present themselves to me militate against my views, or go to favour them, I will give them fairly. In descriptions of foreign countries, and of the manners and institutions of their inhabitants, I do not think it is enough to state facts—it is necessary they should not be stated in a malevolent spirit; and where facts are collected, whose production is more injurious to individuals than their promulgation is beneficial to society, I think a bad use is made of the pen that gives them to the public.

I am, my dear Sir,
Yours, very truly,

R. R. M.
LETTER II.

VOYAGE.

To Captain Oldrey, R.N.

Barbadoes, October 29, 1833.

My dear Oldrey,

The science of submarine navigation having perish-
ed with Mr. Fulton, that of aërostation having made
little progress towards perfection, and there being no
high-way into the West Indies but over the broad At-
lantic, I embarked at Falmouth twenty-two days ago,
and here I am.

The road and the vehicle no captain in his Majesty’s
navy hates more devoutly than I do. By way of pro-
pitiating the favour of the old fellow with the pitch-
fork, and of preparing my mind for my sea-sufferings,
I paid the tribute of an ode to the sea,* prior to my de-
parture,—not quite so laudatory as our friend, Mr.
Campbell’s, from St. Leonard’s, but much more pa-
thetic, for every line is indicative of a sea-qualm.

“He best can paint them who has felt them most.”

THE SEA.

I hate your hoary face, gruff sea!
’Twere vile hypocrisy in me
To say I loved you: if I do
May I be d—rowned in the deep blue!

* These lines fell into the hands of my friend, the talented au-
thor of “The Recess,” a few days before I left London, and since
my return I have been told they have appeared in that very
amusing work; an honour I hardly expected for them: they
were, however, in the publisher’s hands before I was informed of
their appearance.
Great briny monster! at whose roar
My stomach heaves, and every pore
Exhales a moisture damp and cold,
I know your horrors well of old.
Less painful are the sounds, I swear,
Of howling termagants to hear,
Or growling dogs, in conflict thrown,
Than thy eternal, sullen moan.
That man indeed, who gives the sea
The preference to land, must be
A fool, or a philosopher
Whom no privations can deter.
The glories of the ocean grand
"'Tis very well to sing on land!
'Tis very fine to hear them carolled
By Thomas Campbell or Childe Harold!
But very sad to see that ocean
Of waters glad in mild commotion!—
To hear the surly billows roar
Around, behind us and before;
To view the red and lurid sky
"In all its constant sympathy,"
With sea as mad as moon can make
The mistress of a reckless rake!
"'Tis sad to trust to waves and winds
Whose perfidy exceeds mankind's,—
Or brave the fury of a storm,
Some notion of its rage to form.
To feel the dread sublime in all
The terrors of a sudden squall;
To grasp a gunwale every time,
"The ruffian billows" upwards climb!
Or grip a rail at every lurch
That might uproot a solid church!
To find one's footing parallel
With the horizon—every swell!
To see huge trunks and packing-cases
Fly off at tangents from their places!
And chairs and tables emulate
The evolutions of a plate!
To see large dishes fiercely fall
To mortal conflict with the small!
And locomotive saucers chase
Inconstant cups from place to place!
While pepper-castors pirouetting
'To mustard-pots, keep gravely setting!
To hear the same eternal thump
From morn to night of either pump;
To hear the same confounded strife
For days, for weeks, perhaps for—life!
The rattling blocks, the tempest's howl,
The gruff command, the surly growl!
With men of ungenial mind,
To be "cribb'd, cabin'd, and confined!"
To tug at beef in rounds and briskets,
Salt pork and adamantine biscuits!
And finally from first to last
To feel convinced all danger's past!—
Are "trifles light as air" to those
A sea-sick landsman undergoes;
And frankly own, in spite of all,
In praise of planks, one can recall,
A ship is but a floating jail
Of wooden walls, of structure frail,
Where one not doom'd to die aground,
Is very likely to be drown'd.

Expand your brows and relax your muscles—no more sea-horrors for the remainder of the voyage: but this much I must tell to you my "ancient mariner"—I hate the sea! and my abhorrence of it has increased, is increasing, and is never likely to be diminished.

All you who embark in ships which go into deep blue waters, listen to the words of an old stager, if you would have peaceable cabins and pleasant voyages! "Hark ye, landsmen, unto me," if you would hear good counsel:—

Forbear from all contentions with your fellow-passengers; accommodate yourself to their ways, and war not with their opinions.

Scorn no man for his peculiarities, and have a wholesome respect for the prejudices of all your messmates; for remember, if they become disagreeable, you cannot escape from thier society. But above all things, if you have any value for your peace of mind, or any respect
for your digestive organs,—eschew the topics of politics, religion, and provisions with your skipper.

I omitted to mention in its proper place, that the eighth day of our departure from Falmouth we were in sight of Madeira; and there, the morning being fine, and the captain in good-order humour, an unfortunate Jack, who had got drunk at Falmouth and struck the gunner the day of our embarkation, was tied up, man-of-war's fashion, and with all due formalities flogged. To the best of my judgment, the ceremony, with all the awful adjuncts of swords, swabs, and cocked-hats, might have been dispensed with, without any disadvantage to his Majesty's sea-service. Had the commander the power, for this or any similar offence, to make the culprit do double duty, to shorten his allowances, and compel him to wear a yellow jacket for a punishment, for any period suitable to the offence, the cat, in my opinion, might be left with "the gunner's daughter," without any ill consequences to the service.

I know your Excellency of the Hyacinth thinks otherwise; but professional men are generally bad judges of novel experiments or innovations in their own departments.

In dramatic affairs, an actor is the best person I would consult on the subject of the success of a new performance, or the advantage of any change in a dramatic production.

Ay, noble Captain! while I say this much, your belligerent figure-head is full before me! You may look great guns at me, but I tell you I have no reverence for the doctrine, that professional men are the only judges of the practicability of improvements in their own pursuits. The greatest that have ever been suggested have been frequently opposed by the most eminent, and broached perhaps by the least influential persons. Had I not been addressing you, I might have felt it incumbent on me, in narrating this marine portion of my life and adventures, to give you an ex-
tract from my sea-log, descriptive of all the outlandish sights I have seen in my voyage—wherein I would have to speak of "stormy Petrels," old Mother Carey's mysterious chickens, in whose tiny bodies the spirits of shipwrecked sailors are said to be deposited;—of sportive dolphins dying, for the admiration of human beholders, in all the colours of the rainbow;—of winged fishes fluttering in the air like flying Dutchmen;—and some in barges, of whom Pope recommends us to take the first lesson in navigation:—

"Learn of the little Nautilus to sail;
Spread the thin ear, and catch the rising gale."

Of whales, moreover, I would have to be descriptive—spouting like demagogues;—of sharks like special pleaders,—all jaw—"nothing but jaw!"—of hideous black fish and pig-nosed porpoises, and several other delicacies of the Atlantic, which it is difficult to describe, and very disagreeable to eat. But as you purpose visiting these regions shortly, and are already acquainted with them, I spare you the infliction of any further passages from the diary of a sea-sick landsman.

Yours, my dear Oldrey,

Very truly,

R. R. M.
LETTER III.

SCENES IN BARBADOES.

To CHARLES MATHEWS, Esq. Jamaica, Dec. 1, 1833.

My dear Sir,

On the twenty-fourth day of our voyage, we landed at Bridgetown, the capital of Barbadoes. The hurricane of 1831 has left so many monuments of its violence in every quarter of the town, that if a stranger were landed here at night, he might imagine the ruins around him the remains of some deserted city. The few standing trees along the beach point out the place where a beautiful line of cocoa-nut trees, a few years ago, afforded the inhabitants an agreeable promenade. The blackened trunks are now scattered over the walk; and where many a comfortable dwelling was lately standing, roofless buildings and shattered walls are only existing. In some of these houses, now in ruins, Coleridge very probably may have experienced that hospitality which he has so well described in his admirable little work. The town, however, in its best days, could never boast of much regularity or symmetry in its streets or buildings. There is one tolerably open space, which is called a square, and is ornamented with a statue of Nelson. The West Indians have a great veneration for their naval defenders: all their tutelary divinities in bronze or marble are naval heroes. This island has been extolled for its beauty, and that highly too, by various authors. I protest, without any disrespect to the Barbadians, who think their country the finest in the world, I could see no beauty in this island. If rivers, mountains, and forests are necessary
ingredients in the composition of a beautiful landscape, Barbadian scenery has no claim to picturesque attractions. It is a singular circumstance, that the inhabitants of most places admire their country chiefly for the advantages which they are most in want of. The people of Barbadoes are infinitely prouder of their country than those of Jamaica are of theirs; and yet there can be no comparison between the two islands. Far be it from me to blame the tastes of the Barbadians. Nature has wisely ordained that man should find the best of countries ever in his own.

There are two hotels at Bridgetown, at either of which an intelligent traveller may pick up a few notions of colonial characteristics, and pay very exorbitantly for his entertainment, both mental and corporeal. If he wants a specimen of Creole dignity, he must go to the hotel of Miss Betsy Austin; if he wishes for a sample of the indolent tranquillity of a large brown lady, he must take up his quarters at the house of Miss Hannah Lewis. Either will afford him a very tolerable specimen of the species she belongs to. Who that has read of the Caribbean Islands, or visited their shores, has not heard of Betsy Austin,—of "Miss Betsy Austin, if you please," notwithstanding her approach to the fortieth of her summers, and a rising generation of little Austins,—of Miss Betsy, at your service, who talks of her pedigree, with all the pride of a female member of the Creole aristocracy, and traces her ancestry to the remotest period of Barbadian antiquity; ay, back to the dusky antiquity of a century and a half ago!—of Miss Austin, under favour, whose natural urbanity and gentleness of disposition is something ruffled by the squabbles with her guests, incidental to the bills, and the influence of the climate and the excitability of the Creole temperament conjoined!

And who, pray, so ignorant of Caribbean hostelry as not to have heard of her great arch-rival Miss Hannah Lewis—the brown lady? Coleridge has done much
to immortalize the brown ladies of the West Indies, but he has utterly neglected Hannah. Probably never having been in Turkey, he failed to appreciate sufficiently the great extent of her attractions—the extraordinary plenitude of her portly person. I never met a woman in the Levant more eminently “fat and beautiful;” she would have been considered inestimable in Turkey. Miss Lewis was verging on her grand climacteric; she was evidently conscious of her natural advantages—a sedate, sensible woman of some two hundred weight. Her constant post was the capacious doorway of a passage at the foot of the staircase; and here she daily sat in all the luxury of native indolence, dividing her attendance between the culinary department behind her, and the guests who passed to and fro on the landing-place. The dimensions of Miss Lewis were, if anything however, a little too great for the dignity of her deportment: there Betsy Austin had the advantage, but in the habitual serenity of her imperturbable repose Hannah was greatly her superior. It was all the same to her if the Admiral of the station or the smallest of his Middys came into her house. It was the same unvaried greeting, the same drawling courtesy, the same apathetic reply to every inquiry after her health, and the same moaning excuses for not rising from her chair to every new comer. When the Captain of our packet paid his respects to her, she hardly lifted her eyes from a shaddock she was turning round and round with a very leisurely view to its selection for the dessert.

“It’s a long time, Hannah,” said the Captain, “since I saw you; how are you getting on?—Younger and more active than ever, I declare! How is the lumbago you used to complain of formerly?—quite gone, I see—all alive and stirring, by Jupiter!”

Jove laughs at perjuries, but Miss Lewis did not take the trouble to smile; she only drawled out a few sentences strung together for all similar occasions.—
“So, so, my good Captain,—pretty tolerable sometimes, I thank God, if it was not for this back of mine; pretty comfortable, I’m obliged to you, if—oh dear, how this back of mine is splitting to pieces! It’s consuming me by inches, my good Captain.”

“Come, come, Hannah,” said the Captain, “this is all shamming: to my certain knowledge you have been consuming away in this manner these ten years, and the Doctor here will tell you there are no consumptions of ten years’ standing.

I corrected the Captain’s error, with an assurance that it might take a very long period to consume a lady of Miss Hannah’s dimensions.

The hostess looked gratified. “You are too good, my sweet gentleman,” said she, with a graceful semi-rotatory movement of her head, the first exertion of muscular energy I had yet witnessed—“too flattering, my good doctor,—these aches and pains (here she took an immoderate draught out of a most capacious tumbler, one of those West Indian rummers that hold about a quart)—those troublesome times, as I was saying, the scarcity of money, the cares I have on me, a poor lone woman—(‘an unprotected female,’ muttered the skipper) the fatigue I undergo—(‘in your Spanish chair,’ added the Captain) all these things are weighing me down, as I said before, consuming me by inches!”

“Pooh! pooh!” cried the Captain, “weighing you down, indeed, my good Hannah! no load of earthly troubles could weigh you down; you will outwear your troubles for twenty years to come: but whenever you do kick the beam, his Majesty’s navy will lose the best landlady in the West Indies.”

“For true, indeed, my sweet Captain,” replied Miss Lewis, apparently somewhat affected by the observation, “the gentlemen of the navy will miss me when I am gone: Miss Betsy Austin’s bills will remind them of me; and the moderate charges, the little or nothing—(here she took another awful swig at the lemonade
rumor) the mere trifle they paid for their entertain-
ment here."

The Captain groaned a great deal too audibly for the
undisturbed continuance of our conversation: it de-
clined very speedily to monosyllables, and whenever a
question required more than a word for a reply, poor
Hannah, with a suspension like a moan, had recourse
to the lumbago, and with a wry face and a sharp
shrill cry, "Ai, ai!" terminated, or shifted the dis-
course. It was a gratifying sight to one remindful of
the bustling activity of an English landlady, to witness
the indefatigable indolence of this fat brown lady—this
fine specimen of coloured gentility doing the pains-
taking hostess from morning till night in her Spanish
chair, in the pleasant draught of the doorway,—devot-
ing the whole forenoon to the choice and preparation
of a few mangoes and shaddocks for a dessert, and the
rest of her day to the cheapening of a few bunches of
callaloo, or the selection and manipulation of fish or
fowl as it came before her, till one could almost wish,
for the sake of the Arts, to see both purchaser and bar-
gain during the operation petrified into eternal marble
immobility. The order for dinner for our numerous
party, consisting of our two ladies, six gentlemen pas-
sengers, our captain and the surgeon of the packet,
was received with the same dolce far niente tranquillity
as our inquiries after her health. At length, how-
ever,—preparations commenced. In the course of a
couple of hours, a few lazy-looking negroes and sickly
whites were seen stalking through the passages.

My friend Norcott complimented each on his extra-
ordinary activity, he proposed to Miss Hannah to walk
a minuet, or, if she preferred, to trip it on the light
fastastic toe, in a brisker figure; to join him in a fan-
dango or an Irish jig, (jig polthogue, I presume) to
pass away the time, and create an appetite for dinner.
Miss Hannah's face, and the twitches of her lumbago
on the occasion, are not easily to be forgotten.
The dinner was late—the clock was slow—the servants were lazy—we were in the Castle of Indolence—and a brown lady was our hostess! It is not my desire to disparage the character of Miss Hannah Lewis's hotel: we sat down to an excellent dinner, and a merrier set of gentlemen "within the limits of becoming mirth" it would be difficult to congregate.

On our return from Miss Hannah's in the evening, the influence of the stars (Mars must have been in the ascendant) involved us in an engagement of a singular character, and which was carried on for some time with doubtful issue, but indomitable fury. On our way to the wharf we had to pass the hotel of Miss Betsy Austin; who was enjoying the freshness of the evening air, seated in her elbow-chair, in the middle of the street immediately opposite her own door. It was a little after sunset—a beautiful autumnal evening, one of those delightful evenings whose freshness is only to be appreciated between the tropics, when the sultriness of the atmosphere during the day has well nigh exhausted all the energies of nature.

There sat the pink of Barbadian dignity, the pride of the Creole aristocracy—Miss Betsy Austin; her head and the upper part of her body thrown back nearly in an angle of forty-five degrees with her lower extremities, which were slightly elevated on a footstool. A black damsel stood behind her chair, taking advantage of her situation to grin at the passengers instead of plying her large fan carefully and sedulously; for the result of her grinning was flapping the said fan against the side of her mistress's head-gear, and receiving a volley of viragoism (vide Sam,) that would have startled an adder, and a box on the ear that would have produced a vermillion suffusion on the skin of a white waiting-maid. But three or four very demure-looking blackies were gravely drawn up in front of the landlady, and were occasionally despatched on errands to the house, while their tardiness or stupidity got re-
buked in all the discordant tones of a Creole termagant.

"How do you do, Betsy," said our Captain, stepping up to the lady, and accosting her with a very hearty shake of the hand,—one of those honest seafaring, sledge-hammer shakes, which brings tears into the eyes, either of pain or pleasure.

"Mine hostess withdrew her digits from the friendly vice with an air of offended dignity.

"I think, Sa, it might be Miss Betsy Austin out of your mouth, if you please, Sa!"

"Holloa, Betsy!" replied the Captain, "what has ruffled the usual mildness of your temper this evening? Is this the way you treat your old friends when they call to see you?"

"Old friends!" exclaimed Miss Betsy, with a curl of her short nose, intended to be indicative of contempt;

"My friends, Sa, are captains of men-of-war, I'd have you to know, Sa! and none of your skipjacks of post-office packets with one swab on their shoulders, Sa!"

"Come! Come! Betsy," said the Captain, "don't abuse the post-office! You know I stopt at your house last voyage and paid you a swinging bill into the bargain, some twenty pounds for self and passengers, Betsy!"

"Don't Betsy me, Sa!" cried Miss Austin, jumping from her chair, and asserting the dignity of her station with all becoming vehemence—"Go to Miss Hannah Lewis! and carry your passengers to her house.—Who cares for your custom? what feller are you to call me Betsy! I'll let you know, Mr. Skipjack of a packet-boat, who and what I am; and the next time you see me, I'd have you take care, Sa, you have not cause to remember Miss Betsy Austin! who is neither Crab nor Creole, but true Barbadian born!"

This was the climax of Barbadian indignation.—Betsy had evidently eaten of the pepper-pot; her natural serenity had been somewhat disturbed by the
mention of the swinging bill, and the preference in consequence of it that had been given to the house of her formidable rival Miss Lewis.

It was plain enough the Captain foresaw the storm, and was bent on sparing no effort to augment its violence. The more Miss Betsy raged, the more the skipper affected to assuage her choler: his soothing efforts at last became mischievously provoking (for there is nothing so provoking as good humour to one who is in bad.) It is a serious matter to laugh when a lion of a woman rages in her anger. It is a perilous thing to smile when a Creole lady is in the mood for mischief.

I warned the Captain there was a cloud gathering in the heavens of Miss Betsy's upper story: I advised a retreat, but my friend was unfortunately determined to see it out. By this time there was a tolerably good mob of ragamuffin negroes assembled round us. I was apprehensive they would form a league with Miss Betsy's forces, which now consisted of one black boy and half-a-dozen adult Sambos, chiefly women. It cannot be denied I was about to run: my valour was on the point of yielding to my discretion, when Miss Betsy forestalled me by rushing into her store (a sort of grocery establishment which occupied the lower part of the premises) with a swiftness of foot and ferocity of gesture, which plainly intimated that fury had cried "havoc and let slip the dogs of war." The Captain very leisurely followed the virago, appeasing her wrath, as he called it, with fair words; and throwing cold turpentine, as I thought, on the red embers of a house in conflagration. But when I saw him enter the store, I surely concluded his Majesty's navy, in a second or two, would be minus a first-lieutenant, and that Miss Betsy had run for a carving-knife or some other direful implement to do the skipper some grievous injury.—Mr. Colebrook and myself ran to the store, and there the first object I beheld was Miss Betsy Austin perched on a counter, in the act of letting fly a quart bottle,
which turned out to be filled with Cayenne pepper, at
the head of the gallant Captain. Her opponent was
about four yards from the counter, carefully watching
the motions of his adversary; and when the missile
came, that I fully expected to see shattered on his crani-
um, lo and behold! the awful bottle was lodged safe
and sound in the hands of the dexterous skipper.—
His shout of triumph, the ferocious yet vacant gaze of
baffled desperation of Miss Austin, the unmeaning
yells of her slaves, and the uproarious merriment of
the negroes outside, all combined, made a scene which
Cruikshank might do justice to, but which I cannot.

The Captain had departed with his trophy; I stop-
ped to assist Miss Betsy to get down from her unlucky
eminence. I soothed her irritation as well as I could;
and angry as she was, she was accessible to civility, as
most people are when it is considerately proffered.

Miss Betsy begged a thousand pardons of me and
Mr. Colebrook for behaving as she had done before so
many good gentlemen. She had never been so hasty
before, never knew what it was to get into such a pas-
sion.

The ill-mannered slaves all the time kept tittering
and giggling, with an occasional "Hi! hi! you no
hearie dat!" and "Mi Gar Amighty, whara say mis-
sis! nebber in no passion!"

By this time Miss Austin, luckily for her black
household, was somewhat hysterical; there was some
talk of Hungary water, spirits of lavender, &c. &c.
I ordered the attendants to fetch their mistress a strong
glass of brandy and water with a certain proportion of
grated nutmeg on the top of it, and I took my leave.

We joined the Captain near the wharf, bearing away
the bottle of Cayenne in great glee, that was intended
to have burned his eyes out: as he waved the boat, he
was giving a last cheer for his triumph, and flourishing
his trophy over his head, when, oh, (Fortuna varium
semper et mutabile!) the triumph and the trophy were
the enjoyment of a moment,—the bottle was suddenly snatched out of his hands by some person behind, and the daring individual who seized the bottle and made off with it was no other than Miss Betsy’s grinning negress, her confidential slave.

This was a master-stroke of Miss Betsy’s generalship; and, in spite of all pursuit, it was successful, as it deserved to be. Knowing the interest you take in all warlike achievements, I thought I could not do less than detail all the particulars of this engagement, in order, if you ever visit these islands, that you may be inspired with a wholesome dread of red pepper and brown ladies. At the time of our embarkation here, there were a number of negroes assembled at the wharf, audibly enough expressing their desires for the arrival of the “fuss of Augus.” The negroes are not slow in discovering who and what all buckra strangers are. One of the poor blackies, in front of his companions, in the enthusiasm of his aspirations after liberty, either unconscious of the presence of the white people about him, or heedless of them, flung up his ragged straw-hat and shouted most lustily, “Gar Almighty speed you, my good massas! Gar Almighty send us soon our own King’s magistrates!” (Here there was an interruption.) Then addressing one of his comrades, “What for you tell me? you dam black teef, hold your jaw! King call me his own free subject. Buckra forget when fuss of Augus come, no dam black teef, never any more.”

Poor blackie was premature in his independence and impolitic in his gratitude, for the ides of August were not yet come, and I saw him reminded of that fact by a slight punch in the ribs and a gentle application of the foot to the glutestal region; which part, I presume, from that intimation, was regarded as the seat of memory.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours, very truly,

R. R. M.
LETTER IV.

BARBADOES.

T. Moore, Esq.

Jamaica, Jan. 1, 1834.

My dear Sir,

The last time I had the pleasure of addressing you, I was a grave haggim in the eastern world; the scene is changed from the Levant to the West Indies, and your correspondent is now a solemn Cadi.

Before our arrival at Jamaica we touched at Barbados, St. Vincents, and Grenada. Our stay in these islands was too short to enable me to give you much information about any of them. Perhaps the few particulars I have gathered may enable you to form some idea of the state of things in that colony, which is the subject of this letter.

Barbados is the most ancient of our western colonies, and once was the most productive island in the world for its extent, being only twenty miles in length and fourteen in breadth. It contains about 107,000 acres of land. The climate is more temperate than Jamaica, and I believe much more healthy, or, more properly speaking, less fatal to Europeans. For more than a century after the discovery of the new world, Barbadoes was unknown. It appears to have been first visited by the Portuguese about the year 1600; and twenty-four years later the first English colony, consisting of thirty persons under one Courteen, settled on it. At some period long prior to its discovery, it must have been inhabited, though no trace of any human being was found by the first discoverers. Various
earthenware utensils, the manufacture of some barbarous race of people, have been frequently found on the soil; a circumstance Raynal appears to have been ignorant of when he asserted that the island was never inhabited before the visit of the Portuguese. For several years after the first settlement, the island was distracted by the conflicting claims of two noblemen: one claimed the colony by virtue of a patent from King James; the other, of one from Charles the First. It was the fashion of those times for Kings to dispose of colonies as private patrimony to needy and importunate noblemen. The proprietary government of Barbadoes lasted till 1663, when a compromise was made with the heirs and creditors of the original patentees, and the island finally came under the protection of the Crown.

For this advantage, a tax was levied on the produce of four and a half per cent., which proved most oppressive to the colony; and its effects on its prosperity are felt to the present hour. Under the proprietary government Courteen’s settlement had been highly successful. Another was formed under Charles Woolsterstone in 1629, and was no less prosperous, notwithstanding the dissensions that existed between the partisans of the rival patentees. In one of these contentions the Governor, Sir William Tufton, was displaced, and put to death by his successor, for espousing the cause of the first settler, Courteen.

The prosperity of the island, however, increased so rapidly, that, in the words of Raynal, “An island which is no more than seven leagues in length, and from two to five in breadth, attained, in less than forty years, to a population of 100,000 souls, and to a trade that employed 150,000 tons of shipping. Never,” he adds, “had the earth beheld such a number of planters collected in so small a compass, or so many productions raised in so small a time.”

At the period of the Revolution, Barbadoes became the asylum of the fugitives who were attached to the
royal cause. "The new adventurers," says Lord Clarendon, "were persons mostly of respectable families and no inconsiderable fortunes." Those who had espoused the cause of Charles were these adventurers, and whose descendants to this day retain no little portion of the loyalty and refinement of the early cavaliers. At the time of the Restoration, if any colony deserved favour more than another in the eyes of Charles the Second, that colony was Barbadoes; but Charles was only consistent in ingratitude; and what individuals did not obtain from him, communities could not expect.

In 1647, an Act passed the legislature of Barbadoes, declaratory of their unshaken loyalty to the unfortunate sovereign, then a prisoner to the Parliamentary forces. They even fitted out ships and raised troops for the proposed reduction of the islands which had acknowledged the new government.

In 1651, they gallantly resisted the powerful armament sent against their island by Cromwell, under Sir George Ascue, and which only effected their subjection with the assistance of a large reinforcement from the American colonies.

Barbadoes continued, to the last, the citadel of loyalty, and never was loyalty less deserved, or worse repaid. The prosperity of Barbadoes was at its greatest height when Charles the Second came to the throne, but no act of his government tended to its continuance. The oppressive four and a half per cent. duty, in spite of all the remonstrances of the colony against its imposition, and of humble petitions, in times of distress, for its removal, was made a perpetual tax on this colony. In 1685, the duties were still further augmented; and at a period, too, when the colony was suffering most severely from the awful visitation of several recent hurricanes.

The devastation at different times produced by the latter would be sufficient to account for the decline of
this colony. Raynal, in all his inaccuracies, was never more incorrect than in the assertion that Barbadoes is happily exempt from hurricanes. The fact is, she has suffered more from them than all the other colonies. In 1674, three hundred houses were destroyed, and a vast number of plantations, by a hurricane. In 1675, the island was laid waste by another. In 1694, the shipping in the ports was destroyed. In 1780, the damage by another was estimated at £1,320,000, and the loss of life at 4320. In 1783, the loss of property was equal to that occasioned by the hurricane of 1831. In 1786, there was a similar visitation, attended with great loss of shipping, houses, and plantations. In 1831, the destruction of crops and buildings could hardly be less than a million sterling.

The resources of a country must be great indeed, that can bear up against periodical devastations like these. But, even independent of these, in the many items that have contributed to the decline of Barbadoes, the impoverishment of the soil deserves particular attention. If it were not for the nutritious properties of a species of sea-weed called varek, which was formerly generally used for manure, there would have been no cultivation in the island. In 1769, so early even as that period, the land was so impoverished, that an unsuccessful attempt was made to transport some of the rich soil of Dutch Guiana to Barbadoes. Very nearly the whole of Barbadoes has been cultivated. No virgin soil remains to have recourse to. Not so with Jamaica, where nothing but the means and hands are wanting to bring three times the quantity of land into cultivation, that is, at the present time. But in both islands the far greater quantity of land that is in use is worn out; too much has been taken out of it, and too little care expended on it. But the great source of the mischief is, to a large extent, beyond the reach of human remedy — the heavy rains that, in countries between the tropics, fall with such violence as to tear up the soil, and wash
away all that is rich and valuable in it. In fact, the
ports and harbours of the West Indies are the depo-
sitories, to no small extent, of that soil which formerly
constituted the riches of these countries. There are
other local causes not referred to here, independent of
oppressive imposts, and the advocacy of anti-slavery
opinions, or the measures founded on them, that the
decline of the prosperity of this colony, and, indeed,
of most of the West Indies, is attributable to; but it is
natural enough to visit the sins of the soil, or the wrath
of the elements, on the heads of governments, and to
attribute evils to human agency which are beyond the
control of human power.

I am far from thinking that the prospect is hopeless
for the planters in these colonies: whenever a fixed
and final settlement is made between the mortgagors
and the mortgagees (to whom about two thirds of the
properties are mortgaged, I should think for treble their
present value)—whenever that arrangement takes place,
and the possessors of the soil are able to substitute
wages for supplies, and agricultural machinery, to a
large extent, for manual labour—then, and not till
then, Barbadoes and its sister islands may know a state
of wholesome prosperity. I would only discounten-
nance the encouragement of hopes of again enjoying
that bloated opulence of former years, the growth of
which was too premature to be of long duration, and
the produce it sprung from too precarious for the ap-
application of prudence to the enjoyment of its present
advantages.

There was one "branch of trade" that contributed
mainly to the sudden prosperity of Barbadoes that she
cannot possess again. For near a century Barbadoes
was the great depot of the western slave-trade. Every
Guinea ship carried "its cargo" to that island; and
after supplying their own market, the colonists retailed
the surplus slaves among the other islands. The abo-
lication of the slave-trade put a total end to that great
source of colonial prosperity. But long before its operation came into effect, Jamaica had managed to supplant her elder sister in that profitable commerce, and greatly contributed thereby to her decline.

Little did the good people of Barbadoes imagine the consequences of their zeal for colonization, when in the heyday of their prosperity they furnished Penn and Venables with the assistance of 3,500 men for the conquest of Jamaica,—little did they foresee what a formidable rival they were contributing to establish in their neighbourhood! The result however proved, that as Jamaica advanced in prosperity, Barbadoes retrograded.

The exports at the present time from the latter colony are little more than one-sixth of those of Jamaica, while the population is not one-third; so much for the changes in colonial prosperity in the short space of 180 years!

I cannot ascertain in what year slaves were introduced into Barbadoes. The earliest mention I find of them is in 1649, twenty-five years after the first settlement, when eighteen negroes were put to death for a rebellion against their masters; and so early as 1647 the importation of negroes had advanced so rapidly, that (on the authority of Edwards) there were 100,000 slaves in the colony. From June 1607 to Dec. 1707, 34,000 slaves were imported. These slaves were not exclusively negroes stolen from Africa; a vast number were Indians kidnapped from America. The story of Incle and Yarico is too familiar an instance of this mode of supplying the colonies with labourers to need referring to. One of the ablest of the advocates of slavery has raked up the ashes of smouldering scandal, to tarnish the fame of the unfortunate Yarico. This is an ingenious practice, that has much to recommend it wherever sympathy is to be destroyed or opposition to be rebutted by a dexterous thrust through the side of reputation. After sneering at the morbid
sensibility of those who have sympathized with the ill-fated Yarico, Mr. Edwards tells his readers, “they will not be sorry to learn that she bore her misfortunes with greater philosophy than they may have fancied,” for, in the words of Lygon, “she chanc’t to become enceinte by a Christian servant, and produced in due time a lusty boy; lively and frolicke.”

It is a great mistake to imagine that to render the unfortunate ridiculous is to extenuate the crimes of the author of their wrongs. It is not in the power of ridicule to do this, nor of scandal to bereave the injured of the sympathy of the sober-minded.

The early slave-laws of this colony were not of a milder or more liberal character than those of our other islands.

In 1676, I find an Act to prevent negroes from attending Quakers’ meetings;—in 1681, one for preventing negroes from attending any kind of meeting-houses; in 1688, another for punishing slaves without trial by jury;—in 1717, another which declares that a runaway slave, for thirty days’ absence, “shall have one of his feet cut off;”—in 1789, an ordinance forbidding negroes to attend Methodist meeting-houses. From this time a better spirit appears to have prevailed. In 1790, the Moravian Missionaries were tolerated. In 1802, the Methodists were partially tolerated. In 1805, an Act passed making the murder of a slave death. In 1810, a bill was carried to repeal an Act prohibiting negroes from attending Quakers’ meetings. In 1820, a report of the progress of, Codrington College shows the first successful exertions of the trustees in promoting “moral and religious instruction of the negroes,”—the avowed object of the institution; but which had been nearly lost sight of in the litigation and gross mismanagement that has existed from the commencement of the last century, when General Codrington bequeathed his two plantations in Barbadoes for the endowments of this institution,—of whose utility there can be little
doubt, though the sphere of its usefulness might not be at all diminished, were one of its fundamental regulations dispensed with, namely, "That writing and arithmetic be dispensed with."

It is a circumstance well worthy attention at the present time, that Barbadoes for many years was exclusively cultivated by white labourers, and the Herculean task of clearing an island that was once a forest, and of the hardest timber, was accomplished by Europeans. The settlers of Courteen and Woolferstone had greatly established the prosperity of the colony before even a slave was introduced. If European labourers were formerly able to withstand the influence of a tropical climate, what is to prevent them now, when the island is cleared, and its healthiness thereby so greatly improved?

If the experiment of white labour is again to be made, I consider Barbadoes infinitely more favourable for its trial than Jamaica. But there is no lack of white inhabitants in Barbadoes of the labouring classes—I beg their pardon, of the poorer classes, for labour is a disgrace for a white man in all slave countries, which the poorest wretch is ashamed to submit to. Lest you should consider me speaking too disparagingly of this class of persons, I beg to give you their character from the works of two West Indian authors very favourable to the whites:—"Of all classes," says the author of 'Four Years in the West Indies,' "the poor whites are the most degraded and the lowest. They subsist too often, to their shame be it spoken, on the kindness and the charity of slaves. I have never seen a more sallow, dirty, ill-looking and unhappy race; the men lazy, the women disgusting, the children neglected."

Now for him of 'The Six Months in the West Indies:'—"The militia is principally composed of these persons; the greatest part of them live in a state of complete idleness, and are usually ignorant and debauched to the last degree." Figure to yourself, if you
can without shuddering, the conduct of such a militia during martial law. But think without horror, if it be possible, of martial law in the West Indies under any circumstances!

If the success of the abolition measure depend, as I believe it does, on the temper of the colonists and the co-operation of their legislatures, Barbadoes, from the little I have seen and heard here, I should think bids fair to reap all the benefit from that change that is capable of accruing from it. Some of the leading members of the House of Assembly called on us the evening of our arrival; and, from the moderation of their views, and the anxiety they evinced to carry the new measure fully and fairly into effect, I trust it will prove, as it deserves to be, successful here.

I had the honour of conversing with the Governor, Sir Lionel Smith, on the support of its operation in this colony: he seemed resolved it should have a fair trial, and from his firmness as well as his popularity I augur nothing for it but a favourable issue in this colony. The following tables of the population and the exports of Barbadoes at different periods, will show you better than any long details the state of prosperity of the colony at various intervals:—

*Population of Barbadoes.*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Whites</th>
<th>Slaves</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1670</td>
<td>50,000</td>
<td>100,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1724</td>
<td>18,000</td>
<td>60,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1788</td>
<td>25,000</td>
<td>70,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1805</td>
<td>15,000</td>
<td>60,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1831</td>
<td>15,000</td>
<td>81,000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Sugar Exports from Barbadoes.*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Hogsheads</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1730</td>
<td>22,769</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1761</td>
<td>25,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1792</td>
<td>17,073</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1799</td>
<td>11,400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1825</td>
<td>18,000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The gross amount of exports from Barbadoes in 1831 was £541,707 sterling, by the official returns, and the imports into Barbadoes from Great Britain £337,082.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours, very truly,

R. R. M.
MY DEAR SIR,

I have often wished that the scenery of the islands I have lately visited had given occupation to your pen and pencil.

St. Vincent, I am persuaded, would have attracted no little share of your attention.

This island has been called the Montpelier of the West Indies; by others, the garden of the Antilles. In my opinion, however, beautiful as its views are, both of vale and mountain, Grenada is its superior. Twelve hours' sail brought us from Barbadoes to this island:—the approach to the bay realized every idea I had formed of West Indian scenery. At the bottom of a complete amphitheatre of sloping hills, ascending steeply from the sea-beach, the town of Kingstown stretches along the shore.

The landing at Kingstown is a very unpleasant operation, there being no wharf: it is necessary to run the boats ashore sometimes in a heavy surf, when a northerly breeze sends the waves of the Atlantic rolling into the unsheltered bay.

A number of negroes came off at our approach, and hoisted us unceremoniously enough on their broad shoulders; and away went the white gentlemen through the surf on the backs of the black body-snatchers of St. Vincents, with as little respect for the subjects of King William as Mr. Burke or his colleagues ever evinced for the subjects of Carpuie. I reached dry
land pretty considerably wet, and had the consolation of getting plenty of assurances, during my journey ashore, that sea water was not like fresh,—and that it was no matter at all to be wet to the skin. "Salt water very good indeed, Massa, for white man's skin: buckra nebber, nebber catch a death of cold in salt water, less, Massa, buckra happen to be drowned in it."

The street that runs along the beach,—Bay-street, I think—is narrow, dirty, totally devoid of regularity, and hot almost to suffocation. I never felt the heat so oppressive elsewhere either east or west. It appears to me a great mistake in the West Indies to situate towns immediately on the sea-shore, and, what is still worse, to choose (which is commonly the case) a background of elevated hills or mountains for their other boundary. An unfortunate town thus hemmed in has the solar beams levelled direct as well as obliquely reflected from the surrounding hills, and concentrated in a single focus on the town, or rather the mass of hot-houses in which Europeans stew away their lives like isolated plants, and cease to exist when they cease to exude at every pore. *Mem.*—If you ever go to the West Indies, the day you fail to perspire write home to your friends and be prepared to send for a physician.

On the left of the town, on a considerable eminence, Fort Charlotte, the garrison, is situated, about six hundred feet above the level of the sea. I did not ascend it, but I can well believe all I heard of the coolness of the temperature, and the delightful prospect all around it. "On one side," says one of the most ardent of its admirers, "you behold Kingstown sleeping in the valley below, and encircled with a chain of lofty mountains, whose towering summits are seldom visible; on the other, the deep blue waters of the Atlantic extending as far the horizon, where ships destined for some other island might be seen passing in the distance like mere specks upon the ocean; opposite, the Grenadines,
a beautiful little cluster of islands, some barren, some cultivated; and then the bay itself, crowded with small craft, in the midst of which, like giants among men, were some dozen of square-rigged vessels with their ensigns flying at their peaks."

Between Kingstown and New Edinburgh (prick not up your ears, good Mr. Scotchman, at the sound, for New Edinburgh derives its glories from a few miserable houses, and Old Edinburgh owes nothing to it but the libel on its name) a battery is mounted on what is called "Old Woman's Point," which spot, in the annals of St. Vincent, is remarkable for a traditionary murder of a very French sentimental description.

A Madam Bartholeme, from Guadaloupe, had settled here in the time of the French, with her husband; and the happy couple lived very harmoniously together, say the story-tellers, for many years. The harmony, however, happened to be interrupted a little on one occasion, and the result of this misunderstanding between this amiable lady and her lord was a determination on her part to prevent any repetition of such differences. She accordingly took a conch-shell, (conchs, you must know, are blowing instruments in the colonies, used to summon slaves to their duties in the field)—she took the conch, but not to blow it; the only blow she gave was on her husband's head, poor man! Poor Monsieur Bartholeme was "scotched, not killed," stunned considerably, but not quite finished.

Madame began to think the days were gone, "that when the brains were out, the man would die:" she took her conch again, and made an end of the unfortunate Bartholeme. The French are a pleasant people; instead of hanging the lady, they gave her a nick-name—Lambees, the Negro-French for conch; so that the widow Bartholeme ever after passed by the name of Madame Lambees, or Mrs. Conch-shell. She retired for some years to the Carib country; returned after a decent absence to the place now called Old Woman's
Point, and lived to a very respectable old age—eighty-four or eighty-five; when she unfortunately perished in a tremendous hurricane, in the full enjoyment of her faculties and her social qualities; which appear to have been of a very convivial character, from her participating, even in her latter days, in the pleasure of many jovial parties at the house of a worthy divine, one Mr. Mark La Font, "an honest priest and a good fellow," in the words of the very impartial biographer of Mrs. Conch-shell.

St. Vincent, with all its natural advantages, was overlooked by European adventurers till the year 1660. The French and English, for the security of their neighbouring colonies, agreed to leave it to the Caribs, as an asylum for the miserable remnant of that race, whose persecution had at last begun to be unprofitable to Europeans.

The Carib population, prior to this period, had been suddenly increased by the arrival of a large number of negroes in a ship from Guinea, which had been shipwrecked on the island. They had taken to the woods, and were hospitably received by the native red Caribs: subsequently, their numbers were increased by an accession of fugitive slaves from Barbadoes, and still further by intermarriage with the natives. About the beginning of the last century they compelled the Indians to return to the north-west side of the island, and continued at war till both were nearly exterminated; the black Caribs, however, ultimately prevailed; and this was the state of the island when it was taken by the French. The red Caribs then did not exceed one hundred families, the blacks about two thousand persons. Both parties at length appealed to the French, and the result was the old consequence—of fools quarrelling and knaves profiting by their contentions. The mediators of course, in due time, became the masters of the soil, and they continued such till 1763, when it came under our protection. Many of the descendants
of the old French proprietors are still here, and amongst the most respectable of the inhabitants. The vile French patois, peculiar to the West Indies, is still spoken a great deal by the negroes,—indeed some of those I conversed with talked nothing else. The instructions sent out to our new colony directed the white inhabitants "not to molest the Caribs in their possession."

The beneficence of governments has seldom been much regarded by colonies, east or west, when the interest of the intruders, and the rights of the native inhabitants, have been at issue.

Encroachments were soon made on the Indian lands: strong representations were sent home of the necessity that existed of enlarging the limits of our settlements, and diminishing those of the Caribs; and it is sad to find how soon the connivance of the executive was obtained, or its sanction extorted, by these representations. Fraud and injustice soon led to violence. The natives repulsed the aggressors; and the resistance that nature sanctioned, the colonists declared rebellion against the British government. The Carib war commenced; large bodies of troops were sent from America and the adjacent colonies, to subdue the rebels.

The task was found difficult; and, before its accomplishment, the parliament had leisure to inquire into the justice of the war. Lord North reluctantly submitted to the inquiry; and the result of it was, the decision of the House "that the Carib war was founded on injustice, a violation of the rights of nations, and reflected dishonour on the national character." Orders were sent out to suspend hostility, and a treaty was concluded certainly favourable to the nation. Six years of loyalty however to one chief, and that to one whose subjects had been originally unjust to them, began to be too burthensome to a tribe of barbarians. The French agents took care to foment these quarrels with our people; and when one of those ruptures between
the Governor and the House of Assembly, which are not unfrequent in the West Indies, had sufficiently distracted the island to make it an easy prey to a watchful rival, a small French force landed at Young's Bay, and, joined by the Caribs, took possession of the island without firing a shot. During four years St. Vincent remained in the hands of the French, and during that period the atrocities committed by the Caribs on the unfortunate British who had remained, were numberless; and had it not been for the generous protection of the French, not one of them would have been left alive. In 1783, St. Vincent was again ceded to the British by treaty, and the perfidy of the Caribs was generously forgiven.

Their faith, however, was again put to trial by the monotony of a peaceful life for so long a term as ten years. They were a savage race, and they had a kindred spirit in their vicinity. Victor Hugues was then at Martinique, and his emissaries were not idle at St. Vincent. The burning of plantations as usual began this rebellion: they ravaged the country for some time without opposition, till their success was at length checked by the army, and their chief, Chatoyer, a man infamous for his cruelties, was killed. On the person of Chatoyer was found a silver gorget given him by our present sovereign, when, as Duke of Clarence, his Royal Highness was on this station. This war commenced in 1794, and did not terminate till 1796. The survivors of the Caribs were removed from the colony, and landed on a little island of the Grenadines—Balisseau, which was allotted for their future residence.

The island never recovered from the expense of this unfortunate war: it drained both her finances and population; and the resources of the country are not such as to restore the property that has been so greatly injured both by political and natural causes. The soil, notwithstanding the richness of its verdure, is light and friable; and where it has long been cultivated, like
that of Barbadoes, is completely exhausted. The island formerly boasted the finest botanical garden in the West Indies. It contained thirty acres of fertile land, and abounded in rare exotics both of the Old and the New World; but, unfortunately, it seems the nature of all things in the West Indies, except vegetation, unprofitable to man, to flourish for a season, to deteriorate, and to decay.

If I may judge from what I heard of the healthiness of the troops here from the physician of the forces, I should consider this island ranks next to Barbadoes in point of salubrity, and in that respect, like the latter island, must be greatly improved of late years. Nevertheless, it has the look of a country very favourable to the production of marsh miasma; and the place, especially in which the church is situated, the very locality Dr. M'Culloch would pitch on for the generation of intermittent fevers. In 1762, the exports from St. Vincent amounted only to £63,000; in 1813 they were £395,000.

**Population.**

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<th>Year</th>
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<td>1767</td>
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<tr>
<td>1831</td>
<td>1301</td>
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St. Vincent is a smaller island than Grenada, being about twenty-four miles long and eighteen broad. Among its natural curiosities are some thermal springs and chalybeate waters; and the volcanic mountain, Mount Souffrière, which has not been in activity since 1812, when a very considerable eruption took place. It is a curious circumstance mentioned by Humboldt in his account of the terrible earthquake of the Caraccas, that simultaneous shocks were felt in St. Vincent and Caracco the same day, in April, 1812.

The late Governor, Sir Charles Brisbane, a naval
officer, died in St. Vincent, after having administered the government of the colony for upwards of twenty years. He was replaced by another gentleman of the navy; and I believe the latter is now the only instance of a naval officer in the West Indies being a governor; those appointments have hitherto been almost exclusively bestowed on military men.

I am, my dear Sir,
Yours, very truly,
R. R. M.
LETTER VI.

GRENADA.

To the Countess of Blessington,

Kingston, Jan. 15, 1834.

Madam,

To see Naples, and then to die, is said to be fortunate;—to visit Switzerland, and then to write a book, is to tell the world there is no magnificence like that of the mountains of Helvetia;—to wander over Italy, and then to return home, is to "disable the benefits of our own country," and disparage the advantages of every other. Your Ladyship, however, has visited these countries in a different spirit.—"I too have been in Arcadia," but I need not assure you that Nature has not lavished all her beauty on the scenes that are walled by Alps or Apennines, but that between the tropics she is the mother of island beauties, "such as youthful poets might fancy" for their belles, or older bards might dream of while they are

"Still conscious of romance-inspiring charms."

While in the metaphorising vein, allow me to liken the three fair islands of Barbadoes, St. Vincent, and Grenada, to three rival charmers of very different countries and complexions:—Barbadoes, the most ancient of our colonies, to a plain elderly Dutch spinster—"flat, stale, dull, and unprofitable;”—St. Vincent, in her sweet but sombre features, to a lovely Creole damsel luxuriating in repose, whose smiles are like "the setting glories of a happier day;"—and Grenada in all the stately splendour of her mountain scenery, to a
Spanish Senhora of gorgeous loveliness; whose sun-bright eyes and noble air are bills at sight on the beholder's admiration.

We reached Grenada after a pleasant run of fourteen hours from St. Vincent. We made the land about midnight; and if I ever gazed on enchanting scenery, revelled in, the serenity of summer airs, and felt the influence of lovely moonlight on a placid sea, without a speck on the horizon, or a sound on the waters but that of the ripple at the bows, as our vessel glided softly and slowly through the sparkling Caribbean, it was close along the shore of Grenada, with the shadows of her blue mountains projected far beyond us, and the white shingle beneath clearly visible in the pellucid waters as we approached the land. In my wanderings, east or west, I have seen nothing which took such entire possession of my fancy as the scenery by night of the coast of Grenada. Moonlight in the West Indies, no language can give an adequate idea of, or convey a notion of the splendid reflection of its beams in every diversity of light and shade on mountain scenery, or of that flood of pure ethereal lustre, which it pours over the fine features of this romantic country. I wished that night, from the bottom of my heart, that I could prevail on Time "to give me back my youth," to rejoice even for a few hours with a real Anne Ratcliffe sort of romantic joy in the moon-lit mountain scenery of "the most beautiful of the Antilles," as Coleridge justly designates Grenada. But reasonable wishes are not always gratified: I kept gazing and gazing on the scene the live-long night, and now and then the ghost of a feeling of younger days would flit across my imagination, and the atmosphere around it would seem of a mellow mineral greenish vapour, somewhat like the tinge of Stanfield's moonlight views in the fairylands and enchanted islands of a melodrame.

At sunrise we came to anchor near the carenage.
The harbour is one of the finest and securest ports in the West Indies; and is so nearly encircled on all sides by hills, that from the adjacent heights it has the appearance of a lake completely land-locked. We made the best use we could of the short time we had to remain in this lovely island. The whole of our party, ladies and gentlemen, set out on foot for Upper Montserrat, in the neighbourhood of the governor's residence, under a broiling sun, and by a rugged mountain road, the steepness of whose ascent afforded us a foretaste of the amusements that were in store for us in Jamaica.

We were too much in the melting mood to pay our respects to his Excellency when we arrived at his exalted palace; for a palace it is, compared with any similar edifice in the smaller islands.

The eminence it stands on commands a splendid view of the surrounding country; names that are musical to Grecian ears are mentioned by African cicerones. The Vale of Tempe is pointed out on one hand, Corinth and Parnassus are indicated on the other. Shapeless masses of buildings are observed in the distance; and these, of course, the classic beholder takes for temples; but he is speedily informed they are trash-houses and grinding-mills, and that the vale of Tempe produces tolerable sugar-crops: Parnassus is remarkable for the excellence of its rum, and Corinth has fallen into the hands—neither of Persians nor Turks, Madam, but of a very promising attorney!

The scenery along this road is not only striking for its romantic features, but for the extraordinary variety and beauty of its vegetation. Half a furlong of the common hedge on this route would furnish shrubs and flowers, the wild natives of the soil, to fill a European hot-house, whose sickly inmates would shrink from a comparison with the gay prodigals of field and fence which lavish their sweetness here on the public road. Surely it is of this island, and not of Cuba, Colum-
bus ought to have spoken in his famous letter to King Ferdinand—"I had almost come to the resolution of staying here the remainder of my days; for believe me, Sire, these lands far surpass all the rest of the world in pleasure and convenience." On our return I took the ladies, whom I accompanied, to the first shelter that presented itself. We entered by mere accident a merchant's store, and requested permission to remain till the arrival of our Captain. The gentleman I addressed very politely conducted us to his drawing-room, where we were shortly joined by some of the gentlemen of our party, and had the first opportunity of witnessing that frank and hearty hospitality which is still characteristic of the old inhabitants of the West Indies. I was sorry to learn from this gentleman that the colony was in any thing but a prosperous condition; that the few merchants that are there remain more from feelings of attachment to a country in which they have been long settled, than from any prospects of commercial improvement, which must necessarily depend on the agricultural prosperity of the colony. The cause of this decline is similar to that in operation in most of the other islands.

The evils of slavery are probably less oppressively felt in Grenada than any of the neighbouring colonies. The few negroes that are here are kindly treated, and being so, as might be expected, their conduct is orderly and industrious. Nevertheless, Mr. Everard and myself talked with many, but with none who did not express their joy and gratitude, in terms not to be mistaken, on the subject of their approaching freedom. The coloured inhabitants have always been peculiarly favoured in this island; and the liberality of the legislature of Grenada happily affords the traveller an opportunity of commending the spirit of moderation that has guided the councils of one of our colonies, in respect to the privileges of the free people of colour in this island.
George Town, the chief town, has some very excellent houses; but the difficulty is to get at them. George Town is a precinct of hills and valleys, studded with houses squeezed together in some places, and denominated streets;—scattered in others, a little more apart, and called a square or market-place. The island is about twenty-four miles in length, and twelve in breadth, but narrowing at its extremities. The fertility of the soil, it was formerly thought, surpassed that of any other of the Caribbean islands, as did the quality and variety of its trees. It contains about 80,000 acres of land, 50,000 of which were said to be in cultivation about forty years ago. The quantity now cultivated, I believe, is considerably less. The market of George Town is abundantly supplied with fruit and vegetables. Like all the other children of Mr. Johnny Newcome's family, I nearly killed myself devouring the former, and only regretted I had still to leave a great many varieties untasted.

I do not think the fruits of the East are to be compared with those of the West Indies. I doubt if the Garden of the Hesperides could have boasted of such a profusion of golden tints, and such a variety of delicious flavors. In the order of their excellence, let me regale your Ladyship's fancy with their enumeration:—the imperial shaddock,* "the grace and ornament" of a dessert, in the West Indies; the luscious granadilla, which none but Creole hands can duly prepare with sugar and Madeira; the melting avocado pear, which it is forbidden to eat without salt and pepper; the delicate anana, which must be tasted in the birth-place of the pine-apple, to understand the benefit that Ripley, the Jamaica planter, has conferred on the epicurean world; the mellifluous naisberry, which, like the meldar, and some other fruits of precocious

* The shaddock was brought here by Captain Shaddock from the East Indies. The pine-apple was found in all the West Indies by Columbus, we are informed by Martyr.
qualities in fashionable hot-beds, must be yellow at the
core before it is mature: the full-grown pomegranate
must not be forgotten, teeming with liquid rubies, and
reminding the Eastern epicurean of the golden fruit,
which grows (on the authority of Mahomet) on that
extraordinary tree Tuba, which grows in Paradise close
to the Prophet's house, and is continually bending
down its branches, to present the passers-by with
grapes, dates, and pomegranates, "of size and taste
unknown to mortals;" and, lastly, the blooming man-
go, whose exquisite hue is like the blush on the bash-
ful cheek of a maiden of fifteen; and finally, indeed,
the agro-dolce admixture of the star-apple and orange,
which stands not the proof of Seneca's test of whole-
someness, for the eating of the same may be a pleasant
thing to-day, but by no means agreeable to-morrow.

If it were not that I have a certain loving respect for
beefsteaks and boiled mutton, and a wholesome apprehen-
sion of all crude vegetable diet, I would daily break-
fast, dine, and sup on the fruits of the West Indies.—
I meant to have written a very learned letter about the
Carib Aborigines of Grenada; but I find I have talked
so much of fruits and prospects, that I have forgotten
the country. Columbus discovered the island in 1498.
It was inhabited by a fierce and warlike tribe of Caribs,
who gave so little encouragement to the Spanish adven-
turers, that no Europeans settled here till the
French established themselves in 1651.

The French general, on landing, being apprehensive
of resistance, had recourse to the fanaticism of his
Spanish predecessors, to spirit up the enthusiasm of
his followers. These followers were a host of desper-
adoes from the different French islands, and their ob-
ject was the plunder and extermination of the natives.

The general erected a crucifix on the shore, and caus-
ing his commanders to receive the sacrament, in the
midst of the assembled troops, the blessing of God
was invoked on the work taken in hand, for the sake
of the true religion, and the suppression of heathenism.

Du Tertre, the historian of those times, relates, with becoming respect, the solemnities of the occasion, and gravely describes the purchase of the country from the savages "for some knives and hatchets, and a large quantity of glass beads, besides two bottles of brandy for the chief himself;—and thus," adds the grave historian, "the island was fairly ceded by the natives themselves to the French nation, in lawful purchase!"

The original titles to nearly all the West Indies, belonging to the different European powers, are of a similar nature. Knives, hatchets, beads, and brandy, purchased a footing in these lands; and in a little time bullets and sword-blades secured possession of them. Even Columbus himself seldom permitted an attack on the natives, without an attempt at a preliminary purchase; and when the time had arrived for war, without an appeal to Heaven for a blessing on the arms of the merciless invaders. Nay, when he first broached the project of his voyage to the Queen Isabella, we are told by Washington Irving, "he proposed that the profits which might accrue from his discoveries should be consecrated to a crusade for the rescue of the holy sepulchre." And when the discoveries were made, (see the same authority,) in his anxiety to lighten the expenses of the Crown, he recommended that the natives of the Caribbean islands, being cannibals, should be captured and sold as slaves, or exchanged with merchants for live-stock and other necessary supplies.—"For," he observed, "by transmitting these infidels to Europe, where they would have the benefit of Christian instruction, there would be so many souls snatched from perdition, and so many converts gained to the faith." The sanctimony of fraud is the deception that is above all hypocrisy. Religion itself is not too holy a garment for a cloak to slavery, and the rights of nations are not too sacred for the fingers of fanaticism.
when gold is to be acquired, and the soil is to be stolen, for the spiritual advantages of its unfortunate inhabitants. And all this is accomplished as if God was to be deceived, because nature was to be outraged for a little time with impunity.

The poor Caribs were not slow in discovering that the hatchets, the knives, the glass beads, and the two bottles of brandy, were a small equivalent for their fertile lands. They went to war with their invaders, or at least their resistance to fraud afforded a pretext for making war on them; and, like most of the wars with the Indians, it was one of extermination on the part of the invaders. The Caribs utterly perished in the struggle. The last of their unfortunate race were pursued to a precipice, where they threw themselves into the sea, men and women, without exception. The French, with the plaisanterie of a people who have a turn for facetiousness in the most frightful times, and on the most appalling occasions, gave the spot where the Caribs perished, the name of "Le Morne des Sautours," and the precipice still bears the appellation of "The Hill of the Jumpers."

I have the honour to be,

Madam,

Your very obliged servant,

R. R. M.
LETTER VII.

GRENADA.

To C. Holland, Esq.

Jamaica, January 30, 1834.

My dear Sir,

Like others whose connexions are deeply interested in the welfare of these colonies, you cannot, I presume, be indifferent to the condition, past or present, of any one of them. A single fact may serve for an epitome of the history of Grenada for the last half century:

In 1776 the exports amounted to £600,000

In 1831 they had decreased to 331,000

though the slave population had very much increased in that interval. It is the fashion to believe, and writers in the face of facts are constantly asserting, that the ruin of the colonies has been occasioned by the abolition of the slave-trade in 1807, and the contemplation of the more recent abolition of the system in 1834. If such be the case, how does it happen that the slave population in 1805, in Jamaica, two years before the Act for preventing the importation of negroes, amounted only to 280,000, whilst in 1834 it exceeded 330,000? In Grenada the fact is still more obvious. The slave population in 1805 was 20,000, in 1831 it was 24,145; whilst the exports are little more than one-half of what they were in 1776, when the slaves amounted to only 18,293. In Grenada the same natural causes, combined with accidental ones, over which human governments have no control, produce the same unfortunate effects that they do elsewhere in the West Indian co-
The West Indies. 50

It is sufficient to enumerate a few of these visitations in the short space of time between 1766 to 1794, which have contributed to bring ruin on Grenada. In 1771 George Town was consumed by a dreadful fire, the loss by which is estimated at £200,000 sterling. It was rebuilt, and again totally destroyed by fire in 1775, by which destruction the loss is estimated at £100,000; and in 1792 another conflagration in the same town destroyed property to the amount of about £100,000: so here is destruction by fire alone in twenty-three years approaching the sum of a million sterling. In 1770 the most destructive agent the colony had yet suffered from made its appearance in Grenada—the sugar-ant. It is singular that in the same year they made their appearance in Antigua, carrying ruin and devastation over the island. The sugar-canes, which they principally selected for their nests, were utterly destroyed by them. Various means were tried ineffectually to destroy them: arsenic, corrosive sublimate, fire, &c.; of these the arsenic was most successful. Nevertheless, serious thoughts were entertained by many of abandoning the colony, "but the same divine power" (says Coke), "which brought the plague upon the people, provided for their deliverance from it." The hurricane of 1780 effected this deliverance. But whether Eolus heard any thing in the caves of the Caribbean of the reward of £20,000 offered by the legislature of Grenada, a little previously, for the discovery of the means of destroying the ant, does not appear. The loss, however, during the ten years of this plague was incalculable; indeed I might say irremediable. In 1780 the hurricane that destroyed the ants devastated the island, and desolated many of those plantations which had survived the shock of the earthquake of 1766.

In 1794 the pestilence of yellow fever commenced its havoc, and for four years ravaged the unfortunate colony; so that, in the words of Dr. Chisholm, the
Inspector-General of the Medical Department, "Every house was considered the abode of death; and men long resident in the climate, who considered themselves secure against the diseases incidental to it, found there was no security against the indiscriminating malignity of this contagion. The young and the old, the habituated and the unaccustomed to the climate, the temperate and the dissipated, equally suffered by it. People who had carefully avoided the sources of infection hitherto, and hardly ever visited the town since the beginning of the pestilence, now perceived that the seclusion had only warded off, not prevented, the evil hour. The disease pervaded every quarter of the town; the fortresses as usual, and the ships, particularly the hospital-ships, becoming sinks of pestilence; while the resort of low dissipation seemed to possess the disease in a degree of contagion almost peculiar to themselves. And while the calamity threatened universal destruction, an unhappy contrariety of opinions, and a want of decision in the measures pursued, prevented the general mind from perceiving or adopting the means of eradicating the disease."

The accurate description of one virulent pestilence might serve for the general outline of all its forms; and whether the medical observer has to describe the outbreak, progress, and result of yellow fever, of plague, or cholera, he has the same general phenomena to give to the disease; the same indefinite notions of its origin to observe, the same ignorance of its nature to lament; the same conflicting advocacy of its contagious and non-contagious properties to sicken at the sound of; to notice the same leading symptoms of the sudden depression of the vital powers, the same fatal prognosis of the collapse, the same prevailing disorder in the public mind, the same perplexity in medical opinion, the same ignorance of the disease, and, in the majority of its attacks, the same event—death.

And as the pestilence happens to embody its miasma
in any peculiar form determined by local influence,—an inflammatory fever in the West Indies, a congestive fever in the Levant, or an asthenic one in Hindostan, or where else it may have travelled,—call the disease yellow fever, plague, or cholera, as the poison may be determined to the gastric and cerebral organs, or to the glandular system, or to the mucous membrane of the alimentary canal—the medical observer has to describe a pestilence that originates he knows not how; that first visits the abodes of wretchedness and squalor, and disappears for a season, or diminishes in virulence to return again and expand its fury over the community at large; that is most fatal at its outbreaks, and least so, compared with the number of cases, as it declines; that appears to destroy life by its sudden seizure on the nervous energy; and like the poison of the rattlesnake, though in a less concentrated form, to exert its baneful influence at once on the very principle of life, and to baffle the physician "who chocks his art" to arrest its progress, and to do with physic what nothing but the regulations of a medical police can accomplish,—to prevent its dissemination by placing its strong holds under the influence of pure air and clean water, by undertaking the direction of the immediate burial of its victims; and lastly, (whatever ridicule may attach to the suggestion of one who has only some acquaintance with each form of the pestilence to oppose to prevalent opinions,) to obviate danger, to avoid disagreeable effects that may arise from causes independently of any specific contagion, by destroying in every instance the bed and bedding of its victims. It behooves me to pull up—I am on the verge of medical politics, and none but fools and tyros rush where doctors fear to tread.

I was endeavouring to show you that Grenada had suffered from various calamities which have subsequently affected her prosperity, when I galloped off after the yellow fever and its prototypes.

After the extermination of the Caribs, the colony did
not prosper; the rapacity of governors, and the turbulence of the governed, impeded the improvement that might have been expected after the destruction of the natives—expected at least by those who calculate on crimes and rely on their success for the durability of their advantages. One governor, more rapacious than his predecessors, became the instrument of nature's retribution, and in his turn the victim of popular exasperation. His excesses had driven the most respectable of the inhabitants from the island, but those who remained put the obnoxious governor on his trial; and after some form of a judicial character he was condemned and executed. The process of disposing of unpopular governors was more summary in those times than it is at present. The Grenada governor was executed by his subjects in 1650; the governor of Barbadoes was executed by his successor in 1631; the governor of Antigua was executed by the people in 1710, being the last I believe who suffered in the Colonies. At the present period, when a governor becomes obnoxious, the colonists are content to try his patience; and when he is very unpopular, to gibbet his character, and draw and quarter his proceedings. It does not appear that the persons implicated in the transactions at Barbadoes, Grenada, or Antigua, were in anywise troubled for the little liberties they had taken with their rulers. In the two last instances it must be admitted, if the conduct of the governors be fairly represented, the home governments should have brought them to justice, and saved the colonists that trouble.

In 1763, the island by treaty was ceded to us. In 1779, it was again restored to the French. In 1783, it finally became a British colony.

We no sooner became masters of the island than religious dissensions unfortunately rose between the Catholics and the Protestants, the French and English settlers. These dissensions for many years distracted the Colony and greatly hindered its prosperity. The
British government so early as 1768 had admitted the claims of the Roman Catholics of Grenada; and in this little island the justice of the question of religious liberty was recognised by the British government more than a century and a half before its expediency was discovered to be applicable to the claims of the Roman Catholics at home.

The governor at that period in Grenada had lent all his private influence to the opponents of the Catholics, and defeated the success of the measure his duty was to see carried into effect. The effects of this opposition was felt in the island for many years after his departure or recall. The usual moderation of the people of Grenada at length prevailed over their prejudices, dissensions abated, and their Catholic fellow-subjects, like the people of colour, when subsequently admitted to their privileges, proved themselves by their conduct entitled to the benefits conferred on them; and, like all benefits, the better appreciated for being timely and liberally bestowed.

There is a circumstance connected with the early history of this island, which throws a great deal of light on the nature and embarrassments attending the settlement of slave countries. Who is it that hears of the declining prosperity of Grenada, that does not attribute that decline to the effects of the abolition of the slave-trade in 1807? Yet here are the embarrassments of the colonists and the mortgage of their plantations referred to a period of thirty odd years before the abolition, and sixty years prior to the present time.

When the island fell into our hands, the character of the soil and the exaggerated accounts that had spread abroad of the fortunes amassed by the French cultivators, induced our colonists to purchase estates far beyond their value. This led to a loan from the northern country, secured by mortgages on the land to the amount of nearly a million and a half. When the time of payment came round, the planters were unable to meet
their engagements. The legislative body in their embarrassment had recourse to a procedure which neither law nor usage sanctioned. They passed an Act in 1774 declaring that the original term of the loans for eight months should be prolonged: that the amount should be paid in five instalments, the last of which should become due in two years and eight months.

There was no little naïveté in the circumstance of an assemblage of debtors legislating for the regulation of the claims of their creditors, and making laws at their convenience for the postponement of their engagements. The voice of the British parliament soon reached Grenada, and put a stop to the new experiment in commercial transactions. The colonists, however, the same year had a triumph to set off against their disappointment on this occasion. A judgment in the cause which they had instituted against the Crown in the Court of King's Bench, respecting the imposition of the four and a half per cent. duties on their produce, was pronounced in their favour; and the duties were accordingly abolished.

The returns of the population at six periods from 1776 to 1831 may be taken as some criterion of the condition of the colony for the last fifty years.

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There are twelve little islands near to Grenada, called the Grenadines, all of which, I believe, with the exception of Curaçao, are under the government of St. Vincent. These islands are said to be remarkable for the salubrity of the air and the fertility of the soil of some of them, especially Curaçao, which contains about six or seven thousand acres of land, and at the
time of the cession of these islands yielded about £10,000 sterling in cotton produce. The cultivation now, I understand, is very limited, and this is attributed to the want of water. The dearth of rain, and the drying up of streams and springs, I have heard frequently stated as the cause of abandoning lands that have formerly been cultivated. This is particularly the case in Jamaica. When I have inquired why large tracts of land, in the vicinity even of Kingston and St. Andrews, have been allowed to become waste, I have been told the springs have failed, or the wells have dried up; and the expense of digging new ones in a country where labour is so valuable, is too great to be encountered. The practice of boring for water, that has been found so successful in Egypt as to have induced Mr. Briggs, one of the most public-spirited of British merchants, to sustain the whole expense of that operation in various parts of Egypt that have hitherto been desert for want of wells, is, I may say, wholly unknown here, or, at least, untried, except in one or two instances, and under unfavourable circumstances. I cannot conceive a benefit more calculated to be serviceable to the Colonies than would arise from the operation of boring for water, not only for the purposes of vegetation, but for the use of cattle and domestic wants, if carried on, on a scale commensurate with the wants of so many large tracts of country, now lying waste from the cause I have just mentioned. The planters say, and I believe truly, the expense of getting out competent persons at the present time is an insuperable bar to the experiment. I am quite sure if the government was aware of the advantages that would accrue from it, the experiment would be tried, and that its expense would amply repay the trifling outlay that it would be necessary to make for the purpose.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours, very truly,

R. R. M.

6
LETTER VIII.

A BOARDING-HOUSE.

To Dr. JAMES JOHNSON.

Kingston, Jamaica, Feb. 10, 1834.

MY DEAR SIR,

On the morning of our landing at Kingston, we had a slight shock of an earthquake for our harbinger, which was considered an appropriate introduction for persons holding our appointments. The playful press of Jamaica lost no time in squibbing us on our arrival; and one more sportive than his cotemporaries complimented Mr. Stanley on the selection he had made of a set of sleek, smooth-featured, stalwart, Irish parish-priest-faced fellows, tolerably well-fed looking whiglings (he must surely have viewed me through a magnifying lens of considerable power), sent out expressly to live on the fat of the land, and to feed and fatten at the expense of the poor colonists. He was sure we would take the observation in perfect good-humour; but lest it should ruffle us in the smallest degree, he quoted a good many passages from the Scriptures to show the identity of whigling functionaries with spoilers, strangers, plunderers, and various other kinds of political locusts scattered over the land. Several little plaisanteries of this sort enlivened the monotony of the first five or six weeks of our sojourn in Kingston: we needed the enlivenment, for we soon found the fat of our own land oozing out, like the courage of Bob Acres, at our fingers' ends, and the acquisition of the fat of our new land draining our purses with wonder-
ful quickness to their bottoms. My boarding-house expenses were only twelve pounds currency a week; incidental ones, about three more; but as I was a married man, I was assured I had no right to grumble: it was, however, only double the amount per annum of my salary; but what gentleman of any figure would deign to live within his income in the West Indies?

I believe Jamaica to be the dearest country in the world: all European commodities are nearly double the price they are at home; yet the market at Kingston is most plentifully supplied with vegetables, fruit, fish, and flesh meat. The price of fish is 10d. currency a lb.; beef, the same; mutton, 1s. 8d.; turtle, 1s. 3d.;—one shilling and eight pence currency being one shilling sterling. Vegetables I should think are three times the price they are with us; fruit is cheaper, and bread, if any thing, dearer. The items in house-keeping that swell the expense of living so enormously, are chiefly for foreign commodities. But probably it is the first great expense of furnishing a house, which bears so heavily on the charges of lodgings and house-rent. The greatest expense of all, however, in Jamaica, is that of travelling; for the short distance of thirteen miles from Kingston to Spanish Town, the lowest charge is six dollars; and from Kingston to Morant Bay, about forty miles, I have been asked twenty-seven dollars,—about five pounds ten shillings sterling! all the other routes are in the same exhorbitant proportion. The prosperity of the island has woefully altered, but the prices have undergone no change.

The monetary system contributes a great deal to keep up prices: Spanish coin is the circulating medium in the British colonies in the West Indies: the lowest coin is five-pence, and the difference between currency and sterling money is so perplexing, and the process of reducing the one into the other so complicated, that none but residents of long standing in the
island are competent to form any thing like a correct idea of the relative value of Spanish and British money. All classes—except the Jews, who abound in Kingston, and drive a very profitable trade in dollars and doubloons,—acknowledge the evil; but the wealth—I mean the hard specie of Jamaica—is rapidly passing into the coffers of this people, and they are powerful enough to maintain the present system; a system more ruinous to the colony than any persons but the merchants have any idea of.

I have given one of my friends a little sketch of a hotel in Barbadoes; the following is a short one of a boarding-house in Kingston:—

The stranger, on his arrival, is conducted (perhaps like myself) to a first-rate establishment in East Street: his conductor draws up before a large mansion of an imposing exterior, with a multiplicity of windows, on which the late war has evidently conferred no taxes, or at least none effecting the transmission of light or the sea-breeze,—which is so essential to health and comfort, that Mr. Pitt should have been ashamed of himself for neglecting to lay a duty on its enjoyment. The stranger is ushered into a wilderness of a saloon, which runs in extent from front to rear, with the exception of a narrow gallery at either extremity, the whole breadth of the building. The saloon is destitute of windows; but there is no dearth of doors on either side, and these lead to the bed-rooms. Carpets, window-curtains, grates, and hangings, are, very properly, no part of the paraphernalia of the saloon; but, in lieu of these, the stranger slides, at the risk of his neck, over a highly-polished floor; and sits down as he imagines, at the peril of his life, in a state of liquefaction, in a thorough draft, and for the prevention of cold makes his first call for a glass of sangaree; and in the course of half an hour, to obviate the heat, which is fusing his yet "too solid flesh," he is advised to have recourse to the old, simple, unadulterated,
"and best beverage after all"—plain water diluted with brandy:—and, before he goes to dinner, to give him an appetite, and dissipate the confounded languor that clogs his energies, he cannot decline a small wine-glass full of bitters mixed with Madeira.

He very properly pays his respects, before he dines, to the lady of the house;—on Mohammed's principle of going to the mountain, which will not come to him, he accordingly presents himself before the figure of a stout young gentlewoman, seated in the end gallery, who scarcely moves as he approaches. The stranger is afraid she is an invalid: he asks the way to the dinner-room; the lady points with her chin to the apartment; he fears the poor young woman is a mute; he determines to ascertain the fact:—"I presume, Ma'am, you are the lady of the house?"—The young woman again points her chin in the direction of an old emaciated brown lady, stalking through the courtyard;—"What would your gracious figure intimate by that?" asks the stranger, with an inquiring glance. The young woman moves her lips, and, in due time, she deliberately articulates two words:—"My mother."

Why the deuce, thinks the stranger, could she not say so at first, instead of sitting with her hands behind her back, and poking out her chin, to avoid the trouble of pointing with her finger?

Well, the dinner-table is prepared in one of the end galleries, with all the jaloussies thrown open to admit the breezes; the wine-bottles are dripping in the window in their cotton bags; the gentlemen are mustering in their white jackets, and the poor ladies plying their cambric handkerchiefs; while the brown waiters, like feathered Mercuries in a galloping decline, are doing violence to the laws of nature in the West Indies; and some invisible agent is accelerating their movements on the stairs, till the dinner is at length served up.

King James says, in one of his treatises, if he were
to invite the devil to dinner, he would have three things for his entertainment,—"a pig, a poll of ling, and a pipe of tobacco for digestion." Were it my painful duty to entertain his Satanic Majesty, I would set before him three dishes, common enough in the West Indies—pigeons, prawns, and pickled salmon; and if these did not astonish his "digesture," I don't know what would.

King-fish and turtle, beef and mutton mystified in various shapes, prawns and roasted pigeons, yams and sweet potatoes, calaloo and garden-egg, and various other delicacies are tried, commended and despatched; and believe me, sir, an alderman on a voyage of discovery, like the late Sir William Curtis, in his cruise in the Mediterranean, in quest of culinary novelties, might travel a great deal farther than Jamaica and fare infinitely worse, whether in a boarding-house or at a private table.

The attendance, however, is not equal to the fare. Once the stranger looses sight of the waiters, black or brown, he may bid adieu to the light of their greasy countenances, perhaps for hours to come. He may knock the table till he is tired, shout till he is hoarse—(ring a bell he cannot); he may call Ned, Frank, Cupid, or Columbus—ay, he may call niggers from the kitchen's depths, but, query, will they come? till at last after apostrophising them as "waiters!" "boys!" "black fellows!" and "you rascals there!" he winds up with a magical noun substantive of the congregative kind—"Somebody I say there!" and after a decent interval, the die-away tones of the drawling voice of the stout lady below stairs are heard in the interesting inquiry of—"Will nobody come there?" and lo and behold! at last everybody does come, at the rate of a brown-hunt, which is about a step and a half in ten seconds.

But if the intelligent stranger has two grains of sense, or an atom of consideration for his lungs or temper, he will never think of calling for a thing which he
can possibly do without, because the odds are against his getting what he calls for at the time he wants it, and the chances are two to one that he does not get it at all.

After dinner he probably indulges in a porter-cup, which is a very grateful drink in the West Indies; and as “half a bottle of Madeira or so can never do a man any harm in a hot climate,” he indulges in that small quantity, and terminates the labours of the day with a little weak brandy-and-water, because others do the same; and the people of all countries are the best judges of the mode of living in their own climates, which is best adapted to them.

He and his party begin to be drowsy and tired of each other about nine o'clock; there is a good deal of lolling on sofas, a little folding of hands, a very general yawning, and a considerable contraction in the circulating medium of ideas in the social circle. The gentlemen think much and say little; but there is a growing disposition in some quarters to kick the waiters for not answering to their names like good waiters and true. However, they arrive at last with candles in their hands, like Diogenes in search of honest gentlemen to lead them to their chambers. There is a variety of felicia seras and bona nottes, as tedious as Don Basilius, and some of them as spitefully courteous and provokingly civil. Good night, Mrs. Mac—! I hope the mosquitos will not quite devour you! Pleasant slumbers, Mrs. M—! I trust that cockroaches in bedrooms are not very disagreeable to you! Good night, Major—pray take care how you walk without your slippers; these jiggers, you know, produce frightful consequences! Soft repose to you, Doctor—roasted pigeons and crude prawns!—horrible concatenation of ideas for a man of a weak stomach!—I hope we may see you in the morning! Good night, Captain D—, I hope there is no truth in that report in the papers, of
three cases of spontaneous combustion last week arising from the excessive heat.

Pleasant dreams, Mr. C——! if you should feel any unpleasant effects from that pain in the back of your head, which you complained of in the broiling sun this morning, pray fail not to call me—strokes of the sun are no jokes in Jamaica, my good Lieutenant!

A pleasant introduction to your night-cap, worthy Colonel——. For God’s sake don’t forget to brush out your mosquito-net, my Columbian, and wrap a wet towel about your nose, to promote evaporation, and prevent a recurrence of that accident which happened to it from the sting of the scorpion at Rio de la Hache.

Ah, Mr. E——, bon soir—bon repos, Mon Ami, “dormez—dormez toujours bien”—as you have just been singing for the stout gentlewoman in the gallery—but if you do sleep well, you must be constituted like M. Chaubert, the fire-king; for your bed-chamber is situated over the boiling-house, where they are making decoctions of soap-suds all day long. A pleasant night to you, my dear fellow! I hope you will not find the open window too much for you; or if you would prefer a blanket or two to the ordinary covering here, pray send to me for as many as you want.

Well, the last stranger has left “the banquet-hall deserted,” and in the words of an unpublishable poem:—

“[It is the hour,
When churchyards yawn, and demons lower,
And the confounded roaches cock
Crawls o’er the bed that’s made of flock;
And vile mosquitos pierce the net
That is not made of jaconet;
And horrid aunts, in lengthen’d train,
March up your sheets and down again;
When watchful strangers to and fro
Are tossing, and would gladly know
At what degree of Fahrenheit
A man may get a slumber light:]”
And fain would greet the morning gun,
To drown the buzz his ears doth strum,—
Or hear a Charley cry, 'Move on,'
And tell the world 'Tis half-past one!
But gas proclaims 'night's cheerless noon,'
To not a 'minion of the moon,'
In Negroland—and one must lie
Awake, in darkness—as did I
Full many a night at that long hour
When incubi exert their power;
And supper-eaters go to rest,
And dream of mountains on their breast;
And Indigestion has unfurl'd
Her flag o'er half the white-faced world.''

The poor gentleman, who, in the simplicity of his heart, believes he has retired to his chamber for the enjoyment of that blessing which Sancho was so grateful for the invention of, betakes himself to bed. He finds himself in a wilderness of sheets. He at first imagines the pillows have been placed in the wrong position, for the latitude of the bed is exactly where the longitude is in other Christian countries; but the natives, he presumes, would say the custom is Caribbean, because prolongation is not so essential to comfort in a hot climate for European limbs, as lateral extension.

He is particularly careful in tucking in the mosquito curtains, and defending his head and face with the solitary sheet that covers him from the detestable tormentors of man and beast in the West Indies. He is beginning to drop off, when a slight humming attracts attention, and then a nip which feels like the point of a sharp needle running into his cuticle. He probably deems a single mosquito has eluded his vigilance; he brushes away the humming musician from about his ears. In a few minutes the slight hum is increased to an insupportable buzz; the stranger sweeps his hand over his face, and while he is so doing, his hand gets most confoundedly bitten; he slaps his own face—he boxes his own ears in endeavouring to get rid of the tor-
mentors, and the less successful is the result; who more he slaps and the louder the sound of the assault; till at length he gets into a passion, and then farewell to peace or comfort! The buzzing noise of the horrible insects appears louder than ever, the bites more tormenting, the sufferer lies perdu, choleric as the very deuce, irritable as a recently skinned eel, or an American after a perusal of the Strictures of the amiable Mrs. Trollope. Once more "he addresses himself to sleep," but Somnus turns a deaf ear to the address: he fancies he hears a voice in every buzz cry, "Stranger, sleep no more!" Mosquitos murder sleep, and strangers murder them; and, therefore, they shall sleep no more!

Such being the case, he rises with the mocking-bird, the lark of the West Indies, (some will have it the nightingale,) and takes an hour's exercise in the cool of the morning on horseback if he is a great man, and a busha, but on foot if he is only a poor walkandnyam, —a very significant negroism for a white man who has the sin of poverty and pedestrianism to answer for in Jamaica. He breakfasts at eight, and he performs the same ceremony again at twelve, at a very substantial meal, pleasantly called second breakfast, where hot dishes are set before him; and brandy-and-water, and sangaree stiff enough, as Tom Cringle would say, "to float a marlin-spike," are liberally provided and partaken of. I verily believe this second breakfast system does incalculable mischief to the health of individuals, and to the peace of the community. Gentlemen of Jamaica, you say your second breakfast is but a lunch, that it is a frugal and slight repast. Gentlemen, I grant you that it is so in all well-regulated families: but you are the exceptions to the rule, as much so as the temperance and mental cultivation of some of the many overseers of my acquaintance are exceptions to the habits and bearing of the body I allude to. But, gentlemen, what makes the necessity for these second break-
fasts—your six o'clock dinners?—and what analogy, may I ask, do you find between the climate of Jamaica and that of England, that you should travel to London for its fashionable hours, when you are living in a country whose climate prescribes its own mode of living, and its own suitable times for taking food? In Egypt, the English residents invariably dine at noon, and neither sangaree nor brandy-and-water are found necessary to resist the debilitating effects of a hot climate, or prevent the diseases incidental to it. In Italy, the inhabitants generally dine at two o'clock; in America, at four; but in Jamaica, forsooth, it is unfashionable to dine before six, and the influence of fashion prevails over the dictates of common sense. But, gentlemen, you will tell me the cool of the evening is the fittest time for dinner; in return, let me ask, is the heat of the day the fittest time for second breakfast?—but you have reduced it to a slight repast. All I have to say is, reduce it still further, and you will benefit your health;—abolish it altogether, and your example will benefit the community. Answer me honestly, is there one of you, gentlemen, if life or fortune were at the disposal of a jury, would prefer to commit your cause to that jury after the enjoyment of a second breakfast, rather than before it? Is there one of you who, indeed, could for a moment descend to the condition of a slave, and, lowered to that level, would say it were a matter of indifference to you, whether you had to account to the overseer for your conduct before or after the enjoyment of his second breakfast? Gentlemen of Jamaica, whatever be your faults, truth and honesty I believe to be the foremost of your virtues; and I know, pretty surely, what your answers would be to both these questions.

But, as the lawyers say, I am travelling from the record, and have almost forgotten the stranger and the thousand and one miseries of a Kingston boarding-house. The last, but not the least, of these, is the appearance
of the bill. Next to a doctor's, a boarding-house account is the most bewildering of all bills; the visits in the one, and the mere lodgings in the other, appear reasonable enough; the large items are expected and understood, but the long catalogue of small ones, the innumerable extras, the illegible writing, the hieroglyphical figures, baffle investigation. The gentleman regards "the sum total," with a most Hume-ified aspect, and he stands for some minutes "in the attitude" (to quote the words of the eloquent Sir Boyle Roche) "of a crocodile, with his hands in his breeches pockets," perplexed in the extreme.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours, very truly,

R. R. M.
LETTER IX.

KINGSTON.

To T. F. Savory, Esq.

Liguanea, St. Andrews,
March 1, 1834.

My dear Sir,

I am about to play "The Flying Dutchman" with your spirit, to convey it on a horizontal sunbeam from its paradise, in all the delightful coolness and freshness of the Regent's Park,—"to bathe it in fiery floods" of tropical heat in the oven of Jamaica—the goodly town of Kingston. Before we start, "pray you undo that button," and doff your great coat, if you would broil with any comfort in the West Indies.

There are two points of view of Kingston, neither of which will compensate the traveller for the toil and turmoil of a voyage of five thousand miles; one from the harbour at some distance from Port-Royal; another from the mountains of Liguanea, about seven miles from the shore, and two or three thousand feet above the level of the sea. But either of these points of view will furnish the traveller with a prospect, which, in all probability, if he has not seen Constantinople from the sea-side, or Jerusalem from the summit of the Mount of Olives, he will consider the finest he can imagine, and the best worth a ride of three hours, or a sail of seven miles, of any scenery he has beheld.

From the sea, as you enter the harbour on one side, you have the fort and remnant of that proud and opu
lent city of Port-Royal, whose riches are now buried in the deep, and the traces of its once stately buildings are only to be sought and seen in the sands on the sea-shore. The long strip of land that runs from the town of Port-Royal in an easterly direction till it passes Kingston, bends gradually in towards the shore at Rockfort, and terminates in a complete enclosure one of the finest mercantile havens in the world. On the opposite side you have a range of undulating country of about seven miles in extent, from the Apostle's Battery to Kingston, with a back-ground of lofty mountains clothed with luxurious verdure, and rising gradually from the verge of the shore, on which the city of Kingston is situated. But, like Stamboul, when the traveller lands here, the glory of the prospect is soon forgotten; the distant beauty of the varied buildings vanishes before the sight of streets without a plan, houses without the semblance of architecture, lanes and alleys without cleanliness and convenience, and the principal thoroughfares ploughed up into water-courses, and the foundations of the houses literally undermined, or the level of the streets on which they are situated lowered from two to four feet below the foundation. The sand, which the torrents carry down and deposite in the streets, is occasionally shifted when the route is very much cut up by the heavy rains; and this is the only reparation which streets or roads undergo in Jamaica. The effects of this lowering of the level of the streets, and undermining of the front foundations of the houses, and consequently of the shattered appearance of the greater number of them, gives Kingston the aspect of a ruined city that has been recently abandoned. It is impossible to form any idea of an inhabited town so desolate and so decayed. Yet this is the principal town, though not the capital of the island. Its decadence arises not from the actual inability of restoring or improving it, but from the indolent inanity of a corporation that is powerless for any good
or useful purpose. The evil genius of municipal arrogance and imbecility presides over its slumbers.

In this city, however, dilapidated and desolate as it is, there are a number of merchants from the mother-country, opulent and respectable, of whom I might speak in the language I have used in speaking of the British merchants of Alexandria:—"Tyre of old might vaunt of her merchants, and say of them they were princes;—but British commerce has to boast of a prouder distinction,—of the purpled pre-eminence of mercantile honour and integrity, linked with the natural nobility of private worth and excellence. The merchants of England may not indeed be princes; but right royal gentlemen are they in every quarter of the globe in which I have had the pleasure to find them."

The public buildings of Kingston are commodious, and that is all in the way of commendation I can say for them. The places of worship are numerous and well-attended; there are two Protestant churches, two Catholic chapels, and several Baptist and Wesleyan places of worship. But there is one chapel of the former denomination on the windward road, the clergyman of which is a negro, of the name of Kellick,—a pious, well-behaved, honest man, who, in point of intelligence, and the application of scriptural knowledge to the ordinary duties of his calling, and the business of life, might stand a comparison with many more highly-favoured by the advantages of their education and standing in society. I was first induced to attend this man's chapel from motives of curiosity, not unmixed I fear with feelings of contempt for the black parson: I confess, after I had heard him for a short while expound the Scriptures, and prescribe to his congregation (all of whom were negroes like himself) their duties as Christian subjects and members of society, and then his earnest and humble petition to the Almighty for a blessing on his little flock, and the
hymn which closed the service, in which the congregation joined in one loud, but very far indeed from a discordant strain, I felt, if the pomp and circumstances of religious worship were wanting here to enlist the senses on the side of devotion, there were motives in this place, and an influence in the ministry of this man, (however he might have been called to it, or by whatever forms fitted for its duties,) which were calculated to induce the white man "who came to scoff," "to remain to pray."

The income of the poor black parson is very scanty; his congregation consists of about one hundred and fifty, each of whom pay him five-pence currency a week, or about one hundred pounds sterling per annum, for his own support and the expenses of his chapel. The building, I am sorry to add, is in very bad repair; and, as poor Kellick is looked upon as an interloper by all parties, he gets no assistance from any. I wish you would endeavour to make his case known in some proper quarter.

Independent of the English, Irish, and the Scotch residents here, the various classes of the community are the native Creoles, the French emigrants from St. Domingo, the Spanish settlers from the Main, the Jews, the free-coloured population, and the negro slaves;—I beg their pardon, the apprenticed labourers. There is therefore a multiplicity of complexions, a multiplicity of creeds, a multiplicity of tongues, and, most unfortunately, a multiplicity of interests. The English, Irish, and Scotch amalgamate well enough together; they reside chiefly at some little distance from the city, and live not only comfortably, but almost sumptuously. They ride down to their stores in Port-Royal Street about nine o'clock in the morning, and return to their homes at four.

The Creoles are a very numerous class; they have been born in the island, and a great many of them have never left it. Their young ladies, however, are pretty
Generally sent to England for their education; and the result is, that in point of refinement of manners, the women of Jamaica are generally superior to the men. Most of the public appointments of the island are held by the young men of Creole families—such as the clerkships of the peace; and amongst the most respectable and intelligent of this body I might name Mr. John Harris of St. Andrews, and his brother, of Morant Bay, both of whom, however, have been educated in England. The defects of the Creole character are more than counterbalanced by its virtues. If they are easily moved to anger, they are still more easily incited to kindness and generosity; if they are "devils being offended," they are frank and honest to their enemies, and faithful beyond any people I know, to their friends. I wish they were less proud, because their noble qualities would be more appreciable, and I would be glad to find them less captious, because their personal courage has no need of such demonstration on slight occasions. Of the Creole ladies, I can only say, their pale and languishing beauty would be a dangerous thing for the single blessedness of a bachelor to encounter often in a ball-room, if it were not that with all the frankness of manner and hilarity that is peculiar to them, they are so devoted to quadrilles and waltzes, I verily believe they think more of the dance than they do about their partners. If you were one of those horticultural amateurs of beautiful flowers who look for loveliness in the fragile forms, the blanched and almost sickly foliage of the delicate rose-trees that have been transplanted from the genial garden of England into the scorching parterre of a West Indian Hesperides,—I would send you a drawing of a beautiful young Creole widow of my acquaintance, whose pale and even colourless features, and quiescent expression of countenance, languid almost to melancholy, and whose delicacy of form, inclining as it were towards the sympathy of the gentlest being that is near
to it for its support, would make rikabs of your liver, and mince-meat of your heart, if either of these organs were to be so transmogrified by the wicked art of the little gentleman with the wings and bow-and-arrows.}

Bryan Edwards very truly observes, "In one of the principal features of beauty, few ladies surpass the Creoles; for they have in general the finest eyes of any women in the world,—large, languishing, and expressive, sometimes beaming with animation, and sometimes melting with tenderness; a sure index to that native gladness of heart and gentleness of disposition, for which they are eminently and deservedly applauded,—and to which, combined with their system of life and manners, (sequestered, domestic, and unobtrusive,) it is doubtless owing, that no women on earth make better wives or better mothers."

The French emigrants from St. Domingo are a very respectable, industrious class of people. The gardens about Kingston almost exclusively belong to them; and these abound in fruits and vegetables of the choicest kinds. Many of them are of ancient French families, some thirty years ago of the first distinction; but they have been deprived of their properties—most of them of their friends, and nothing remains to them but their prejudices and their fears. They speak of their negroes as of monsters that are hardly human, and yet I do not believe they treat them with cruelty. On the contrary, generally speaking, their slaves are treated with more familiarity than ours, and seem much more attached to those very masters who vilify their character than they are to our own proprietors: this is an anomaly I cannot understand.

The Spanish settlers from the Main are chiefly the connexions and descendants of those who formerly carried on a flourishing trade with this island, when Kingston was the centre of the commerce with the various ports of the Pacific and the Gulf of Mexico, during a great portion of the late war. The advantages
that Jamaica derived from this trade were incalculable; but they exist no longer; and most of the Spanish traders who reside here, if smuggling were abolished, and the slave-trade of Cuba at an end, would in all probability deprive Jamaica very soon of the benefit of their residence. The Jews of Kingston, I have already said, are a very numerous body, and, unfortunately for the community, they unite the two extremes of opulence and poverty. In most eastern countries that I have visited, the Jews are an industrious, peaceable, inoffensive, and an unobtrusive people: and where they are so, I am sorry to say they have most merit for their patient endurance of bad treatment. But in Jamaica, where they have enjoyed for many years greater advantages than their brethren in any other part of the British empire, they certainly do not bear their privileges with becoming meekness. The few Jewish merchants who really deserve that name are the same respectable and honourable set of men that those of a similar grade are every where else in Europe; but the other classes are neither remarkable for their meekness in prosperity, or their moderation in the possession of power as masters, or the agents of small proprietors. As honourable exceptions to the application of this remark, I might, however, enumerate the names of Bravo, Jacobs, Cohen, Hymen, Lucas, Henriquez, Lawrence, and I dare say many others. The Jews have no place of worship, that deserves to be called a synagogue, in Kingston. 'The British and German Jews' congregation is separated from the Spanish and Portuguese. In Spanish Town they have a small synagogue, where their numbers are much fewer. In the former place, the person who officiates is not a Rabbi—he is merely styled a reader. The observances, I believe, are the same as they are elsewhere. From an intelligent member of their community I learned that many members of late have seceded from the congregation, on account of their objection to the practice of that
ceremony, which is tantamount to the rite of confirmation with us. Three or four of the most respectable Jews of the city have recently refused to submit their children to that ceremony, and in consequence have been obliged to secede from the synagogue. With regard to the penalty for resisting any similar religious ordinance there may be, no Jewish law can militate against the statute law of the land. A Jew cannot marry a Christian, because the Toleration Act does not sanction proselytism to the Jewish faith. A Jew of the name of Brandon some years ago married a Christian woman, but he was previously obliged to take her to Holland, where she embraced the Jewish religion; and when a Jewess marries a Christian, she ceases to be in the pale of Israelism.

There is a singular custom connected with the observance of the old law, which is still in force. A Jew is obliged to marry the widow of his brother, or with her consent to purchase his release, which is called Cheliza; otherwise a divorce must ensue, if the man has married subsequent to his brother's death. An instance of this kind, my informant assured me, occurred in Jamaica not many years ago. A merchant in Kingston, whose brother in England had recently died, entered into matrimony without consulting his sister-in-law. The widow no sooner heard of the marriage than she proceeded to Jamaica. One can easily conceive the pleasure her arrival must have afforded the new-married couple. The widow claimed her prior right to the hand of the bridegroom; and as young widows are persons not to be trifled with, she maintained her right with the most provoking obstinacy. The poor bride saw no other prospect than the very disagreeable one of giving up her husband, and going back to her father. The bridegroom, however, only resisted the claim to bring the obdurate widow to reasonable terms; and, after a hard bargain for the blessing of getting rid of her for a wife, he purchased
his release. When I was in Jerusalem, I was informed by a Rabbi that the duration of the punishment of the wicked in another world was eleven months. I have, since that period, heard it denied that the Jews hold any such opinion. I asked the gentleman who gave me the preceding information relative to the marriage ordinances, what was the period generally believed here of punishment in a future world. He said the orthodox opinion was, that the souls of the wicked were consigned for a period of eleven months to a place of punishment called Gilgul, where the spirits of the bad were kept in a state of disquietude and restlessness, which he expressed by the phrase "flitting about," till they had atoned to God for the sins they had committed.

The first Jews who settled in Jamaica came on pretence of showing the colonists the mines that had been formerly worked by the Spaniards; and for this purpose, one named Watson was the first to obtain the privilege of naturalization in 1663.

In 1681, the influx of Jews was so considerable, as to occasion some alarm; and one of their amiable weaknesses, that of debasing and clipping the coin, obliged the legislature to interfere, and even to petition the Crown for their expulsion. But the worthy planters, to show that they were influenced by higher motives than those exhibited in the allegation touching the coin, concluded the prayer of their petition with the assurance that they were induced to act thus, because "the Jews were the descendants from the crucifiers of the blessed Lord."

The home government, however, was not prevailed on to expel the Jews: but, on the contrary, in 1684 permission was obtained for them to build synagogues. In 1712, the heavy tribute they paid was abandoned; but, up to a late period, they were denied a participation in the elective franchise. It is a curious circumstance, that the first advantages the Jews obtained here
were procured for them in the reign of Charles the Second, by the influence of a Portuguese ambassador in London, at the very time the Portuguese government was persecuting the Jews at home. The promise of pointing out the gold mines that had been worked by the Spaniards, was soon found to have been a mere pretext for getting a footing into the island. In fact, no gold mine of value was known to the Spaniards, or ever has been discovered by the English. Gage, who visited Jamaica before it was taken from the Spaniards, and who published his very curious work on these countries in 1655, as his title-page states—"By the true and painful endeavours of Thomas Gage, preacher of the Word of God at Deal, in the county of Kent," speaks of the mines as "producing brass of excellent description; and some gold, though drossie, hath formerly been found here." The Indians who had been employed in the mines had nearly disappeared. He says, "the country was then almost destitute of Indians; sixty thousand had perished."

Brown, whose researches as a natural historian are more valuable than those of any of his predecessors or followers in Jamaica, distinctly states that gold and silver ores have not yet been discovered in Jamaica, except at Liguanea. "Plumbium," he says, "is found richly impregnated with silver; but not being in any regular veins, the works have been given up after great expense." Speaking of the copper mines, he enumerates fourteen different species of ore. The mines, he says, were worked by ignorant men, and were not successful; though so excellent and abundant is the ore, that it is to be wondered at, that "gentlemen who pushed researches so far after gold did not push their industry a little further, and extract gold from copper." In the lead mines of Liguanea striated antimony was abundantly found. About fifty years ago, a lead mine was discovered in the Hope Estate, St. Andrews, be-
longing to the Duke of Buckingham. The Spanish authors mention silver and copper ores as abounding in the same mountain.

On a late excursion with Mr. Jordan to the summit of one of the mountains of Liguanea, called Peter's Rock, in some places where detached portions of the side of the mountain had slipped away, we were surprised at the amazing quantity of copper ore that was visible, not in veins, but in petrous masses about three or four pounds' weight. I am astonished, amongst all the mining companies that have been established for other countries, that speculating people at home have never made a trial of the lead and copper mines here. The unsuccessful experiment that was made by ignorant people, and on too small a scale to be productive of any good, is no argument against a further trial. It must not be supposed that because the people of Jamaica take no advantage of the natural resources of the country that they are not worth attending to. The people of Jamaica make no novel experiments: they find the sugar planted; and where it is, they continue to cultivate it; they find the hoe the ancient implement of the husbandman, and they have no desire to change it for the plough. They want to build a house: they send to England for the bricks rather than cut stone from the quarries which every where abound. They object to the introduction of steam-engines for the sugar-mills, that the scarcity of fire-wood is too great; and yet, if the first geologist of Europe were to visit Jamaica, and state that the indication of coal was evident in the formations of the neighbouring mountains, (and that there are such indications I have little doubt,) no effort would be made to obtain it; in fact, no adequate effort has yet been made to develop the one-twentieth part of the available resources of this naturally rich and fertile country.

In the river Minho, in Clarendon, particles of gold have been found after heavy rains, and some people
speak in extravagant terms of the quantity that has been formerly obtained. But Humboldt's remark on the South American gold rivers applies peculiarly to this: "Here, however, as in every place where native gold and auriferous pyrites are disseminated in the rock, or by the destruction of the rocks are deposited in alluvial lands, the people conceive the most exaggerated ideas of the metallic riches of the soil."

Long, the Jamaica historian, tells us that Beckford, the famous planter, refused to listen to the suggestions of his overseer, who came to him with some gold he had found on the banks of the river, to persuade him to send home for miners: "While we have so profitable a mine," said the sagacious alderman, "above ground (pointing to his cane-fields), we will not trouble ourselves with hunting for any under ground."

The free people of colour were admitted to some of the privileges they now enjoy twenty-two years ago. Previous to that time, they were incapable of holding an office "even so low as that of constable." They could not inherit property, real or personal, beyond the value of £2000. They were incompetent to give evidence in criminal cases. In fact, the tendency of the colonial laws prior to this period was to degrade the brown man in his own estimation, to debase him in the eyes of the white community, and to deprive the state of the services of one who might have been looked to, under wiser measures, for protection from the negro, and for profit from the reward of his own exertions.

It unfortunately however, long subsequent to the period of the partial amelioration of his condition, was the fashion to regard him with jealousy and distrust, as a rebel in disguise, who was to be branded as such on all plausible occasions. The deportation of Lecesne and Lescoffery affords a memorable example of the violent measures to which persons in authority at that period had recourse to get rid of an obnoxious class.
What a fine commentary on that proceeding is the conduct and character of that very Lescoffery at this moment, who is a peaceful loyal subject in that town from which he was banished as a traitor a few years ago! It cannot, however, be otherwise than gratifying to the feelings of the present mayor of Kingston, to find that he is so.

There are few evils perhaps out of which good does not arise, and Providence is pleased not unfrequently to make the agency of oppression instrumental to the ends of justice. The brown man is no longer an alien in his native land; he is not liked, but he is not distrusted, and he cannot be oppressed.

The various classes of free persons of colour are known by the names of Sambos, Mulattos, Quadroons, and Mestees. There are other varieties, but these are the most important.

The Sambo is an intermixture of the black with the Mulatto.

The Mulatto—of the negress with the white.

The Quadroon—of the Mulatto with the white.

The Mestee—of the Quadroon with the white man.

The offspring of the Mestee, by the white man, is no longer, recognised as one of that race, whose complexion was a prima facie evidence of slavery. The child of the Mestee was therefore declared free by law, there being "no visible difference between them and the whites;" and, on Ulloa's authority, being "often fairer than the Spaniards."

But the British legislature has gone a step further than the colonial; for not only the offspring of the Mestee, but the whole of the descendants of Cain (who is incontestably proved to have been the first negro) are free by law.

What would the venerable Mr. Beckford say, were he to rise from the tomb, and visit the king's house, to see how colonial matters were getting on there! to behold brown men sitting down at the table of the
governor! and, if he fled from the horror, to the House of Assembly on the other side of the way, how would he stare if he had any speculation in his eyes, to see a man of colour addressing that august body! and, if he glided like a perturbed ghost to the floor of the Grand Court on the same landing, how would he marvel at the sight of the son of a negro woman pleading at the bar, and the woolly-headed father of perhaps many little negroes sitting in the jury-box! Then, if "he started, like a guilty thing," upon a fearful summons, and sought a refuge for a moment on the magisterial bench, how would the venerable ghost of the planter be astonished at the apparition of the honourable Hector Mitch-ell planted between a most worshipful Mulatto, a common-councilman, and a downright Sambo, an alderman, and a justice of the peace! He would be compelled to believe that black was white, and white itself "done brown." And if, at the crowing of the cock, "his erring spirit hied to its confines," and he returned to his grave, how would "his corruption rise" to find an African savage admitted to the rights of Christian burial! —a negro slave permitted to mingle his black dust with the honoured ashes of a white man! No wonder, forsooth, if "the sepulchre wherein" he is now "quietly immured" should never "cast him up again,"—that his spirit should no more "revisit the glimpses of the moon,"—but soar, with all convenient speed, it may be hoped, to heaven:—but there is no limit to the ubiquity of the black man; he may have been good, and God may have found him fit for heaven long before man found him fit for freedom.

If his company on earth was not desirable, the atmosphere that surrounds him even here, can hardly be imagined by a ghost so delicately organised to be re-dolent of pimento-walks and orange-groves. The poor ghost in its disquietude demands of the shade of Wilberforce if there be any place where the negroes do not thrust themselves in, and the white have a chance
of selecting their society? The pallid shade of the old advocate of the negro irradiates his blanched features with a smile, which flutters for a moment on that calm cold face, like a transitory moon-beam on a frozen lake; and stretching forth his thin fingers, he points in a direction obliquely downwards. But even in that direction, I am afraid the planter's ghost would be in-commoded with "black spirits" as well as white ones. In short, he would find then everywhere—

Hic et ubique: then we'll shift our ground.

In the short time I have been in this island, I have observed a marked change in the reception of brown people at the balls of the King's house, and elsewhere. The merit of this change in favour of the coloured is due to Lord Mulgrave and his most amiable Countess. This lady did more for the society of Jamaica than all her predecessors. If the brown people would take the advice of one who admires their virtues, but does not love their faults, they would be less imperious in authority, and more considerate for those who are their brethren, and are still in bonda.

The free women of colour are generally represented as a class of persons possessed of considerable personal charms, of a frank and generous yet a loving nature, which betrays them too often into connexions which custom sanctions, but religion does not sanctify. It is inferred from such connexions that they are a class of women depraved and dissolute, as the females are who are similarly situated in Europe. Nothing can be more unjust, or, I believe, unfounded. It was one of the many evils of slavery, that its interests were adverse to domestic enjoyments. An overseer, with a wife, was looked upon as not only burdensome to the estate, but obnoxious to the proprietor, who might consider the example of his servant a censure upon himself. The proprietor, on the other hand, seldom or never looked on the country he
was residing in as his home. It was the place of his sojourn for a certain number of years, till he had accumulated a competency to retire to his native land. With this object in view, improvements were not made—the great house fell into decay; the roads were left without any adequate repair; the plantation was cultivated for its present advantages, and without regard for its prospective ones; and the system of labour exacted from the negroes was productive of circumstances which the proprietor considered, in combination with the other discomforts of his situation, were unsuitable to the condition of a woman of refinement accustomed to the enjoyments of English society.

Connexions were thus formed, which cannot be defended; but I think the victims of the state of things which led to them are more deserving of pity than of reproach. I do not remember to have heard of the fidelity of any one of these persons being called in question. In the periods of their prosperity they know their situation, and demean themselves accordingly. In their adversity, when death or pecuniary embarrassments deprive them of the protection they may have had for many years, their industry and frugality deserve the highest praise; and the stranger in Jamaica, who has experienced their unexampled care and attention on a sick bed, must be well aware that such kindness, and even in many cases, disinterested and long-continued kindness as he has experienced at their hands, cannot be allied to qualities of a sordid, a selfish, or a profligate nature.

One of our passengers coming out was frequently speaking of an old brown woman in Annotto Bay, who, when he was seized with fever, about fifteen years ago, on his arrival in that part of the island from South America, had taken the greatest care of him. Like many others at that period who had been duped by the trading patriots of South America, my friend became disgusted with the service; but not before he had ex-
pended his resources and impaired his health. He ar-
ived in Jamaica almost destitute; and the disease, so
fatal to Europeans in this country, wanted nothing in
mental anxiety that was favourable to its production. The
poor brown woman, Mary Logan, was sent for to attend
him; but not content with taking care of him as a nurse,
she had him carried to her cottage; and there he lay
for many weeks, in a state of the most imminent danger,
and was indebted to the poor woman's skill in the ad-
ministration of herbs, as well as to her humanity, for
his life. On his recovery, when he was about to leave
the island, he presented her with the only memorial
in his power to give her of his gratitude—a family ring
of no great value I believe, for money he had none to
give her. And now the question was, how Mary Lo-
egan would behave, on hearing of the arrival of her old
patient? Would she express any satisfaction at hear-
ing of his being in existence?—would she remind him
of her service?—or would she give him up the ring
for some pecuniary remuneration? We bantered our
friend often about his confidence in the disinterested-
ness of Mary Logan. But, soon after his arrival, he
received an answer to a letter he addressed to the old
woman, in terms of such affectionate regard for the
object of her kindness and humanity, and of heartfelt
joy (which I am persuaded could not have been feign-
ed) at the prospect of seeing "her good master,"—that
I saw the tears come into the eyes of my friend, though
one but little used to the melting mood. To his credi-
t be it spoken, he was not unmindful of the difficulties
her old age might have to contend with. But the
old brown woman had her own "exceeding great re-
ward," in the satisfaction of knowing that she had
done her duty to a fellow-creature in sickness and
distress, and to one who was not unworthy of her
kindness, or forgetful of it.*

* In the month of June I was in the neighbourhood of Annot-
to Bay. I lost little time before I sought out Mary Logan. I
I have nothing more to say of this people, except that the laws which, in shutting them out from the rights and privileges of free subjects, devoted their energies to indolence and inactivity (for, their industry had no stimulus, their exertions no reward); and the prejudices that debarred them from the exercise of those qualities, both of head and heart, which were eminently qualified to be beneficial to the community at large, were laws that cannot be remembered but with regret, and prejudices that cannot be attempted to be perpetuated, except by those whose feelings are diseased, or their understandings have become enfeebled, by their futile fears or unreasonable prepossessions.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours, very truly,

R. R. M.

found her living in a small house, which she had managed to scrape money enough together to build, since my friend had been with her. She made much of me on his account; and, not a little gratified, I sat with the old woman for, I believe, a good hour. The negro who attended me from an adjoining estate looked upon me as no better than a miserable “walk and nyam,” for sitting so long in the house of the old brown washerwoman of Annotto Bay. She still kept the ring my friend had given her, and said she would never part with it, for God had been very good to her ever since she had it, and had enabled her, now in her old age, to live in comfort.
LETTER X.

CHARACTERISTICS.

To Dr. W. Brattie.

St. Andrews, Jamaica, March 15, 1834.

My dear Sir,

I beg leave to ask you,

Know you the land where pimentos and chilies
Are emblems of tempers as hot as the clime,
Where the blaze of the sun quite bedevils the lilies,
And bleaches the roses of youth in its prime?
Know you the land of mosquitoes and jiggers,
Of Sambos unchain'd, and uncomparable niggers;
Where the innocent cockroach exhales a perfume,
But a little less fragrant than "Gul in her bloom;"
Where the breath of the sea-breeze comes over the sense,
Like the blast from the mouth of some furnace intense;
Where oysters, like cabbages, grow upon trees,
And cows* even browse in the depths of the seas;
Where the hue of the cheek, from the sallow Mestee,
To the yellow Mulatto, "though varied it be,"
"In beauty may vie" with the tint sweetly tann'd
Of a Venus from China just newly japann'd;
Where the climate is hot, and the nights may be cool,
But the fevers are rife, and the churchyards are full;
Where the butter is soft, and as melting in June
As the hearts of the languishing maidens Quadroon;
Where caloric abounds, both in water and wine,
"And all, save the spirit of 'Rum,' is divine;"
Where the coco and yam are the choicest of fruit,
"And the voice of the 'grasshopper' never is mute;"
Where the land-crab in highest perfection is seen,
And the fat of the turtle is "brightest of green;"

* The Manati, or sea-cow.
Where the mutton, too oft manufactured from goats,
Is killed the same day it is cramm'd down our throats;
Where the man who is thirsty may drink sangaree,
Till his liver is spoil'd, as at home he'd drink tea;
Where no one of character, he who he may,
Can ever eat less than two breakfasts a day;
And no man of courage but laughs at the thought
Of his stomach presuming to cavil at aught;
Where a coup de soleil is a true coup de grace;
And the fever call'd yellow's a knocker of brass
On the door of the tomb, where one enters to-day,
And to-morrow, forgotten, is left to decay;
Where the freedom of trade is a thing that's gone by,
And the dear name of Guinea recalls but a sigh;
Where Liberty flourished, and every man white
"Might!" once "lick his nigger" from morning till night;
But now where the Newcastle doctrine's unknown,
And no man can "do as he likes with his own;"
Where Buxton the wretch, and Macauley the sinner,
Are duly reviled every day after dinner;
Where "the saints" by the Bushers are d—d most devoutly,
And the Whigs by the planters are rated as stoutly;
Where a paper the amplest encouragement claims,
Which calls its opponent the vilest of names;
Where lips have no language sufficiently ill
To lavish on Mulgrave for passing the bill;
Where loyalty waits on each governor landing,
But has not a leg at departure for standing;
Where th' extraction of sugar doth clearly explain
Why the blacks are considered descendants of Cain;—
In a word, where in all things, both buckras and blacks
Are by fits and by starts either rigid or lax;
And in faith as in politics, never it seems
Are content if their notions are not in extremes?
'Tis the clime of the West!  'Tis the island of palms!
'Tis the region of strife, and the country of psalms!
'Tis the land of the sun," all whose fierceness prevails
O'er the gravest discussions and simplest details!
'Tis the home of our hopes for the African race;
'Tis the tomb of the system which brought us disgrace!
And wild are the words of its mourners, who rave,
And would roll back the stone which is placed o'er its grave!
And now let me ask you, know you any punishment severe enough for the profanity of parodying the most beautiful lines that Byron ever wrote? I have nothing to plead but that I was in the blue-devils when I wrote them, shut up in the solitude of a lonely house at the foot of a dreary mountain, in an unfrequented district.

Yours, very dear Sir,

Very truly,

R. R. M.
LETTER XI.

NEGROES.

To J. F. Savory, Esq.

Jamaica, St. Andrews, March 30, 1835.

My dear Sir,

I gave you a brief sketch in a former letter of the coloured and other few classes of the community here. I now proceed to give you some account of the various classes of native Africans and their descendants born in the colony, which constitute the negro population.

The native Africans, who fell into slavery either by being captured in war, sold by their rulers for outraging the laws, stolen by the slave-merchants, or bought or kidnapped by our traders, were of different countries, dialects, and religions.

The Mandingo negroes from Senegal and its vicinity; the Coromanteees, from the Fantyn country; the Pamaes, or Whidahs, from the Adra country; the Eboes, from the borders of the Benin river; the Congos and Angolas, from the river and coast bearing these names. The whole line of coast given up by British laws or charters to the ravages of the slave-dealers extended about 1300 miles on the south-west coast of Africa.

The Mandingos are said to be superior in intelligence to the other classes. Many of them read and write Arabic; and my own experience confirms the account of Bryan Edwards as to their priding themselves on their mental superiority over the other negroes.
I had a visit one Sunday morning very lately, from three Mandingo negroes, natives of Africa. They could all read and write Arabic; and one of them showed me a Koran written from memory by himself—but written, he assured me, before he became a Christian. I had my doubts on this point. One of them, Benjamin Cockrane, a free negro who practised with no little success as a doctor in Kingston, was in the habit of coming to me on Sundays, to give me information about the medical plants and popular medicine of the country; and a more intelligent and respectable person, in every sense of the word, I do not know. As an Arabic scholar, his attainments are very trifling, but his skill as a negro doctor, one of the English physicians of Kingston assured me was considerable. He had lately known him called to a young lady, where with his herbs and simples he had effected a successful cure of a serious malady. When he comes to me, he drives in his own gig attended by his servant. His history is that of hundreds of others in Jamaica, "except these bonds," which he, by extraordinary industry and good conduct, had managed to shuffle off. I took down the heads of his story pretty much in his own words, as he related it to me in the presence of the attorney-general, to whom I made him known, as I had likewise done to Dr. Chamberlain; and I believe both these gentlemen will vouch for the fact that there is at least one negro in the world who is an intelligent, well-conducted, right-thinking man, and not so very nearly connected with the lower class of brutes, as the reverend author of the "Annals of Jamaica" would lead us to infer. Cockrane says his father was a chief in the Mandingo country; he was sent to school, but was too idle a boy to become a scholar. "Plenty of books in the Mandingo country, but not much schools; the great schools are farther up the country. He began to learn to be doctor in Mandingo country:—nobody taught him first: he noticed for a long time what
plants did harm to the cattle, and how they did them harm:—he noticed what herbs they were fond of when they were sick, and he tried a great many of the good herbs for a long time, till he found which did most good to sick people. His village go to war with another village near sea-coast—plenty of ships there then to carry away poor black man—other village beat his people ran away, but plenty taken prisoner and carried down to the sea, and he among them. Well, when ship came near Tortola, the English admiral pursued and took her—there were 300 slaves on board—were distributed in the King's service, and all were to be free in seven years. When he got free, came to Jamaica, there make him a slave again—take him up for one runaway. When Duke of Manchester Governor, applied to him to make him free; asked him what for these people make him slave—he no slave. The Duke told him the commissioner had a right to make him slave—(I presume the seven years' service might not have been considered expired)—sent back to Antigua; but the commissioners there gave him free. Came back again to Jamaica—but some people told him he had no right to be free—they made him slave again, and he remained slave three years, till governor got him free. Was in Barbadoes when Lord Cockrane was there, and when he gone away, the people call him Cockrane. Since he got free he try to serve God every day for so much goodness to him. And why for no? who made the white man's heart?—God. And who made the black man's heart?—God. Why should not black man serve God as well as white man? and every day him get up and go where him choose, and do what him like; very much goodness to be thankful for to him good Father."

I have not time to give you an account of his religious opinions; but, though very singular, they were expressed with infinitely more energy and eloquence than his sentiments on other subjects.
He professed to be an occasional follower of one of the sectarian ministers here, and so did each of his two friends. I had my doubts thereupon—I expressed them to my wife, who was present on this occasion, and told her to prepare for a demonstration of Mahometanism. I took up a book, as if by accident, and commenced repeating the well-known Mussulman Salaam to the prophet Allah Ilah, Mahommed rasur allah!

In an instant I had a Mussulman trio, long and loud: my negro Neophytes were chanting their namaaz with irrepressible fervour; and Mr. Benjamin Cockrane, I thought, would have inflicted the whole of “the perspicuous book” of Islam on me, if I had not taken advantage of the opportunity for giving him and his companions a reproof for pretending to be that which they were not.* Few, very few, indeed, of the native Afri-

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*I received the following letter about a month before I left Jamaica, from my friend Cockrane. He wished to become a member of the College of Physicians here; and knowing no reason why a negro should not be admitted, if duly qualified, I undertook to speak to one of the officers, and ascertain if there would be any opposition to his presentation as a candidate for examination on the score of complexion, provided he was duly qualified. Had I remained, it was my intention to assist him to carry his purpose into effect.

“To Doctor Maddan, Esq.

Kingston, 1 Nov. 1834.

Honoured Sir,

“I take the liberty of writing these few lines, hoping you now enjoy a perfect state of health, as I am at present. I truly hope that you will excuse my boldness in intruding on your time. I sincerely rely on your kind promise to me, at the time when myself, in company with my friend, Edward Doulan, waited on you. I have been, in time past, in his Majesty’s service, and I was never fortunate to meet with any gentleman who did ever show so much friendship to me as you. I was some years ago in the employment of Admiral Cochran, who then commanded the Belleisle, a 74 gun-ship. Also, I was in a place called Senegal, in Governor Wall’s time; and, during my stay in that place, I was engaged in the king’s service; at which time I performed my duty

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cans who have been instructed in their creed or their superstition, which you please, have given up their early rites and observances for those of the religion of the country they were brought to. But this they do not acknowledge, because they are afraid to do so.

The Coromanteees, or Gold-coast negroes, are described in these words by Bryan Edwards:—"They are distinguished from all others by firmness both of body and mind; a ferociousness of disposition; but, withal, activity, courage, and stubbornness, or what an ancient Roman would have deemed an elevation of soul which prompts them to enterprises of difficulty and danger, and enables them to meet death in its most horrible shape with fortitude or indifference." I believe the description to be perfectly correct. But, let me ask you, Are the qualities mentioned in the foregoing account such as are likely to belong to a being so degraded and so debased as the negro is commonly represented?

And I would further beg leave to inquire, Are these the sort of qualities that denote an utter incapacity for moral or mental improvement? Well might they be said "to meet death in its most horrible shapes with fortitude and indifference!" At the termination of the rebellion of 1760, in the parish of St. Mary's, three faithfully. You inquired from me, some time back, my name that I had given me on the Coast of Africa, and I told you that it was Anna Moos, which in the English is Moses: the name that I had furthermore given me as a warrior, was Gorah Con-
dran. My father was one of the lords in the Carsoe nation. My nation, and the Arabic, are all one. The king of Carsoe nation was Demba Saga—his daughter was married to Arabic. I sincerely hope that the good promises you have made to me may speedily be accomplished, and, with God's blessing,

"I remain, honoured Sir,
"Yours respectfully,
"Benjamin Cochran."

I have given this letter at length, to show the description of persons that were taken in African warfare, and sold into slavery.
Coromantee negroes were sentenced to death: an eye-witness of the execution, and one who is the great apologist of slavery, in his history of the West Indies, details the scene: "One was condemned to be burned, and the other two to be hung up alive in irons, and left to perish in that dreadful situation. The wretch that was burnt was made to sit on the ground, and, his body being chained to an iron stake, the fire was applied to his feet. He uttered not a groan, and saw his legs reduced to ashes with the utmost firmness and composure; after which, one of his arms, by some means getting loose, he snatched a brand from the fire that was consuming him, and flung it at the face of the executioner.

"The two that were hung up alive were indulged (at their own request) with a hearty meal, immediately before they were suspended on the gibbet, which was erected on the parade of the town of Kingston. From that time till they expired, they never uttered the least complaint, except only of cold in the night; but diverted themselves all day long in discourse with their countrymen, who were permitted, very improperly, to surround the gibbet. On the seventh day the commanding officer sent for me, as a notion prevailed that one of them had some important secret to communicate to his master, my near relative. I endeavoured, in his absence, to try an interpreter, to let him know I was present; but I could not understand what he said in return. I remember that both he and his fellow-sufferer laughed immoderately at something that occurred,—I know not what: the next morning one of them silently expired, as did the other, on the morning of the ninth day!!!"

This needs no comment, and I will make none on it.

The Papams, or Whidahs, are accounted the most docile, meek, and tractable race among the African negroes.

The Eboes are looked upon as the least valuable of
the negro race,—as timid, feeble, desponding creatures, who not unfrequently used to commit suicide in their dejection. The Eboes, in their own country, are Pagans, and hold the large lizard, or guana, in supreme respect: they are much belied, too, if they do not practise cannibalism there. But I very much doubt if any one of the negro tribes now known in Africa are cannibals.

The negroes from the Gaboon country, at the bottom of the Gulf of Guinea, are said to be invariably "ill-disposed." While, according to Brydges, the Eboes and Mocoes "are unequal to the slightest degree of labour," and much addicted to suicide. Well they might be addicted to it, if they could not work, and knew what they had to expect for not so doing. Lastly, the Congos and Angolas are thought to be less robust than the other negroes, but more handy as mechanics, and more trustworthy. "These," says the reverend author I have just quoted, "are the most useful slaves merely as machines of toil." But the distinctive marks of the several tribes have almost faded away since the abolition of the slave-trade, or merged into the general negro character, such as it is to be found at the present time all over the island. Generally speaking, the negroes of the present day have all the vices of slaves. It cannot be denied that they are addicted to lying, prone to dissimulation, and inclined to dishonesty. When it is admitted that a man is a liar, a dissembler, and a rogue, enough is conceded to warrant the conclusion that the man who is such, must be degraded and debased. Before we arrive at the conclusion, however, that his bad qualities are the vices of his nature, and not of his condition, that his evil habits are unredeemed by any virtues, and that his defects as a slave are insuperable bars to his advancement to the privileges of a free man,—I would pause for a moment to inquire what weapons beside falsehood, cunning, and duplicity, has the slave to oppose to oppression? But then slavery, it is said, in many cases has not the character of oppres-
sion; but what man, I would ask, either by force or fraud, loses the property in his own person, which nature gave him, who is not oppressed? Cunning is a quality compounded of falsehood and dissimulation; oppression is the result of power and injustice; and where the two latter exist, the two former will ever be their antagonists. If the vices of the slave belong then to his condition, that condition should be changed before the nature of the negro is deemed incapable of elevation, or susceptible of improvement. That his defects are redeemed by no good qualities would be a bold assertion; that they are mingled with so many good ones as they are, is to me a matter of the greatest wonder.

To say that he is not industrious without reference to the object for which his exertions are employed, would be an absurd remark; to say that he is indolent, where his labour is exacted without reward, is to prove nothing.

But where the negro labours on his own ground, for his own advantage,—where his wife and children have the price of his own commodities to fetch him from the market-town, no matter how many miles they may have to trudge, or how heavy the load they have to bear,—where the wages he receives for his services are at his own disposal,—where his own time is duly paid for, not in shads and herrings, but in money a little more than equivalent to the advantages he deprives his own grounds of, by transferring his extra time to the estate he is employed on—the negro is not the indolent, slothful being he is everywhere considered, both at home and in the colonies. I am well persuaded—in respect to industry, physical strength, and activity,—the Egyptian fellah, the Maltese labourer, and the Italian peasant, are far inferior to him.

The most prominent feature of the negro's character is vanity: he will beg, borrow, or steal, to gratify it. Tawdry finery, trumpery ornaments, and very often
costly apparel and expensive jewellery, are sported in profusion, not only in the large towns, but in the country parts on Sundays and festivals.

On some properties the liberal treatment of the owners enables the negroes to accumulate a little property, sufficient to acquire these luxuries, and even to maintain slaves and cattle of their own; but this is rare. The taste for trinkets and fine clothes increases rapidly; and with that taste the industry, that now they must look to alone for providing the means of getting them, must increase likewise. A witty caricature may produce impressions which a dozen of books may not remove.

The representation of the negro enjoying the blessings of liberty under the shade of a mango tree, satisfying the wants of nature with the fruit that may chance to drop into his lap,—with hardly a rag to cover him, or a care, except his present necessities,—may afford amusement or excite contempt; but it exhibits no knowledge, however specious its satire, of the negro character.

The ferocity or the heroism (as his friends or foes may please to have it) which the negro displays in the last scene of all, is very remarkable. Very few, indeed, I believe, of the native Africans, derive their fortitude from the influence of the Christian religion. They die with the eager desire of joining their Fetish divinities, of spiritually revisiting their native land, and even of feasting and rejoicing with their fathers and brothers in Africa. In the late rebellion, two years ago, hundreds were put to death,—some by the sword of vengeance, and some by that of justice; but in no instance did the negro swerve from his fidelity to his comrades; in not a single instance was the name of the real author of that rebellion disclosed. In sickness the negroes are easily cast down; they pine away and die, as the physician thinks, before the disease has had time to kill them: a man, whose spirit is broken by slavery,
has no energies for nature, when her operations are interruped or impaired, to fall back upon.

In health, they are naturally lively and good-humoured,—passionately fond of music, especially that of a wild and melancholy character; and of dancing, which they imagine they excel in. It is however but a clumsy imitation of the movements of the graceful Turkish and Egyptian Almeh; but their music is of a better character, and their facility at extemporaneous song-making is extraordinary. They are naturally shrewd and quick observers, fond of imitation, and wonderfully successful in practising it.

I think they have the best perception of the ridiculous of any people I ever met.

The dishonesty of the negro seldom prompts him to undertake a robbery on a large scale. He has no genius for burglary—no ambition for highway exploits. There is no deliberate calculation of consequences in his depredations;—he would sooner be hanged ten times over, than murder a man he had plundered. You see what a poor spiritless creature "this savage negro" is;—there is no hope of his ever cutting a figure as a hero in M'Farlane's excellent "Lives of the celebrated Highwaymen." It would take a long time to raise his reputation as a rogue beyond the notoriety that attaches to the character of an inveterate pilferer of small effects. I have known him make an awkward attempt at picking a gentleman's pocket, and filching at shop-doors, and exercise his ingenuity at picking locks of presses and cupboards, but I cannot say much for his skill as a "cracksman." Hen-roosts and goat-pens are his ruling passion;—rum, sugar, tobacco, rice, and coffee, are things of minor importance; but he nevertheless turns his attention to them a great deal.

I have but one word more to say of the negro character, and I have done. The negro is not allowed to have those generous feelings which ennoble the nature of white men; the voice of the million is against his
possessing one high-minded sentiment of honour, humanity, or gratitude. The voice of the multitude, of course, is the voice of truth! I bow like a bondsman to the sovereign opinion; but “with baited breath and in a bondman’s key” I whisper a doubt that truth is always prevalent in the opinions of the multitude. I venture to intimate that even the rebellious negro has a sentiment of honour in his breast, when he encounters death rather than betray one of his accomplices. I hazard an opinion that humanity has its impulses in his heart, when he shelters his fugitive countryman and shares the last morsel of his bread with him, rather than turn the outlaw from his door and save himself from the fearful consequences of harbouring a runaway. I presume to inquire into the nature of the benefits that have been conferred on him, before I suffer myself to be persuaded of his ingratitude; for, if I may judge from my own limited experience, there is no person in the world more alive to injury or more sensible of injustice; and the person who is so cannot be insensible to kindness or ungrateful for it.

If the negro in his own country is not the degraded being he is represented in the colonies, the condition that debased him deserves the blame; that in his own land he is not that lazy worthless being, the testimony of all recent travellers clearly proves. “The industry of the Foulahs,” says Mungo Park, “in agriculture and pasturage is everywhere remarkable.” Speaking of the negroes near one of the Saoo ferries, he says—“The view of this extensive city, the numerous houses on the river, the crowded population, and the cultivated state of the country, formed altogether a prospect of civilization and magnificence which I little expected to find in the bosom of Africa.” Speaking of an affecting interview between a poor blind negro widow and her son, he says, “From this interview I was fully convinced that whatever difference there is between the European and the negro in the conforma-
tion of the nose and the colour of the skin, there is none in the genuine sympathies and characteristic feelings of our common nature." Of the truth of this observation he gives a striking example in the conduct of a negro woman, who found him, without food or shelter, sitting under a tree in the country of Bambarra. She conducted him to her hut, carried his saddle and bridle, spread a mat for him, and provided him with food. The women of the neighbouring huts came to see him; and while they were spinning their cotton, "they lightened their labour with songs;" and one of the young women sung a ditty that was composed at the moment; "the air was sweet and plaintive," and the words literally translated were these:

"The winds roared and the rains fell,—
The poor white man, faint and weary,
Came and sat under a tree.
He has no mother to bring him milk,
No wife to grind him corn.

CHORUS.

Let us pity the white man,
No mother has he to bring him milk,
No wife to grind him corn."

I never could read these lines without feeling the lump in the throat that troubles a man's deglutition when he stumbles unexpectedly on a generous act that is the genuine impulse of nature.

Major Denham and his followers describe the negroes, with all their pilfering propensities, as a kind-hearted race, lively and intelligent.

The jealousy of their chiefs, and the fanaticism of their priests, have unfortunately opposed the progress of European discovery, and been the occasion of sacrificing the lives of travellers, whose admirable qualities, enterprise, and courage, humanity and amiability, are remembered by us with feelings of interest analogous to those of private friendships; and when we la-
ment the fate of those who so worthily deserved our esteem, we are apt, I fear, to spread our indignation against their destroyers over too wide a surface, and to implicate the character of a nation in the barbarous acts of a few infatuated priests and ferocious chieftains.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours, very truly,

R. R. M.
LETTER XII.

MOUNTAIN-EXCURSION.

To DR. LEONARD STEWART.

St. Andrews, April 4, 1834.

When a gentleman of Kingston wants to banquet on cool air, and give his pores a holiday; he mounts his horse and rides into the mountains of Port-Royal or Liguanea. A distance of half a dozen miles makes a difference of a dozen degrees in the temperature; and one whose lungs have been labouring for months past at converting Kingston oven-blasts into vital air, no sooner reaches the Blue Mountains, than he erects his head, expands his chest, and internally exclaims—'Respiro!'

To enjoy that satisfaction, I set out a few days ago with a friend of mine, to visit his coffee-plantation in the St. Andrew’s mountains, about fourteen miles from Kingston, and seven from my abode at the foot of Liguanea. Prospect Pen, the place we were going to, is about 2500 feet above the level of the sea; and every foot of the 2500 is a furlong to a man accustomed to a decent road and a level country.

Our route, after leaving the plain of Liguanea, wound round a succession of mountains for four or five miles, covered to the top with the finest verdure. The path was impassable for any vehicle on wheels; but my friend Mr. H. called it "an excellent road." It verged in many places on frightful precipices, yawning chasms of perhaps hundreds of feet of craggy lime-
stone, that it was any thing but agreeable to contemplate the possibility of toppling over the verge of. Nevertheless, as it was a "an excellent road," I was ashamed to say any thing on the subject of the nature of the limit of the single footstep, that made the trifling difference between life and death. By and bye we came to a recent slip, that narrowed our path to about two feet and a half; and here my obliging companion pointed out the spot where an amiable attorney had broken his neck: nevertheless, the road was excellent, and I had no business to be afraid.

We climbed another mountain, the road of which, if possible, "excelled" the former; and when we gained a platform that would have admirably served for a Tarpeian rock, we had just space enough to wheel round our horses, and view the precipice where a Mr. Davis had galloped a little out of his path of a dark night, and was merely hurled down a ravine of some sixty feet in depth, breaking his fall as he went below, from branch to branch of the impending trees: but these West India gentlemen take a great deal of killing; so when Mr. Davis reached the bottom, he merely shook his members, and the horse moved his limbs, and both came back again to the right path, though at rather a slower rate than they went down. It was, however, a consolation for a stranger to know "the road was excellent," and that accidents in the mountains were not always fatal.

We scrambled up another five or six hundred yards or so. The path appeared to me more craggy than ever. Here and there I came to a dead pause on the brink of a newly-made chasm—but it was only a torrent that had torn away the bank,—to my view, that had swept away some twenty or thirty tons of rock from the roadside, and left our path about two feet wide, to totter over "in perfect security."

But notwithstanding the "general excellence of the mountain-roads," I was frequently reminded of the
bridge of Al Sirat, which leads the Turkish traveller over a route like the edge of a sharp sword, from this world to the other, and swings over the gulf of the region of the Shitan.

Still it is a great comfort, when a stranger is turning an acute angle of about forty-five degrees in a mountain-path, to be assured that the road-makers are abroad, and in the course of another season may reach the route in question. It would, therefore, have been unreasonable to have spoken of the lively sentiment of the uncertainty of human life, that I felt at every stumble, which the best of ponies will occasionally make over the very best of mountain-roads, and perhaps in the vicinity of the steepest precipices.

So we went on very comfortably, till my worthy friend very kindly pointed out the scene of another very extraordinary accident, which had happened to his companion some year or two before, who fell with his horse down a precipice as frightful as any I had yet seen. But, as I have before observed, there is no killing these people. The precipitated planter returned, after a short time, to his friend in the upper regions of the mountain air without a broken bone; the poor horse, however, remained below—in negro-parlance mashed.

I had scarcely time to chime in with my friend's commendation of the increasing excellence of the roads, when we came to another very pretty little precipice, exceedingly romantic and perpendicular; and here, only a few weeks ago, a mule, and, melancholy to relate, two barrels of salt beef toppled over the bank, and the consequences were fatal; the unfortunate son of an ass was killed on the spot—but the humane will be gratified to learn that, although the barrels were very seriously hurt, the beef was cured.

The object of this long episode is to keep the fact in your remembrance, that terror is an ingredient that must always enter into the composition of the sublime
and beautiful. Well, the sublime and beautiful were indeed mingled with the prospect we had before us, when we reached the delightful spot that bears the romantic name of Dolly Moon's Gap. "What's in a name?" the view might please the eye as well with any other title; but oh, Dolly Moon! wherefore art thou Dolly? and why, in the name of all that is lunatic in far-fetched derivations, art thou denominated Moon? I am happy to say my antiquarian researches have furnished me with the unde derivatur of both names; and, to put an end at once to the speculations of the learned, I proceed to inform you that Dolly Moon is a corruption of Dorothy Malowney, and the name is that of a lady who was in the planting line in this neighbourhood a great many years ago. But the view:—I verily believe I am keeping it out of sight, from the consciousness of my inability to describe it. You have read Tom Cringle; you probably remember his description of the prospect from the mountains,—one of the finest and most graphic of his admirable sketches. That sketch is so much to my purpose, that I am tempted to avail myself of an extract from Tom's log, to give you a far better idea of that glorious prospect than I could.

"Immediately under foot rose several lower ranges of mountains; those nearest us covered with the laurel-looking coffee-bushes, interspersed with negro villages hanging amongst the fruit-trees like clusters of birds' nests on the hill-side, with a bright green branch of plantain suckers here and there, and a white painted overseer's house peeping from out of the woods, and herds of cattle in the Guinea grass pieces. Beyond these stretched out the lovely plain of Liguanea, covered with luxuriant cane-fields, and groups of negro-houses and Guinea grass pastures, often a darker green than that of the canes: and small towns of sugar-works rose every here and there, with their threads of white smoke floating up into the thin sky; while, as the plan receded, the cultivation disappeared, until the Long
Mountain hove its back like a whale from out the den-like level of the plain; while to the right of it the city of Kingston appeared like a model, with its parade in the centre, from which its long lines of hot, sandy streets stretched out in every direction, with the military post of Uppark Camp, situated about a mile and a half to the northward and eastward of the town. Through a tolerably good glass the church-spire looked like a needle; the trees about the houses, like bushes; the tall cocoa-nut trees, like bare-bells; while a slow crawling black speck here and there denoted a carriage moving along; while wagons, with their teams of eighteen or twenty oxen, looked like so many centipedes. At the camp, the two regiments drawn out on parade, with two nine-pounders on each flank, with their attendant gunners, looked like a red sparkling line, with two black spots at each end. Presently, the red line waivered, and finally broke up as the regiments wheeled into open column, while the whole fifteen hundred men crawled past three little scarlet spots, denoting the general and his men. When they began to manœuvre, each company looked like a single piece in a game of chess; and as they fired by companies, the little tiny puffs of smoke floated up like wreaths of wool, suddenly surmounting and overlaying the red lines."

To my eyes, however, the sea-view was infinitely finer than the surrounding scenery of hills and plains, even beautiful as this was. The noble harbour, with its long narrow line of land extending from Rockfort to Port-Royal, is the glorious feature of this view; and the beauty of it is tricked out with all the adjuncts such scenery can be enhanced by, either by ornaments of art or nature, with the vessels of war at the entrance of the port, in the stillness of the morning, "reposing on their shadows;" and the numerous merchantmen crowded under the shore at Kingston, and the long line of coast, as far as the eye could reach on the western
boundary of the prospect; and the vessels in the offing at widely distant intervals, dotting the horizon, and veering in the distance, as the land-breeze setting in affected the course of the vessels inward or homeward bound. I certainly never beheld a more glorious prospect, and no picture that I have seen of it does any thing like justice to its beauty.

Dolly Moon’s Gap is one of those clefts in the summits of the mountains that abound in this country, and are the records of the awful commotions in the earth that have been occasioned in past times by earthquakes or volcanoes. The whole face of the country in these mountainous districts bears evident marks of the agency of the latter:—precipitate cones, suddenly emerging from the tops of the hills; abrupt declivities, breaking all at once the level platforms; irregular masses of rock, of enormous size, that have been detached from the surrounding hills, scattered over the plains and along the face of the mountains; in some parts, a regular gradation of conical tumuli slanting with the mountains as they ascend towards their summits.

There is no volcano now in action in the island; nor, I believe, is there any record of an eruption of this nature. At some distance from Mr. H—s—pen, I should think nearly three thousand feet above the sea, there is a small lake of brackish water, which is situated in a little valley, entirely enclosed by the surrounding hills. The face of these hills has the same irregularities I have spoken of above; and the spot on which the lake is situated has all the appearance of the crater of an extinct volcano. But neither lava, pumice, or spring, either thermal or sulphureous, exist in the neighbourhood; at least, I could find no traces of them. The only stone I could discover that had the appearance of having undergone the action of fire, was a hard black species of basalt, that readily broke with a dull shining fracture.

On our arrival at the residence of Mr. H, the door
was soon besieged by a host of negroes from the hot-house, or hospital, complaining of dysentery—a very prevalent disease at certain seasons in the mountains. Mr. H. prescribed for them all, and, as I thought, judiciously as to the remedy; though a medical man might have regulated its administration with a little more attention to the difference of age, sex, and constitution. My friend, however, was not a medical man, and therefore could not be supposed to know much about the necessity of discriminative treatment. He was not to blame; but the circumstances under which medical treatment is afforded to the negro, except where a medical man is living on the property, cannot be otherwise than unfavourable for the sick. The hot-house doctor is generally a negro disqualified by age or infirmity for labour in the field. He has charge of the medicines,—the care of compounding them; and he can neither read nor write. The medical attendant is paid a dollar a-head for visiting the property once a week; and, with all the desire on the part of that attendant to do his duty humanely to the negroes, it is impossible for him, considering the distance he has to come, and the various other most laborious duties he has to perform, to give adequate attention to each individual that may be brought before him. He must trust a great deal to the hot-house doctor; and it depends on what terms the sick negro is with that person, how he is attended to, and when he is looked upon as a sick man or a shammer. I say this out of no disrespect to the medical gentlemen who have charge of the negroes on the several properties: I believe, generally, they do their duty as well as they can do it under existing circumstances; but consequences do occur to the negroes, which do not come under the eye of the medical man, but do come every day under that of the magistrate, which are productive of more complaints both from masters and negroes than all the other causes of disagreement put together.
The negroes are prone to shamming when they want to escape from labour, but the result of the propensity is that every sick negro is suspected of being a shammer. On one occasion a woman was pointed out to me as a shammer by an overseer. The woman was limping before the busha's house; and when I asked what was the matter with her, I was answered, "Oh, nothing at all, sir; the woman is shamming lameness." I asked, had she been seen by the doctor? I was told she had, and had been recommended a dose of salts. I said to Mr. Jerdan who was with me, "That is no shamming—observe how the woman drags her left leg after her; call her and see if she can raise her left arm to her head." The woman was told to do so, but she could only lift it with her other hand. I said to the overseer, "This young woman, sir, is not shamming; she is dead of one side, and she is not able to work." I was assured if such was the case, she should not be required. In the course of three weeks, when I happened to be absent in the parish of St. Mary, the same paralytic woman, I was informed on my return, had been to my house with a complaint which she would not go away without making to my wife: she was crying a good deal, and stated that for refusing to work she had been flogged on her paralytic hand.

On another occasion an overseer brought a woman before me as an incorrigible shammer and idler. She had been more trouble to the doctor than all the rest of the gang put together, and there was nothing the matter with her; she had been flogged a fortnight before, but it had no effect. She was a tall, sturdy-looking woman, of about five-and-forty. I asked her why she did not work. She said she was sick. Where was she sick? She had pain in her kin! (pain in the skin means every sort of external ill that negro flesh is heir to.)

I could make nothing of her case: her pulse was regular, her tongue was clean; in fact, I set her down
for a shammer. I told her she must work: she only answered this by asking me, did I call myself a doctor? I begged the overseer to withdraw, and again urged her to tell me what was the matter. I could learn nothing except that the marks of a recent flogging were very visible. I imagined it was the effects of this punishment she meant by the "pain in the kin." I told her I saw nothing at that time to disqualify her for labour. I called the overseer in, and requested him to allow her some customary gratuity which had been withheld as a punishment, and that the woman would and must go to labour. The obstinacy of this perverse woman now began to give way: she burst out a-crying, and said, "Well, Massa! God judge one day 'tween you and me!"

I again urged her to inform me of her illness; it was in vain, however; but I satisfied myself there was no shamming in the case. The unfortunate woman was labouring under one of the most awful maladies a female is subject to.

The overseer behaved very properly when I informed him of the fact and of the indulgence she required: he regretted that she had been flogged; and most thankful was I, I had not had recourse to any other punishment for that which could excite no other feeling (when discovered) than compassion. In both of these instances the overseers were very respectable and (all things considered, I would say) humane young men. In justice to them I feel myself bound to say so much.

A stranger, who has been sojourning in the sultry plains in the neighbourhood of Kingston, can have little idea with what facility he can change his climate, and in the space of a few hours remove from a spot where the thermometer may be at ninety, and find himself in a district where it does not range above seventy-four, and may be even so low as fifty-four or fifty-six. At Mr. H.'s residence in the mountains at twelve o'clock in the day, it stood at seventy-four degrees;
the preceding day at Kingston at the same hour it was eighty-six,—making a difference of twelve degrees in a distance of only fourteen miles.

It was so cold at nightfall, that we were very glad to have a fire and to sleep under blankets. At nine o'clock in the evening the thermometer was down to 68, and at four next morning it fell to the lowest range it had probably been at during the night—that of 64. At Kingston, at the same hour, it would probably have stood at 74, and at my own house at Liguanea, at 69.

But in this climate I have had occasion to remark the same singular phenomenon with respect to temperature, that I have observed in many other hot countries,—that there is no corresponding relation between thermometrical indications and natural perceptions of heat and cold, under certain circumstances influenced by locality, and perhaps the electrical constitution of the atmosphere.

In the sirocco of the East the sultriness of the air may be insupportable when the thermometer is not above 78, while in the mountainous districts of Jamaica, when the thermometer is not below 64 (as in my own experience above stated), the sensation of cold was even painfully disagreeable. But all things are relative, and I presume the sensation of cold in this instance was so likewise, and determined by the temperature of the climate we had left below.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours, very truly,

R. R. M.
LETTER XIII.

A COFFEE-PLANTATION.

To M. Montefiore, Esq.

St. Andrews, April 20, 1834.

My dear Sir,

The remembrance of the coffee-pots of Egypt, and those rickety little cups and silver appurtenances, with their filligreed chasing and outlandish emblems of the barbaresque in Turkey; the scalding beverage, black as soy, and radiant of the aroma of the genuine Mocha berry; the accompanying chibouque, and the comfortable divan;—surely the remembrance of these things, albeit now as of things that were, and may not be again, is not entirely effaced—and with their recollection a confused idea of turbans, pistols, yattagans, and bald-headed Moslems, and indistinct visions of Turkish esfendis and Egyptian pachas, and Syrian banditti, of tuneful Arabs moaning their souls out in the delectable air of Bisawani—Bisawani—o yah noonii—o yah noonii; surely, I say, these ideas and images, like the ghosts of old remembrances, now and then flit across your memory, and carry you for a moment back to those countries where I first had the pleasure to meet you and yours, and where no one, I believe, has once been who would not willingly be again.

But what has all this to do with a coffee-plantation in the West Indies?—nothing, forsooth; my associations, I fear, are like Fluellen's comparison, "The situations, look you, are both alike. There is a river..."
in Macedon; and there is also, moreover, a river at Monmouth:—and there are salmons in both."

I visited lately a coffee-plantation belonging to a friend of mine in the St. Andrews Mountains, about seven miles from Liguana. The plantation consisted of 900 acres, of which 120 acres are laid out in coffee,—formerly there were 240; and about 120 acres more are in provision grounds for the negroes and in Guinea grass.

The proprietor informed me, the plantation was bought by his father in 1817 for £3000, with stock, &c. as it now stands. The settlement of this plantation, and the erections of the works, have originally cost £21,000 currency. This cost is probably estimated too highly. Bryan Edwards estimates the total expense of a coffee-plantation, including its annual expenses, at £15,000 currency,—about £10,000 sterling in round numbers.

The original number of negroes on the estate was 300; now there are only seventy.

In the year 1808, the plantation produced 120,000 lbs. of coffee, which netted £5000 currency. In 1832, on 19,000 lbs. weight it only netted £600. This large decrease the proprietor attributes to the diminution in the amount of slave labour, arising from the general deterioration in colonial produce. There is an adjoining estate called New England, formerly a very productive one, that is now thrown up, and not a negro on it. Unfortunately, this is not a solitary instance of abandonment arising from embarrassments; but these embarrassments, I was informed by my friend, arose in a great measure from the impoverishment of the soil, and a mistaken system of cultivation,—the error of which lay in clearing the plants too much of all surrounding vegetation, whereby the heavy rains were afforded a greater facility for washing away the valuable soil that was thus deprived of its natural protection.
I believe this opinion to have been perfectly correct. In Arabia, when the plant is fully grown, the collateral branches of the coffee-plant are allowed to form a thick underwood, which must serve as a protection to the root, but the shoots from the latter are not allowed to remain. The plants are likewise shaded with banana-trees, which is not the case in Jamaica. The plant which produces the Mocha coffee is the same as the West Indian; the only difference is in the mode of rearing it and the process of cultivation; but the difference in the quality of the coffee, I should think, depends chiefly on the mode of preparing the produce for the market in the West Indies. In Jamaica, when the berries become of a deep red colour, they are picked from the plant; and as the industry of the negro is estimated by the quantity he picks in a day, a great deal of unripe coffee is generally mixed with that which is fully mature. In Arabia, the produce is gathered by shaking the ripe berries from the plant, and then exposing them to the sun with the husks on till they are dried, after which the outer husk is removed, and they are again dried in the sun; but the husk is not removed till the coffee is required for the market,—but in the mean time it is kept in bags on elevated platforms, to allow a free circulation of air to prevent its absorbing moisture and consequently heating. The plan in Jamaica is just the opposite to this: the husk is removed too early, and the coffee is exported too soon. Perhaps the dampness of the climate, and the difficulty of drying, arising from the suddenness of the fall of rain, may render it necessary to adopt this mode. But there is another circumstance on which the inferiority of the West India coffee may depend. Dr. Mosely observes, and I believe correctly, that "coffee-berries are remarkably disposed to imbibe exhalations from other bodies, and thereby acquire an adventitious and disagreeable flavour."

The exhalations from rum, sugar, and pimento, with which produce coffee is frequently exported from the
West Indies, cannot fail to be injurious to a substance whose aroma is so exceedingly delicate as coffee; and perhaps housekeepers are not sufficiently aware of the necessity of keeping coffee, in substance as well as in powder, in vessels closely shut and separate from spices and other domestic stores. Ten years ago the whole of the coffee grown in Arabia did not exceed nine millions of pounds. From the whole of the British colonies, fifty years ago, it did not amount to four millions, of which two millions and a quarter at that period came from Jamaica, when its cultivation began to increase after the reduction of the enormous duties on it—duties which at one time amounted to 480 per cent. on its marketable value. Verily, if the colonists have been refractory in past times, they had most abundant cause to be so.

The gentleman whose property I visited, informed me the cultivation of coffee was of the most precarious nature: a good crop is usually succeeded by a bad one, and there is no produce the price of which fluctuates so much. There is but one crop in the year, and a negro cannot be considered sufficient for much more than the cultivation of an acre and a half. He considered a good bearing tree the sixth year, on an average, produces a pound of cured coffee; in fact, the common calculation is a pound to a tree, each tree averaging about three quarts of recent berries with the husks on,—or a bushel of the picked berries, ten pounds of coffee cured for the market. The growth of the coffee-plant is slow: the third year it bears slightly, the fourth year pretty well, the fifth year still better, and the sixth year best of all. Under the most favourable circumstances of cultivation in Arabia, the plants begin to decline after twenty-five years, and after forty years it is said that it seldom or never bears at all: this I believe is a mistake: for a great part of the coffee that is still grown in St. Domingo, is the produce of the plants that have existed prior to the revolution there, near forty years ago.

The mode of planting, on the property I visited,
was from young plants commonly found under the tree, having grown from berries that have dropped off it. The height of the plant is about four feet, at which height it is topped the third year, and never grows higher after that operation.

The cultivation of the coffee-plant is considerably less fatiguing and expensive than that of the sugar-cane. Humboldt estimates the total consumption of coffee in Europe at one hundred and forty millions of pounds. Arabia produces about fourteen millions. St. Domingo, in 1780, exported seventy-six millions of pounds. In 1812 it had decreased to one-half that amount. In 1793 there was no more than five millions of pounds produced in Jamaica. In 1798, the evacuation of St. Domingo by the English brought a vast number of native French colonists; and those emigrants obtained whatever loans they demanded, to the ultimate ruin of the lenders. About 1805, the growth got to thirty-odd millions, and the price in England soon after fell from one hundred and eighty to a nominal price of forty; and the returns of 1834 (now about twenty millions of pounds) shows how the crops have fallen off. I am indebted to my friend Mr. Wellwood Hyslope for the preceding information, in reply to an inquiry of mine on the subject of the advantage of substituting coffee for sugar cultivation.

I believe the coffee-plant was introduced into Jamaica in 1676—Martin says in 1728, by Sir Nicholas Lawes on Templehall estate, and first sold for a pistole a pound. It is said to have been first known in Persia, and from that country was brought to Arabia and Egypt. In 1644 coffee was first used in France, and in England in 1669. A Greek, of the name of Pasqua, kept the first coffee-house in London, in George-yard, Lombard-street. Blessed be the man, I say, who invented the first coffee-pot for its decoction!

I am, my dear Sir, yours, very truly,

R. R. M.
LETTER XIV.

CHURCHYARDS.


My dear Sir,

I have a passion for grave-hunting; even in boyhood my propensity for sauntering in churchyards was irrepressible: I took more pleasure in reading an epitaph than even perusing Robinson Crusoe, and would willingly at any time have lost my dinner to have walked after a funeral. I had a natural curiosity to see how the remains of mortality lay disposed on the brink of a newly-made grave, and to know how many virtues might be manufactured for a single epitaph, and how many epitaphs might often be manufactured from one inscription on a tomb-stone. But your middle-aged gentleman, who begins to become sombre when he has ceased to be sentimental, wherever he goes takes an interest in tombs and epitaphs, and is curious to know, in every country he visits, how the people dispose of their dead, and treat the remains of their departed friends.

In Jamaica, a stranger's attention is turned very naturally to such researches; for the melancholy pleasure such inquiries afford him in other countries, is here a feeling of personal interest in the matter. Every now and then a casualty in the little circle of his acquaintance reminds him that "in the midst of life he is in death," and that there is but a single step in the West
Indies between the sick-chamber and the grave. It is some consolation to hear that a friend is sick, before it is ascertained that he is dead; it is pleasanter moreover, that both the doctor and the disease should have a reasonable time to do their business and terminate their labours, selon les règles de l'art, than when one's own turn does come next, to be whisked off the scene at the rate of a tropical fever gallop—a death in three days, and no time for thinking about the journey.

The stranger for some time never hears of a funeral, but he fancies there is a knock at the gate of his own life-house. It is very natural, therefore, to desire to be prepared for the intrusion of an unwelcome visitor. In the course of his rambles he happens to find the door of a churchyard invitingly open:

“Noctes atque dies patet atri jamua mortis.”

So he walks in just to look about him, and see what sort of lying there is there; and as he stumbles over tomb-stones buried in rank vegetation, and land-crabs crawling about them, he puts on the face of an indifferent spectator, and pulls out his tablet, as if he had come there for no other purpose but that of collecting curious epitaphs.

Nevertheless, the stranger soon gets accustomed to the dropping off of acquaintances. He finds such events make little impression on the survivors; and men “eat, drink, and be merry,” in proportion, it would seem, to the extent of the hazard that to-morrow they may die. It is surprising with what indifference the sudden removal of persons with whom we have been well acquainted, is regarded in countries like Jamaica, where the frequency of such casualties is experienced. I was lately absent from my residence about ten days, and, on my return, I heard of the death of three of my neighbours, whom I had left in health and spirits. That their loss was deplored by their families, I have no doubt; but what surprised me was,
how little such events were the subject of conversation in the neighbourhood: I scarcely heard their names ever mentioned again. The only explanation I can give of this matter is, that the tendency is natural to underrate the importance of familiar events.

In St. Catherine's Cathedral, Spanish Town, there are the tombs of a great many Governors and Lieutenant-Governors: Sir Thomas Lynch, Lord Effingham, Sir Basil Keith, Sir Thomas Modyford, Selwyn, Henry Gunn, Peter Beckford, and Sir William Trelawney. There are, probably, many other Governors buried here, to whom no monuments are erected.

There have been in all sixty Governors and Lieutenant-governors in Jamaica, from 1680 to 1834—a period of 174 years;—of this number eighteen have died in Jamaica.

The epitaphs on the Governors in the Cathedral of Spanish Town are somewhat "in King Cambyses' vein." I copied the following on the tombstone of Sir Thomas Modyford:

"Mistake not, reader,
For here not only lies the body
Of Sir Thomas Modyford,
But the life and soul of all Jamaica!"

But in the next epitaph, on Sir Thomas Lynch, the soul of Jamaica is beaten hollow; for the world is called on to tell the reader what the writer of the epitaph left unsaid, touching the exploits of Sir Thomas:

"Here lies
Sir Thomas Lynch, in peace, at ease, and blest;
Would you know more, the world will tell the rest;

But though the sublime predominates in the epitaphs within the Cathedral, the poetical prevails in those outside.

There is a tomb-stone of Mrs. Anne Denny, who died in her thirty-second year; whereon a Miss Denny announces to her mother in very poetical language that she has given her a monument:
"Tis me, dear mother, who has enjoyed thy tender care,
Have this stone placed with endless love and with a feeling
tear."

In the next there is a novelty in epitaph-writing,
which I have not observed elsewhere. The kindness
of friendship takes care to proclaim to the world that
there was "one little spot" on the person's name: but,
fortunately, the initials only of that name are given.

"W. S. B.
Friend of my bosom! Beloved brother!
Thy virtues, thy fair name, which one little spot
No'err darkened,
Will long be remembered and revered."

In the old burying-ground of St. Andrew's parish,
which I believe is no longer used for interments, I
found the oldest tomb-stone in all probability existing
in Jamaica. On it is the following epitaph:—

"Here lyeth
The remains of Colonel Colbeck,
Who came with the first army
To Jamaica, in 1655."

"The first army" is that of Penn and Venables. I
find mention made of a Captain Colbeck, in 1665, re-
ducing a party of rebellious negroes on the north side
of the island,—probably the same.

There is an epitaph in which another novelty is suc-
cessfully attempted in this branch of composition. The
deceased is made to be the trumpeter of her own vir-
tues: the plan is ingenious: it saves the survivors from
the suspicion of partiality:—

"Mrs. Mary Lewis, æt. 18, died 1676.
That death might happy bee, to live learned I;
That life might happy bee, I have learned to die."

In the new burying-ground of St. Andrew's parish,
there is an inscription on the tomb of one Mr. Allen
M'Loughlan, who is made to take leave of the world
like an honest Scotchman, in these contemptuous terms:
"Adieu! vain world; I've seen enough of thee,
And now care not what thou sayest of me."

The remains of the president, Bradshaw, are said, on
good authority, to be buried in Jamaica, at a place called
Martha Brac, on the north side. The circumstances
of his re-interment in this island are detailed in a
letter of Bryan Edwards, now in the possession of a
descendant of the regicides. By the letter it appears,
that Bradshaw having died a year before Cromwell,
his son had the remains of his father disinterred some
time previous to the Restoration, and carried them with
him to Jamaica.

At the Restoration, the remains of Ireton, Bradshaw,
and Cromwell were ordered to be dug up and hung at
Tyburn; but the body of Bradshaw was not to be
found. James Bradshaw, on his arrival, interred the
remains on an eminence called Gun Hill, from his hav-
ing planted a cannon over the grave. The patent of
the land on which it is situated is dated 1688, and is
still extant in the name of James Bradshaw.

This statement, however, is discredited by Mr.
Brydges; though B. Edwards distinctly says, after
shewing his veneration for the memory of the regicide,
that a friend of his, of undoubted honour and veracity,
had made a search for the gun, and found it buried in
the vegetation, which had grown undisturbed about it
for more than a century. Brydges says the gun is not
now to be found, though it had recently been sought
for. But, on his authority, the disinterment of the
president's remains, for the purpose of hanging up at
Tyburn, is confirmed by the actual existence of a re-
ceipt, couched in these words:—

"May 4, 1661.—Received in full, of the worship-
ful Serjeant Norfof, fifteen shillings, for taking up the
corpses of Cromwell and Ireton, and Bradshaw, by
mee, John Lewes."

In Kingston church, old Admiral Benbow, who was
killed in an engagement with the French, sleeps as
quietly as if he had never blown a Frenchman out of the water, or had his own old timbers shivered in return. He and Ducasse should be buried in the same grave; but I would rather not be in church the first day their dust came in contact. An awful collision might be expected, when Ben and the Frenchman should find their bones commingling in the same sepulchre.

Jamaica affords an example, perhaps without a parallel in the history of men ambitious of tombstone honours,—of a man at the foot of the gallows disposing of a hundred pounds in gold for the purpose of having a monument erected to his memory. This gentleman's name was Hutchinson. He was a proprietor, it appears, in easy circumstances, in the parish of St. Anne's.

Brydges says he lived in a small and lonely turret in the wood-bound vale of Pedro. He called his solitary residence Edinburgh Castle: it commanded the only pass from the north to the south side of the country. The defile was hardly a mile across—the mountains on either side of gigantic height. Here he was in the habit, for many years, of murdering travellers with the assistance of his slaves. When his last unsuccessful attempt on a traveller led to his detection, one hundred watches of his victims were found in his house. Money, it appears, was not his object, but the delight of shedding blood. For the last offence he had to fly the island, but was pursued by Admiral Rodney, and taken at sea in an open boat. He attempted to drown himself, but was prevented. On his trial, as well as at his execution, he did not manifest the least disquietude or remorse, but was occupied, as I have stated, at the last moment of his life, in making arrangement for securing the erection of a monument. He was executed in 1773.

The epitaph, in his own hand-writing, was in these words:
“Lewis Hutchinson, hanged in Spanish Town, Jamaica, 16th March, in the year of his Lord, 1779, aged 40.
Their sentence, power, and maleice I defy,
Despise their power, and like a Roman die.”

Brydges says he saw the original document.

This worthy pattern of “the antique Roman” I think must have been mad. It is not stated what use was made of the hundred pounds, but the intentions of the testator do not appear to have been carried into effect. When I first discovered the tomb-stone of the gentleman with “the one little spot” in the Spanish Town churchyard, and caught the first initial H, I did the person alluded to the injustice to fancy I was treading on the ashes of Mr. Hutchinson; but the S. B. that followed showed me my mistake.

In the different churchyards I visited, I was forcibly struck with the vast number of early deaths recorded on the tomb-stones, and the extreme rarity of those from sixty upwards. In St. Catherine’s churchyard, Spanish Town, there is the tomb of a Dr. Gregory, at 86. But this age is of such rare occurrence, that Roby, in his little treatise on the Monuments of Jamaica, says, “Instances among the black and coloured population of great longevity in this island are far from uncommon; but, among the monumental inscriptions, I have met with—no instance of any white person attaining equal age to that noticed in the above epitaph.”

I have met with four similar instances in the various churchyards I have visited, and these four probably among the recorded ages of a thousand persons.

The following account of the various ages inscribed on the tombstones in the church and graveyard of Spanish Town I collected last month, by taking down all the ages thus recorded—the number of inscriptions bearing the ages, being 121. The following is the result of the arrangement of the whole into the number
of deaths at ten different periods of life, each at ten years' interval, except the last:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ages</th>
<th>Deaths</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>From 1 year of age, and under, to 10</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>30</td>
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<td>30</td>
<td>40</td>
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<td>40</td>
<td>50</td>
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<td>50</td>
<td>60</td>
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<td>60</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>80</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

\[240\]

The next table of ages I made out in a similar manner, from a list I made this present month, of the ages and deaths recorded on the tombstones in the church and burying-ground of St. Andrew's.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>JAMAICA</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ages</td>
<td>Deaths</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From 1 to 10 years of age</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>40</td>
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<td>40</td>
<td>50</td>
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<td>50</td>
<td>60</td>
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<tr>
<td>60</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>80</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

\[121\]

For the purpose of comparing with these tables, I send you one from the bills of mortality in London for the year 1831, similarly constructed:

**Vol. I.**
Now, this table (leaving out of account the deaths under ten years of age, which in every country are in greater numbers than at any other age) shows the mortality from 20 to 40 to be of much smaller amount than from 40 to 70; while the very reverse is the case as exhibited in the two Jamaica tables. In one of these tables the greatest mortality is from 30 to 40; in the other from 20 to 50. And, so far, I have no doubt but that these tables give a very fair average of the ages at which mortality prevails most. But neither of them give a very flattering impression of the climate of Jamaica; that it is highly unfavourable to longevity,*

* Amongst the negroes there are numerous instances of great longevity. In October last, at Mr. Chisholm's I saw an old woman on an estate, a few hundred feet below the summit of St. Catherine's Peak, which is 5000 feet above the level of the sea, and this woman could not have been under 110 years of age; she was said to be upwards of 120. I saw three generations of her children about her; the youngest of her daughters was 76 years of age, and her son, who, an old infirm man, in the presence of Dr. McFadgen, the medical gentleman of the estate, told me he was eighty odd years of age. And since I have been in the island, an old negro woman, named Catherine Awner, died here at the wonderful age, if the newspapers are to be credited, of 148 years. This woman, it is said, was living at Port-Royal at
I have not the smallest doubt. These observations, however, apply only to the white inhabitants; and, with regard to the Jamaica tables, there are circumstances to be taken into account which militate against their general application. In the first place, the population of Jamaica is principally supplied from the mother country; secondly, the monumental inscriptions are chiefly descriptive of the ages of white persons; and thirdly, the colonists formerly, when they amassed sufficient wealth to live at home, very frequently, at the approach of advanced age, returned to England. Notwithstanding these objections, however, to the general application of these tables, from what is passing every day around me, I believe a tolerable correct opinion may be formed from them of the average mortality at different periods of life.

In what consists the difference between the negroes' and Europeans' fitness for this climate?—in the power, I should say, of resisting excessive heat that is peculiar to the negro, by means of the rete mucosum, conjointly with that less irritable state of nervous sensibility which predisposes Europeans to inflammatory diseases in hot countries. Intemperance is alike unfavourable to life in both; but however temperate the European may be, a single exposure, long continued to solar heat, may produce death. I do not mean to say that the climate of the West Indies is so gradually destructive to European life as that of the East Indies. I do not think, to use a common expression, that a West Indian climate takes so much out of a European the time of the earthquake, and was then six years of age. In 1792 a black woman of the name of Flora Gale died at the age of 120, at Savannah la Mar, in Jamaica. There is one difficulty, however, attending the accounts of negro ages; the negroes themselves never know them. The only mode of ascertaining them is by reference to the estate-books, and seeing at what supposed ages they were bought when they first came on the property. I have no doubt but that the climate is favourable to negro life.
constitution as an East Indian; but when inflammatory
disease does set in, it is more suddenly destructive.*

* In the course of nine months four of the special magistrates
died in Jamaica, of inflammatory attacks and yellow fever. I
believe, in none of these instances did the disease run a longer
course than four or five days. These gentlemen, Mr. Musgrave,
Mr. Everard, Mr. Pearson, and Mr. Jordan, were all in the prime
of life, and in the fullest vigour of health. Poor Mr. Everard
spent some days with me only a week before his death, and often
boasted to me of the excellence of his constitution. Musgrave’s
health and strength were too vigorous for the climate; and, per-
haps, the high and buoyant spirits of his—poor friend, Jordan,
caused him to make too light of the dangers that arise in Jamaica,
from fatigue and exposure to the sun. Mr. Pearson I was little
acquainted with; but the others, whom I knew well, one of whom
had been the companion of my voyage from England, and was
esteemed by all who knew him, and the last and youngest of the
number who had partly lived with me for some months, and been
my agreeable companion in many an excursion in the mountains
of Liguanea, I most deeply lament, and sympathise with those
connected with them. Mr. Montgomery Martin asserts that “the
climate of Jamaica is not inimical to the human constitution;
and, in corroboration of this assertion, he gives a table of the
deaths (from the official returns) of the troops at the different
military stations in Jamaica, from 1817 to 1822, which was a
sickly period; and the following is the ratio of the deaths:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Deaths</th>
<th>Ratio</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>At Up-park Camp</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stoney Hill</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>11(^1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Port Royal</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>8(^1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Port Augustin</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spanish Town</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>6(^1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Port Antonio</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>6(^1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Port Maria</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3(^1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Falmouth</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>10(^1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucea</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>14(^1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maroon Town</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>6(^1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montego Bay</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>10(^1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Savannah la Mar</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

This table, I think, is a tolerable good specimen of mortality, in
a climate that “is not unfavourable to European life,” bearing in
mind that the ratio of mortality in England is about one in forty-
one.
A negro burial used formerly to be as joyous a solemnity as an Irish wake. There was dancing, singing, drinking, feasting, and a little fighting, not unfrequently, to enliven the mourners. There was a striking resemblance in the rites of both. There was a Willyforce nigger gone kickeraboo, instead of "a beautiful corpse" of a Paddy—plenty of new rum, in place of whisky—a gong and a hongau, in lieu of the bagpipes—howling negro wenches, instead of keeners—stories of duppies, in place of banchees—vows to a Fetish, instead of St. Patrick—songs about Bushas and Buckras, in place of Sassenachs—nyaming of goat and w egetabs, instead of rashers of bacon and pratees; and may-be there wasn't a wedding or two knocked up at the wake, and a stranger or two knocked down, for recreation at the bereau! But these happy times are gone: the negroes are no longer permitted to bury their dead by torch-light; to dance over their departed friends, and to frighten the isle from its propriety with barbarous music. Many, however, of the more peaceable practices are still observed; but so carefully are the white people excluded from the exhibition of them, that it is more difficult, I am persuaded, to get a sight at a negro wake than the preparation for a Turkish funeral. But it is not only on these occasions the negroes are jealous of white persons visiting their villages,—I will not say, their houses, for they take good care to give no white man admittance if they can possibly help it,—but at all times. In the first place, they usually bury their huts in the centre of a thick grove of fruit-trees,—orange, mango, star, apple, bread-nut, and palm trees, which totally secludes them from observation, and likewise shelters their slightly-covered huts from the broiling sun. The situation of these villages is generally made choice of on account of its proximity to a stream or river, on the slope of a hill, or in some unfrequented valley—and generally, like the convents in Italy, on the best land in the neighbour-
hood. It is impossible to conceive any thing more picturesque than many of these villages in the neighbourhood of Cherry Garden, Short Wood, and Norbrook, in the upper part of Liguanca, where I reside. It was some months before I succeeded in getting a view of the interior of any of their dwellings. In fact, with all my desire to make myself acquainted with their domestic manners and in-door usages, I confess I know less about them than I do of those of people in countries where the obstacles to information are supposed to be infinitely greater. However, the huts that I have visited are by no means inconvenient, uncleanly, or ill furnished. In some I have seen mahogany four-post bedsteads, mahogany chests of drawers, a little display of glass-ware on a sideboard, chairs and tables, and various other little luxuries, which most assuredly are not to be found in an Irish cabin, an Arab fellah’s hut, or even in the cottage of an English peasant. In a word, on a prosperous plantation, it is not to be denied that a negro slave is better lodged, better fed, and considering the climate, I would say, better clothed, than an English peasant, now-a-days.—I speak of a prosperous plantation; but are all plantations prosperous in this colony? Are one-third or one-fifth of them in that condition? Are the negroes of the small proprietors in these happy circumstances? Are the jobbing gangs who have no fixed homes, no allotted grounds, in the possession of these comforts? And even if they were, till the bird in the cage is convinced that he is a happier bird than the bird in the open air, that wings his flight from field to field in quest of food, you may cram his trough with the choicest seeds, you may fasten his cage with the prettiest wires, but you will not get him to be content. He may sing in the sunshine, or peck in the shade at the seeds that you placed before him, but his song will be the song of the starling: “I can’t get out! I can’t get out!”—and in the midst of his pecking, if you open the door, he will
flutter a while from perch to perch, and give up his comforts to regain his liberty.

I was going to tell you about a negro funeral, and behold me "babbling about green fields," and fly-away birds in pursuit of pleasures of their own imaginings!

I was requested some days ago by a family in my neighbourhood to attend a negro funeral on the estate in the absence of the proprietor, Mr. II—. It is customary on such occasion for the proprietor, overseer, or indeed, any white person, on the property, to read the burial-service at the interment of a slave. It was a ceremony I had never performed, and I very much doubted my capability of getting through it. The result proved I had not formed too humble an opinion of my ability.

On proceeding to the negro grounds, I heard a lugubrious concert of many African and Creole voices strike up, as I approached the hut of the deceased negro. The sounds were "not musical, but most melancholy." I stopped at a little distance to endeavour to catch the words, but I was not sufficiently acquainted with nigger tongue to make out more than a few words here and there of the chaunt they were giving, somewhat in the fashion of a recitativo. There were no African allusions to Fetish divinities, but an abundance of scriptural paraphrases, strangely applied to their ideas of the happiness of a future state, and the deserts of the dead woman. The expressions were a mixture of genuine piety and fanaticism,—at least if the colloquial familiarity of their mode of addressing God deserved the latter name:—

"Gar Almighty see this very wicked world—
Him say, 'Sister, come away,
What for you no come to me?'
Sister say, 'O Gar Almighty,
Too much glad to come away!
When one die, him sickness over;
Him leave all trouble in dis sinful world;
The last line was a chorus that was frequently repeated. I do not say these were the exact words, but they are very near the sense, and only a very small part of the chant in which they were repeated. The singing was stopped when I came up to the door; there were a number of negroes assembled in the room. In the centre a handsome mahogany coffin was placed on trestles. At the end of the room a table was spread out with cakes, wine-glasses, and a decanter of Madeira which had not been touched, and I suppose was intended for the white man's entertainment. The negroes stood up when I entered; and the daughter of the deceased, a decent-looking young woman dressed in black, offered me refreshment. I told them when they were quite ready I would attend the funeral; several of them said it was very kind of Massa to take so much trouble, and used civil expressions to that effect. The coffin was carried outside, and, except a piercing cry from the young woman when the corpse was carried out of the house, there was not a sound nor a syllable spoken by the negroes, who walked after the coffin in as decent and orderly a procession as I ever saw on any similar occasion, till they reached the grave. The place of interment was a secluded part of the plantation covered with mango-trees, where I observed two or three brick-built tombs that must have been erected at no small cost and labour. They were the tombs of slaves belonging to the property. When the negroes were assembled round the grave, I commenced reading the service, which was listened to with great attention. But when I came to the part of "dust to dust and ashes to ashes," the negro who officiated as sexton, and was prepared with a spade of earth for the usual ceremony, interrupted me with an intimation that I had neglected to order the coffin to be put down first: "Put
him in de hole first, Massa,—always put him in de hole first:' it was no time to be otherwise than serious, so I kept my eyes from the sexton's queer-looking face, and the remainder of the ceremony was performed without any more bungling.

I am, my dear Sir,
Yours, very truly,
R. R. M.

LETTER XV.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

To the Earl of Charleville.


My Lord,

Whether the recent measure that is to come into operation on the first of August will prove successful to the temper of the colonists or not, and meet the cooperation of the colonial legislature, are matters of doubt. As for the negroes, nothing short of infatuation can cause them to oppose it. They have much to lose, they have little to gain by opposition to a measure which confers on them present advantages and prospective liberty. If they have any ground of discontent, it is the length of the probationary term of apprenticeship; the necessity for which they may not understand, and the probability of seeing its termination they may be unable to comprehend. On the other hand, the white people have many things opposed to their interests or their prejudices to irritate their feelings: they have injury to property, deprivation of power, and interference with colonial legislation to resist and even to avenge. The magistrates of the country have what they deem the insult to brook, of
transferring their authority to a stipendiary magistracy—strangers in the land, and appointed by an obnoxious government.

These are a few of the difficulties the system of negro apprenticeship has to encounter on the 1st of August. The time is fast approaching, and I see no adequate preparations making for the change. The following extract from a letter of mine of a recent date to a West India merchant in London, who holds property probably to a very considerable amount in this island, states the nature of the change that is taking place, and the necessity for meeting that change promptly and efficiently.

"The face of things is altering daily in Jamaica, and great changes must yet take place before the interests of the colony are improved. The proprietor who expects to preserve his property must be prepared for the loss of manual labour to a considerable extent, and be ready to supply its place as far as possible by machinery."

It requires no great acquaintance with agricultural pursuits to foresee that it is only by the intervention of machinery that the cultivation of the soil (which has hitherto been maintained by manual labour) can be kept up.

I may be told by the attorney or the planter who has spent perhaps twenty years in the colony, and who has gone on in the old jog-trot pace of colonial agriculture, from first to last, that the soil of Jamaica, the climate of the West Indies, the nature of the labourers, are circumstances unfavourable to the introduction of agricultural machinery, and where it has been tried that it has always failed. I dispute the opinion of the circumstances named being unfavourable to the experiment. I deny that the experiment has ever failed where it has been fairly tried.

Is the old system of hoeing and scraping the surface of the soil still to be continued, because the experiment of agricultural machinery is not to be advan-
tageously attempted except under the superintendence of the proprietor himself? or is the expense of its introduction to deter the proprietor at home (who will not superintend his own affairs) from swelling the bills of his supplies with this item, which is for the most important end of all? The cost of a plough, I am aware, would pay for more than a hundred hoes. A box or a basket is less expensive than a wheelbarrow. A cattle-mill is more easily set up than a steam-engine; and a team of twenty oxen and an unmanageable wagon are better adapted, than a cart and a couple of horses, for roads which are made without stones, and mended with loose clay. But the negro, it is said, is too ignorant to perform any kind of labour except with the simplest implements, or to be trusted with the management of any sort of mechanism except of the simplest contrivance. Why is he so ignorant? Because the attorney, who is occupied with the care of perhaps twenty properties, and has enough to do to post over the country from plantation to plantation, has no leisure, and, moreover, no inclination to do what his predecessor did not do before him; because the overseer is too proud, or too indolent to instruct the slave in the use of new implements, or to surmount his dislike to any change in the customary mode of labour; and, finally, perhaps because the proprietor on the spot is too needy to be able to afford to make the necessary change; and the proprietor at home, so long as he gets his precarious income, thinks not of the advantage he withholds from his estate, while he deprives his slaves of the benefit of his own superintendence, of the incitement to industry of his own example, of the service of their intelligence of his own instruction, and of the justice he owes to them of his own protection. This noble island of Jamaica is truly a goodly country, and God made it; but who made the system which mars its beauty, and suffers neither peace nor prosperity to flourish beneath its shade?—I need not say.
A better day, I trust, is beginning to dawn over the affairs of this colony: the absentee proprietors, it is to be hoped, will be enabled to enter into arrangements with those who have claims on their properties, and take the management of them into their own hands, become their own attorneys, and be thus enabled, with the diminution of labour, to carry into effect the diminution of expense; by these means, the condition of a Jamaica plantation may, in six years to come, be in a state of more healthy prosperity than it has been for the last ten years at least.

In the interim, however, while the absence of the large and influential proprietors continues to be felt so sensibly in the colony, and not only on their properties, but in the colonial legislature, the settling down of angry passions, and the dissipation of ancient prejudices, will be a slow operation. Complexional distinctions, probably for years to come, will continue to distract society; but now that political privileges and civil advantages have ceased to belong to a particular complexion, the colour of a man's skin can no longer be the criterion of his capacity, though the difference of a shade may fit him for society, or exclude him from it; but now it can not put him beyond the pale of the British Constitution.

Sanguine as I am about the success of the measure for the abolition of slavery, I cannot but fear that some years must elapse before the various classes of this community regard one another as fellow-citizens and fellow-men. In the mean time, the exertions of those by whom the change in a mischievous system is to be effected, will meet with difficulties at the hands of all:—the ignorance of the negro, the arrogance of the brown man, and the pride and prejudice of the white, will continue for some time to baffle the endeavour to amalgamate their interests, and to remedy the evils of a system which had nothing but its age to plead for its iniquity.

The relation in which the several classes stand to
each other, is little understood in England. The blacks dislike the browns, the browns look down upon the blacks, and the whites have no love for either. It would puzzle Hecate to make her hell-broth in Jamaica: _elle aura beau à dire_—

"Black spirits and white,
Brown spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
Ye that mingle may."

But few of her many-coloured sprites would she get to mingle in the same circle, or mix the ingredients of political strife in the same caldron. She would have some trouble to get "the weird sisters" of St. Anne's to concoct the sweltered venom of complexional animosity in harmony together, or to do the "hurly-burly" business of colonial turmoil in decent concert.

I have the honour to be, my lord,
Your Lordship's humble servant,

R. R. M.

 LETTER XVI.

DINNERS, BALLS, AND SUPPERS.

To Dr. Quin.

June 10, 1834.

My dear Sir,

I would recommend any one who is not troubled with dyspepsia, and wishes to know what good living is, to visit Jamaica. It is not only that the dinners are excellent, but the givers do the honours of their tables with a cordiality of manner, and, in a great many instances, a refinement mixed with the frankness of their hospitality, which make their entertainments exceed-
ingly agreeable. I would not at all mind being com-
pelled to dine twice a week, for the next five years, 
with the merchants of Kingston, at the house of my 
friend Scott or Seymour,—once a week with the plan-
ters, at the hospital mansion of Joseph Gordon,—every 
Thursday with the attorney-general,—every Friday 
with the lawyers, at the house of the Chief Justice,— 
every Saturday at the board of Dr. McGrath, and every 
Sunday tête-à-tête with Welwood Hyslop. A convi-
vivial gentleman, I assure you, might “go his rounds” 
on such a bait as this with great satisfaction to himself, 
if good digestion could only be prevailed on to “wait 
on appetite, and health on both.”

If Lord Selston had any idea of the natural advan-
tages of this country in market scenery, I am sure his 
Lordship would turn his attention to colonial matters. 
There are cooks in Jamaica of dark complexion, who 
would do honour to a dresser even in Crockford’s culi-
nary department. I would back the Sambo cook of 
Mr. Cockburn, or the chef de la cuisine of his Excell-
ency the governor, against a syndic of French cooks 
for serving up a dinner of turtle and calipever, moun-
tain mullets, ringtailed pigeons, black crabs, and wild 
guinea-fowl.

The black servants who wait at table in such houses 
as I have been alluding to, are a very different sort of 
attendants from those in such establishments as Miss 
Hannah Lewis, Miss Winter, and the innumerable 
brown misses who board, lodge, and “bleed,” usque ad 
deliquium, his Majesty’s unfortunate white subjects in 
Jamaica. On the contrary, I think there are not bet-
ter waiters, or more competent butlers in the world 
than black ones; and there is this great merit in their 
service,—that whatever they do is done with alacrity. 
The people of Jamaica are a great hand-shaking peo-
ple: when you arrive were you are to dine, the cere-
mony begins. There are probably twenty guests, each 
of whom has ten fingers, with the exception of an 
honourable member of council, who has only five; so
that, for a one-handed shake alone, a man has to
squeeze and be squeezed by one hundred fingers at the
onset. Then he has to drink a glass of Madeira, or,
if he prefers it, of Menzies' and Morrison's incompa-
rable bitters, before the announcement of dinner.

The lady of the house is led to the dinner-table by
some nabob of a planting attorney—a comfortable,
well-conditioned, good-humoured-looking man; for
your planting attorney is generally a fat, sleek, well-
fed, demure-featured gentleman, with a good deal of
what the Irish people call cuteness about the mouth,
lurking especially about its angles, but not sufficient to
predominate over a hilarious expression of the eye, in
which fun and frankness of disposition is mingled with
shrewdness. In every thing but the affairs of the toi-
et there is an absence of restraint in West Indian so-
ciety, without any deviation from the established rules
of good breeding, which is very favourable to convivial
intercourse, which receives a fillip, moreover, from the
exhalations of the best turtle-soup in the world, and the
diffusible stimuli of Champagne and Madeira. From
the disappearance of the first course, there is a running
fire of Champagne musketry kept up close to the ears
of the guests, which has a very pleasing effect, and an
agreeable influence on the lingual organs of the party,
both male and female. I beg you not to suppose that
the ladies of this country are less abstemious than
those of any other: on the contrary, the Creole ladies
live more sparingly than the women of any European
country; but at dinner parties, few and far between,
they enjoy their glass of Champagne at dinner, quite
as much as our ladies do at home, after a breakfast in
the gardens of the Horticultural Society. Next to
Champagne, London bottled porter is in general favour
at dinner parties. It must be admitted that the ladies
in the West Indies do malt with cheese; but it may
mitigate their offence in the eyes of Mr. Brummel's
disciples to be informed, that the most grateful beverage
in a hot climate is bottled porter, and that health,
beauty, and refinement suffer no disparagement from its moderate potation. Dandies in England and doctors in Jamaica may differ with me; but, with all due deference to both, I advocate the innocence of malt, and deprecate the mischief of alcohol, in whatever vinous form it is presented to us at a dinner-table in the West Indies. For the first six months I was here, I tried the experiment of giving up wine in toto for three months of that time: I likewise gave up spirits, finding, like Dr. Johnson, that it was easier to practise abstinence than temperance; and, during this period, I enjoyed better health than I had done for years. I cannot say, like the illustrious man I have just quoted, that I felt it a great deduction from the pleasures of life to give up wine: on the contrary, I never derived so much advantage to health from so small a sacrifice of pleasure; but within the last month, I have suffered myself to be persuaded that my system was a mistaken one, and that weak brandy-and-water and a glass or two of Madeira are requisite for a man’s support in this climate; but the deuce of it is, that the weak brandy-and-water insensibly becomes strong, and that too by degrees, in this country, that are neither discernible in the hue nor perceptible in the flavour; and the one or two glasses of Madeira, moreover, somehow or another, merge into four or five, and even on festive occasions increase to an indefinite number. I understand Mr. Bruce has it in contemplation to establish temperance societies in the colonies: unpopular as their introduction is in most countries, under his auspices I have no doubt but that they might be successful.

So long as the presence of the ladies keeps away the demon of politics from the social board, nothing can be more agreeable than a Jamaica dinner party; but when they retire, or at a dinner of gentlemen only, the interregnum between the dessert and coffee is too often filled up with political discussions, which, in good society, though generally carried on with good-
humoured earnestness, very often lead to an indulgence in a propensity which is stronger in the West Indies than elsewhere—that of speechifying after dinner. The quantity of colonial patriotism that is expended on these occasions is so great, that nothing but an inexhaustible fund of politics could save a convivial orator after half a dozen dinners, from a bankruptcy in verbiage. At a large party some time ago, a gentleman who sat opposite made three unsuccessful attempts to deliver a speech; each time he rose, a transitory cloud obscured his memory. At the last unlucky attempt, after a solemn pause of some minutes (which was duly coughed and clapped by the company) with his finger on his lip, like the statue of Harpocrates, invoking silence, the parturient orator, one of the best-humoured of men, waved his hand across his forehead, and looked unutterable things: his confusion, however, eventually disappeared before the comicality of his situation; he burst out a-laughing; "Gentlemen," said he, "there is no use to cry 'hear! hear! hear!' I had something very important to say; but, upon my life, I cannot remember what it was."

There was too much fun elicited for any more politics that evening: whether a failure of memory, or well-timed ruse gave the turn to the evening's recreation, admits of some doubt.

But such agreeable terminations of political discussions after dinners are not always their result. Many a duel has been fought in Jamaica by persons who sat the night before their meeting at the same table. There is a gentleman now living in Kingston who has fought his ten or twelve men. There are Members of Assembly who have been on the ground half a dozen times; there are lawyers who have had two challenges.

* The truly amiable and good-humoured gentleman alluded to here, a native I believe of the colony, died a few months ago of fever, after three or four days' illness only. A more honourable man, or a more agreeable companion, he has not left behind.
out at a time; there have been doctors who have killed one another about a medical theory; and the fate, and, I may add, the folly, of Messrs. Williams and Bennet, who perished in 1760, because they differed in opinion on the subject of the nature of yellow fever, has not deterred persons of the same profession from signifying to their brethren, who differed with them on subjects of medical controversy, that they were ready to give a meeting whenever they were called on. The people of Jamaica, however, are beginning to view these demonstrations of courage in their proper light, and, consequently, duelling is every day becoming less frequent.

From dinners, politics, pugnacity, "battle, murder, and sudden death," allow me to lead you to a ballroom, where there is no killing except with bright eyes, and no measuring of paces except on the ballroom floor. Here, as everywhere else, where the influence of woman prevails over the intercourse of human beings of a civilized community, malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness, for the time being, seem to be forgotten, and general gaiety and universal good-humour take possession of the company. The ballrooms here, however crowded they may be, are seldom oppressively hot; the windows are all thrown open; and the land breeze, which sets in at night, keeps the temperature as cool as that of any European ball-room. Whether the ladies are as finished votaries of Terpsichore, or as accomplished proficients in all the Eleusinian mysteries of the toilet, I am unable to say, for these are matters beyond my ken; but I know that no women dance with equal spirit in any other part of the world; and no women are more attractive, both in manners and in appearance, than the Creole ladies of Jamaica. There is a small gentleman of most mercurial heels, and feathery conformation, who presides over the hopping department of this community, and whose talent for croisées and pirouettes is only inferior to his skill in jumping over the most exalted benches;
with a single summerset he has the power of throwing himself over the broadest official table. The great difficulty in performing this feat is to avoid breaking one's neck, which is sometimes in jeopardy on similar occasions. For the first three months after our arrival, there was a round of parties here, at the Governor's, the General's, and at private houses. Indeed, there was hardly a week that either the hospitable doors of Lord Mulgrave or Colonel Smelt were not thrown open to the good folks of Spanish Town and Kingston.

The society of Jamaica is deeply indebted to the Earl of Mulgrave and his amiable Countess for a gradual but decided amelioration in its tone and condition. The strong influence of exalted excellence, like that of Lady Mulgrave, and the example of her affability, her graceful manners, and dignified simplicity of character, could not have any other than a favourable effect on a state of society that has not yet reached its meridian.

When I say the parties of Jamaica are well attended, and even brilliant, while I willingly acknowledge that the women are beautiful, and the men agreeable in social intercourse, I am very far from believing that society in Jamaica is in a sound condition, or that there is a wholesome state of social intercourse either in Spanish Town or Kingston.

The demon of colonial society is the spirit of rivalry in luxurious entertainments and apparel. If Mrs. S— gives a party, it is incumbent on Mrs. W— to give a larger; if Miss A— should happen to exhibit a tiara of pearls at the King's house, Miss B— would go into hysterics if she could not display one of diamonds at the next ball; if the General gives three courses at dinner, the Adjutant feels himself imperatively called on to give four; and if his Excellency, the Governor, should set down two-and-twenty guests at table, it would be a great dereliction of the first principles of hospitality in Jamaica for his Honour, the Mayor, to have less than twenty-four, even though he have to
build a new dining-room for the purpose. What is the effect of this spirit of rivalry? Why, that grand entertainments abound, and that all "the small sweet courtesies," and tranquil enjoyments of friendly intercourse in minor circles, and little reunions of neighbouring families, are unknown.

I wonder if this great world will ever cease to be humbugged with the idea that the pleasures of society are in proportion to the grandeur of the scale on which they are enjoyed.

There are other obstacles to social intercourse besides rivalry, and no less injurious to it,—jealousy between the heads of the various departments, and prejudice against individuals of the same community, no matter how respectable these individuals may be, on account of complexional distinctions. As for the jealousy I speak of, it is not confined to civil and military offices, or to home and Creole appointments: it pervades them all. My only wonder is, how the business of the country is carried on with such an extraordinary want of concert as exists in the several departments.

As to the introduction of people of colour into society, I see no probability of its being more general than it now is, while a vestige of slavery remains in these colonies. It was one of the enlightened and intrepid acts of Lord Mulgrave to break down this absurd and narrow-minded prejudice, so far as lay in his power. I have met gentlemen of colour at his table, and in the society of his accomplished lady, who were worthy of that honour, but who would not be tolerated at the board of a planter, or even of his overseer. But though his Lordship's example was not followed in society, it had the effect of familiarising the exclusives with the persons of the excluded, against whom, in a short time, they were likely to jostle in every public situation.

A supper-room is a place where lights, luxuries, and liveliness are combined to make the grave look gay, and the gay seem more than ordinarily joyous: but in
Jamaica, the hilarity of the festive scene is not only exhibited, but felt by the performers: and, instead of being the finale of the dance, it is only an interlude between the sets. There are always, however, a certain number of elderly ball frequenters who do not dance, but can sup as well as those who do; and these old stagers usually linger about the supper-table, and qualify the cold refreshments, whipt creams, and lobster salads, with certain quantities of brandy-and-water, or Champagne, till the morning gun gives warning to depart.

But I must not encroach on Tom Cringle's province. Sufficient for all suppers are the indigestions thereof, without the accidents which sometimes accompany the exploits that are performed under the influence of supper-eating correctives.

I remain, dear Sir,

Very truly,

R. R. M.

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LETTER XVII.

A RUINED PLANTATION.

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To Mr. William Murphy,

St. Mary's, June 15, 1834.

My dear Sir,

I set out on an excursion to St. George's a few days ago, to visit one of the most beautifully situated properties in that parish, in the neighbourhood of Annotto Bay. The description of this mountain journey may give you some idea of the mode of travelling in this country. Our party consisted of the proprietor, his lady, three slaves, and your humble servant; and, though the distance was only thirty-eight miles, four saddle-
horses, and three baggage-mules were necessary for our cortège. It appeared to me a very formidable array of cavaliers winding along the narrow mountain path, which proved to be the description of our route, the greater part of the journey. We passed by the barracks of Stoney Hill, which are situated on an eminence, about 1360 feet above the level of the sea, by Temple Hill estate; and, leaving a Maroon town to our left, we arrived at Green Castle, where we took up our quarters for that night. The cultivation of the estate has been nearly abandoned, though formerly one of the most prosperous coffee plantations in that neighbourhood. The house is one of those melancholy instances of a modern mansion, fitted up, not only with taste and elegance, but even magnificence, (ill adapted to a mountain residence) tumbling into decay, and either destitute of inhabitants, or having, perhaps, a single room tenanted by a solitary overseer. The parish of St. Mary’s abounds with these desolate abodes. The house we were in, and the improvements about it, cost the proprietor £30,000; and, like hundreds of others, when the house was built, the proprietor began to consider the means of living in it. Here we were joined by one of the first attorneys in the island, always excepting Mr. Joseph Gordon, who is the prince of the planting attorneys in Jamaica, who had come to conduct us the day following to his house, at Claremont, about ten miles distant.

We had arrived at Green Castle as wet as if we had been taken out of the Wagwater River, which we crossed and re-crossed I do not know how many times. A shower of rain in the mountains of Jamaica is a species of comminuted cataract, pelted down from a thundering black cloud, which occasionally “spits fire as well as spouts rain,” and rumbles again till the echoes of heaven’s artillery among the mountains sound like the volleys of ten thousand of “Jove’s dread counterfeits.” I can safely say, in my various excursions in the mountains of Jamaica, “since I was man,
such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder, such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never remember to have heard."

Green Castle is situated in a mountainous district, 1330 feet above the level of the sea: the temperature is considerably cooler than the plains, but for all that, it is very far from healthy; indeed, the climate of this parish is generally unhealthy; and, with the exception of the attorney, I did not see a single white person on any of the properties I visited, who had not the sallow, sickly look, which belongs to a district where malaria prevails. There are many other mountainous districts in this island which are no less unhealthy, especially in Portland, St. Thomas in the East, and St. George’s. This is a very important circumstance; for when it is objected to the proposal of introducing European emigrants into this country, that labour under the heat of a tropical sun would be fatal to them in the lowlands, it is admitted that it might be so; but that in the mountain districts, where the temperature is not greater than in some parts of Europe, they would have nothing to apprehend from climate. This, I think, is a mistake, at least the observation applies only to those districts which are healthy, as well as moderate in temperature; the coolness of temperature is not always an evidence of the healthiness of locality, however high it may be above the level of the sea. I have no doubt, however, but that there are many parts of St. Andrews, Trelawney, and St. Anne’s, where European emigrants might do very well, provided they were temperate in their habits, and contented with their change of country. But, I would ask you, is it among the lower classes of our countrymen we are to look for the favorable condition of health and happiness? Is it in this country, where the bare necessities of life are so easily provided, and the temptation to intemperance is so besetting to all new comers, that we are to look for motives of industry, or encouraging hopes of prudent habits? I am fully convinced, that the importation of
labourers from our country will have no other result, but a useless expense of life and money. The importation of white labourers has been frequently tried, and never with success.

In 1650, the Imperial Council issued an order for enlisting a thousand men in Ireland, to be sent out as settlers to Jamaica, and also "a thousand Irish girls," as a necessary accompaniment to such an expedition from the sister island. In Cromwell's time, it was the custom to send out regiments of refractory loyalists to Jamaica, and then disband them and make settlers of the soldiers. The first plantations were made by the mutinous troops, under D'Oyley, the first governor, but the mortality that prevailed amongst them soon terminated their agricultural labours. In 1655 the deaths among the soldiers were 140 a week.

A little later, we are informed by Brydges, that Colonel Humphrey, whose father had borne the sword before Bradshaw at the mock trial of the unfortunate Charles, arrived from England with eight hundred men; but, within a fortnight, more than two-thirds were numbered with the dead. The Scotch about this time, by way of improving the colony, ordered their convicts to be transported to Jamaica: and in 1683, on the same authority, when there was a great desertion from the island, "multitudes of English labourers were kidnapped and brought here by force; an abuse which called for an order from the Privy Council."

In 1741 a body of Mosquito Indians were introduced into Jamaica, and an act passed to make all such of them free as would remain as settlers. This also was a failure.

Very lately, a gentleman, of the name of Myers, introduced a body of sixty-five German emigrants, men, women, and children. Their landing at Kingston was a very interesting sight: they had become so attached to the captain of the vessel they came in, that there was abundance of tears shed at the disembark-
ation of the women and children; while the men, by
way of a parting compliment, sung one of their national
airs, in which there was no little melody. Their be-

haviour on this occasion said a great deal for them-
selves, and, I may add, a great deal for the humanity
of the Englishman who had charge of them during an
usually long voyage. The men came on shore with
their German rifles slung across their shoulders; I
never saw a more decent or healthier-looking set of
persons in my life. A few weeks, however, has made
a sad alteration in their appearance: they have quitted
Mr. Myers's plantation in the mountains, and taken
refuge in Kingston and its neighbourhood. There has
been gross mismanagement somewhere, and the result
of it is disappointment and disgust. Some of them are
in prison; others have been in a state of destitution,
and have been only rescued from it by the humane ex-

terions of the attorney-general, whose humanity on all
occasions is acknowledged even by the most strenuous
of those politically opposed to him. He and some
other benevolent persons have now undertaken to see
Mr. Myers reimbursed for the expenses he has been
at over and above the fifteen pounds premium which
is awarded by the colonial legislature for the introduc-
tion of every white labourer. A great many of the
Germans, I understand, by their own desire, are to be
enlisted in the new police. I met one of them a short
time ago at the Hope Tavern, in the upper part of Li-
guanca; he was a remarkably-intelligent young man,
about two-and-twenty. I found him employed in un-
winding the silken thread of a large living spider round
a pencil which was covered over with it, and was of a
beautiful shining orange colour; he calculated he had
about a quarter of a mile in length of this material.
The thread of the silk-worm is about the five-hundredth
part of an inch thick, whilst that of the spider is six
times finer, or only the thirty-thousandth part of an
inch in diameter. So fine is it, that it is calculated a
single pound of this attenuated substance might en-
compass the globe. I was a good deal struck with the patience of this poor emigrant, and the nature of the employment of one who had come out to labour in the fields of Jamaica. I inquired into his history, and was informed that he was a student of the University of Tharand at the time he heard of Mr. Myers taking out agricultural labourers to Jamaica; and that having by his father’s desire devoted his attention to agricultural studies, he thought he would be able to turn his knowledge to account in the West Indies. The poor fellow made a lamentable mistake. He was then a fugitive from the plantation of Mr. Myers, and was liable to imprisonment like his comrades for a breach of contract, the equity of which he did not seem at all convinced of. The keeper of the tavern, the roughness of whose manners was by no means an index of the humanity of his disposition, told me that he was supporting the young man, and the wives and children of two of his comrades who were then in prison. “Poor devils!” said this honest inn-keeper, “they are strangers in the country: they have no place to go to; their children are sick too, and how can one turn them out?”

The further I travel, the more I am persuaded that there is not a spot of God’s earth where traits of benevolence, that vindicate the character of human nature from the aspersions of gloomy fanaticism and ascetic philosophy, are not to be met with. The innkeeper showed me some drawings in pencil executed by the young German, and the sketch of the surrounding scenery, coloured with native pigments, which he had prepared from various plants in the neighbourhood of the botanical gardens. I gave the young man my address, and requested him to call upon me, in the hope of being able to do something for him more suitable to his talents than employment in agricultural labour in such a country as Jamaica.

I have almost lost sight of my journey to St. Mary’s and St. George’s, while attempting to show you what
the success has been of recent emigration. But before I quit this subject, let me say, the notion of the advantage of white emigration to this colony is founded on mistaken views. It is founded on the presumption that the negroes will not work for wages, and likewise on the supposition that the number of labourers that are already here are inadequate to the extent of land that the proprietors have the means of bringing into cultivation. Now as to the first point, the question of the negroes working, or refusing to work for wages, is a matter of opinion; for the experiment has been seldom tried. Allowances of shads and herrings are not wages; and individual instances of wages being offered and refused are very explicable under existing circumstances, when mutual mistrust prevails. As to the second point, I speak not of a matter of opinion, but of facts which cannot be controverted, that the difficulty of cultivation does not arise from the want of hands, but from the want of means of employing them. White labourers can never be got here to work for less than the proprietors of jobbing-gangs receive for negro-labour. There is no difficulty in procuring the labour of the latter, but there is great difficulty in paying for their hire. In a word, the want that is universally felt, is not the want of men to labour, but the want of money to pay wages.

We left Green Valley for Claremont at daybreak: we found the residence of the attorney a princely mansion: the property formerly belonged to a gentleman whose widow I believe is now in indigent circumstances in England, prior to its coming into the possession of the person from whom it is now rented by the attorney. For the beauty of the prospect and the salubrity of the air, Claremont has the advantage over any part of St. Mary’s I visited; and the hospitality of its present occupier, I need only say, is no disparagement to the character for which Jamaica is proverbial.

The day after our arrival, I left my friends at Clare-
mont, and set out on an expedition in quest of a property—which formerly belonged to a grand-uncle of mine, and on which I had inherited a claim to a considerable amount. Marley, the property in question, was about seventeen miles distant. After a fatiguing ride in a broiling summer's day, I reached a small plantation in the mountains, where I was informed some of the negroes of my uncle were then living, who had been lately purchased by the proprietor, a Mr. Thomson; and, amongst others, an old African negro, who, upwards of forty years ago, had been the favourite waiting-boy of the old gentleman, Dr. Lyons, about whom I was interested in inquiring. I had prepared myself for a very sentimental scene with the old negro. I had pictured to myself the joy of the aged domestic at seeing a descendant of his revered master. I had anticipated many affecting inquiries after my cousin, his young master, out of whose hands the property had been sold in Chancery some ten years ago; but never was there a gentleman of an ardent turn of mind more cruelly disappointed.

The negro was brought before me: he was a hale, honest-looking, gray-headed old man, about eighty.

"Did he remember the old doctor?"

"He remembered him well."

"Where did he come from?"

"Massa brought him out of a Guinea ship when a piccanini boy: him wait on massa—serve massa very well; him serve massa when young and 'trong; but what use talk of such things now?"

"Did he know what had become of master?"

"Yes, him hear massa die in England."

"Was he sorry to hear of master's death?"

"No, massa hab plenty of people in England to be sorry for him; him no want poor nigger to be sorry for him."

"Would he like to see one of master's family?"

"No! him want to see nobody."
"Did he see no resemblance between me and the old doctor?"

"No! him want to see nutten at all of nobody."

The man was now becoming impatient. I thought it time to awaken his sensibility by telling him at once that I was the nearest relative of old master he had seen for forty years. I was ready to extend my hand for a hearty shake. I was prepared, as I have said before, for an affecting scene; judge of my disappointment—

"For true! you belong old massa: well, what you want here? you come to carry away old stones from Marley—plenty of old stones on grounds at Marley—you come carry away more old massa’s money—whar you find it?—no more poor niggers to sell at Marley."

The old man, as he made the concluding observation, gave me a look which I would not willingly meet at the day of judgment. He turned away with the greatest indifference, humming to himself as he toddled toward the garden that sentimental negro air:

"Hi, massa buckra, sorry for your loss,
Better go to Lunnon town, and buy another ass."

"He is a surly; sulky old fellow," said the lady of the house. "He seems (thought I) an ungrateful old monster; he cares not a straw for the memory of his master; he has not the least regard for one of his descendants." I now made inquiries into the history of the plantation, for the old doctor had been dead forty years; and his brother, his successor, about thirty-five. And the result of my inquiries was the history of the plunder and the ruin of a property which I have thus far gone into, because it is the history of hundreds of properties in Jamaica. I had ample ground for reconsidering my opinion of the old man’s ingratitude. I found for many a long year he had no benefits to be grateful for—but great neglect, and many hardships, and, eventually, cruelty, to turn the milk of kindly feelings towards his master or his family to gall and
bitterness. I pray your attention to this account of the ruin of the property in question, for the means and appliances of destruction are those which are at this moment in operation of many a property in Jamaica, that a few years ago was in a prosperous condition. By way of enlisting your attention, let me premise the old doctor was a brother of that Robert Lyons, celebrated in the annals of Irish litigation, and mentioned in young Curran's work as the lawyer who gave the first brief to his father, when that great barrister was in want and obscurity.

The doctor having accumulated considerable property in Jamaica, like most planters, when the infirmities of age came on him, returned to his native country, but only in time to die there. The property in the meantime was managed by my mother's brother; but at the old gentleman's death it came into the hands of his brother, Mr. Theodosius Lyons. This gentleman died in the course of a few years, at Spanish Town, as also did my maternal uncle, and was buried on an adjoining property. A cousin of mine, then a minor, came into the property. A long career of litigation commenced,—first with a Chancery suit respecting the guardianship of the minor; one uncle, a Catholic, the guardian elect appointed by the minor's father, claiming that office; the other uncle, a Protestant, claiming his right to the guardianship on the ground of the legal preference a Protestant was entitled to. The decision of the Chancellor in this case is related at large in Scully's Penal Laws; but it will hardly be believed that such a decision was made in this century,—nay more, that it was made within the last five-and-thirty years! The Irish Chancellor not only decided the question of the guardianship of the Catholic minor, but he also decided on the religion of the minor. A few flippant words from an Irish Chancellor settled the matter that has been at issue between man and man from the earliest ages of the world. With the seals and mace before him, the emblems of legal and theological in-
spiration, he decided that the only true creed was that connected with the state.

In the words of the Lord Chancellor, "The Protestant guardian should have the preference in this case. The minor should be educated in the Protestant religion,—first, for his spiritual advantage, because the religion of the established church was the best religion; and, secondly, for his temporal advantage, because the Protestant religion was the religion of the state; and all its honours, offices, &c. were open only to its members." I quote from memory, but the words made too strong an impression on me ever to be forgotten.

The choice of a guardian deprived the minor of his religion, and ultimately of his property, for the choice unfortunately fell on a man whose passion for litigation had already embroiled his own affairs, and in a little time brought ruin on those of his ward. The young man came into his property and a Chancery suit nearly at the same time.

Now for the part of the history of this property that has hundreds of ones parallel to it:—When the minor came of age, he was strongly recommended by his family to go out to Jamaica, and take possession of his property. The young man was inclined to do so, but was dissuaded from that step by his friends in the colony. "His going out would only have an injurious effect on the property."—"The negroes would take advantage of his ignorance of their character, and of the cultivation of the estate." "The managers of the country, who were on the spot, were the only persons qualified to carry on the business of the plantation." "They knew the negroes, and they understood their management." "They were even in some degree interested in the prosperity of the plantation, for they had now and then made little advances when emergencies required them." "Moreover the climate at this period had been more unhealthy than usual." In short, there were so many reasons for the young proprietor
not going out, that, to the day of his death, which happened only last year, he never set his eyes on his property in Jamaica. He was a man of gentlemanly habits, and attached to the quiet enjoyment of the comforts of his own country. His merchant or agent made him such advances from time to time as the nature of the produce enabled him to grant; and in some years, when the crops happened to fail, he was obliged to provide for present wants by anticipating the produce of future years;—in plain words, he had to mortgage his estate. From the period that a West India proprietor does this, he exists on the sufferance of a precarious credit. The poor gentleman I allude to knew the misery of this existence for some years. His merchants, I have no doubt, were honourable men. His Jamaica attorney, I take it for granted, was as assiduous a manager as such agents can be for the interests of absentees; and probably the overseer and the book-keepers exacted as much labour from the negroes as the plenitude of their power enabled them to obtain.

But what with the merchants' commission on the produce received, on the supplies sent out, on the brokerage besides, and the interest on the advances already made, the emoluments of the attorney,—who certainly spends his time to little advantage in a tropical climate, if he is not enabled to live as well as the proprietor at home, perhaps a good deal better, and looks forward to the time when he may return to his country with a sufficient competency,—and lastly, the salary and establishment of the overseer, and the book-keepers, whose dearly-earned stipends, with the allowances from the estate, cannot be estimated at less than five hundred per annum;—taking all these charges in the aggregate, exclusive of all supplies, about eight hundred a year has to come out of the net produce of the estate, before the proprietor at home receives the residue of his precarious income. I think you will admit, if this calculation be a correct one, (and for the truth of it I appeal to the proprietors themselves,) whatever be our
feelings on the subject of slavery as an abstract question of right or wrong, the condition of the owner is one that deserves the greatest pity. Had my friend been living on his property, and by prudent management had preserved it from incumbrance, he might have exported his own produce; he might have been his own attorney; he might have found plenty of respectable Creoles of the country to have chosen his overseer from, at a great diminution of expense, for the law would not allow him to fill these situations with persons of colour; he might have inhabited his own house, and lived on the produce of his own estate, instead of existing in splendid misery, in expensive lodgings at Bath or Cheltenham, or his hired establishment in London or elsewhere;—in a word, he might have avoided the misfortune of seeing his estate, after a few years, pass out of his own hands.

In 1823 a suit in Chancery was instituted by one of the legatees of the first proprietor, for the recovery of a legacy originally of £1000. In 1824, interest, compound interest, law expenses, &c., had swelled the amount to upwards of £5000. The estate was sold by the Chancellor's order, and the legatee received upwards of £4000, leaving a small balance, which there was no further moneys in the hands of the Chancellor to pay: the merchant had his claims—his agents had their claims; consequently, there was nothing left for the proprietor.

My friend, Mr. Hyslop, agent of the legatee, one of the most respectable men in the island, furnished me with these particulars, from the statement of the Master in Chancery, under whom the property was sold. The singular part of the history of this property is, that in a very short time it was in the possession of this very Master in Chancery, Mr. Larchin. Lynch, who not long afterwards fled from the island, a defaulter to the Colonial Government to a considerable amount; and, I am informed, put an end to his existence two or three years ago in America. Mr. Lynch
did not at once become the proprietor: a Mr. Gordon, a friend of his, was the nominal purchaser; but within a very short period of the sale in Chancery the death of Gordon put Mr. Lynch into the possession. There was a fatality, however, attending the unfortunate property; it was doomed after its disposal in Chancery, to do no possessor good. The creditors of Lynch were innumerable; and, as in all such cases, there was no improvement of the little means the creditor had left; the estate of Marley was utterly dismantled, the machinery of the sugar-works was pulled down, and sold for whatever it might bring. The erection of these works, on the calculation of Bryan Edwards of the expense of similar fabrics, would originally have cost £5000 sterling; the purchase, clearing, planting, and enclosing of the lands, would have cost £10,000; the negroes and stock, £10,000 more, (Edwards says £14,000); so here is an outlay of £25,000, and all that remains to show for it is—a desolate house! a heap of ruins! and a wide tract of waste land around them!

I had two motives for visiting this property; the ostensible one was, to ascertain if the possession was worth the risk of an appeal to the Chancellor for the claim I had on it—a claim similar to that of the legatee I have spoken of; but the strong inducement, I acknowledge, was a feeling of personal interest, if I may use that term, in the condition of a place which had belonged for near half a century to members of my family. I arrived at the ruined works of Marley, after a fatiguing ride of five hours in the wildest district of the St. Mary's Mountains. I was pretty well accustomed to the desolate aspect of ancient ruins in eastern countries; but I had little idea, till I visited Jamaica, of that utter dreariness of scenery that has recently passed from cultivation into the solitude of nature; and of modern structures, which have but lately been the busy haunts of life and activity, and have become as silent as the grave,—as desolate as the walls of that
modern city of Epirus, which the tyrant of Albania has doomed to be inhabited no more.

The dwelling-house was situated on a mountain eminence, about two hundred feet above the works; the remains of a little garden, that had probably been planted by the old proprietor, was still visible on the only level spot in front of the house; a few fruit-trees only remained; but it seemed, from the space that had been enclosed; and was now marked by a long line of scattered stones, the soil that was now covered with weeds had been formerly laid out in flower-plots. In going from the ruined works to the house, I missed my road, amid the rank verdure which nearly obliterated every trace of a path; so that I traversed a considerable part of the property without meeting a human being. The negro huts, at some distance from the house, were all uninhabited; the roofs of some of them had tumbled in, and had the appearance of having been long unoccupied. The negro-boy who accompanied me was very anxious for me to return to Claremont, and said, "It was no good to walk about such a place, buckras all dead, niggers all dead too, no one live there but duppies and obeah men,"—(ghosts and necromancers.) It was certainly as suitable a place for such folks as one could well imagine. I proceeded, however, to the house, and went through the ceremony of knocking at the door, but received no answer: the door was ajar, and I took the liberty of walking into the house of my old uncle. The room I entered was in keeping with the condition of the exterior; every plank in the naked room was crumbling into decay. I opened one of the side-doors, and, to my great surprise, I perceived two women as white as any inhabitants of southern climates, and tolerably well clad, standing at an opposite window, evidently alarmed at my intrusion. I soon explained to them the nature of my visit, and requested permission to rest for a short time after my fatiguing journey. In a few minutes two other young females, and a very old Mulatto woman, of a bright
complexion, made their appearance from an adjoining room: and what was my surprise at learning that the two youngest were the natural daughters of Mr. Gordon, the person who purchased the property out of Chancery; the two others the daughters of my uncle, Mr. Theodosius Lyons, and the old woman their mother! The eldest of her daughters was about forty years of age, the other probably a year or two younger; and the resemblance of one of them to some members of my family was so striking, that the moment her name was mentioned, I had no difficulty in recognising her origin. The poor women were delighted to see a person who called himself a relation of their father: but with that feeling there was evidently a good deal of suspicion mingled as to the motives of my visit, and of apprehensions that I had come there for the purpose of taking possession of the property; and all I could say to remove this impression was certainly thrown away, on the old woman at least. I do not wonder at it, for they had received nothing but bad treatment from those who ought to have been kind to them, as well as from strangers, for nearly forty years since the death of their natural protector, who, dying suddenly, left them utterly unprovided for. They were left free, but that was all. One son, however, was not left free; and that young man was sold with the rest of the moveable property of the estate, when it was sold in Chancery. The aged and infirm negroes were then left on the estate; but a few years ago these poor creatures, who had grown old on the property, and had expended the strength of their young days on its cultivation, and who imagined that they would have been allowed to have laid their bones where their friends and relatives were buried, the old African,—“the favourite waiting-boy” among the number, were carried away by the creditors of Mr. Lynch, and actually sold for three or four dollars a-head. Who, in the face of such circumstances as these, will tell me that slavery in these colonies was productive of no oppression, in re-
cent times, or was the occasion of no injustice? Where is the apologist of that wretched system who will maintain that the property is sacred, which man holds under such circumstances, in his fellow-men—ay, not unfrequently in his own flesh and blood? What bland expressions, what gentle language, what inoffensive terms, must be employed when the possibility is to be admitted of men leaving their families in actual destitution, and their remotest kindred perhaps in affluence? How many hundreds of poor creatures, decent, well-conducted women, like the daughters of Gordon and Lyons,—the issue of those ties to which custom has conformed, though Religion has not acceded her sanction—are to be found in the miserable lanes and alleys of Kingston and Spanish Town, in the lowest depths of poverty? Who else are the applicants for parochial charity, but the female offspring of those who have belonged to the privileged class of the community,—privileged, at the period I allude to, to do every thing but to provide for their natural children beyond the limits of the miserable bequest which a barbarous law permitted to be devised to them?

For forty years the family of Lyons had lingered on the property, dragging out a miserable existence, by a few yams and plantains on the worn-out grounds of the abandoned property. At Gordon’s accession to it, they were turned out of the house which had hitherto been their home, poor a one as it was; but soon after his death, at Mr. Larchin Lynch’s departure, when they found the daughters of the former, who were in possession, as destitute as themselves, they resolved to take possession by force of their old, and, as they considered, their rightful property. But an agreement, which it is curious to contemplate, was entered into by the destitute families of both proprietors; they eventually agreed to live together, and from that period to this they have been inmates of the same house, and, as far as I could judge, they seemed to live happily and peaceably together. There is a sympathy between.
fellow-sufferers which has a strong tendency to attach them to each other. I have noticed this disposition in various countries, in the different abodes of crime, poverty, and sickness. The same individuals who in prosperity and happiness might have loathed each other's sight, become linked in amity in the time of trouble by the common ties of similar distress.

A small present, on behalf of the memory of my relative to his forlorn children, was gratefully accepted; and having had pointed out to me the plantation where a favourite brother of my mother's was interred, I took my leave of Marley and its inhabitants, and proceeded to Derry plantation, about three miles distant. This property had also belonged to old Dr. Lyons. He had sold it to a Mr. Bower, whose daughter I found living there; and, I presume, was married, if two little Creole piecanines might be taken as evidence of that condition. This house was considerably larger than Marley, and was tolerably well furnished for a mountain residence; but the larder unfortunately turned out to be poorly provided. I had been seven hours without any sort of refreshment;—I would have willingly consented never to have said a word in disparagement of second breakfast, had I been fortunate enough to have found myself seated before one on that occasion. The poor lady had nothing, however, to offer me but roasted plantains; and, hungry as I was, I had no negro predilections for this tasteless substitute for wheaten bread.

I had some difficulty in finding out the grave I was in quest of. Five-and-thirty or forty years ago is an antiquity in Jamaica, which greatly puzzles the research of a modern inquiry. There was one negro discovered on the estate at length, who had been living there at the time of the interment, and he undertook to conduct me to the spot, which was at some distance from the house. When we came to the place, the old negro put his stick on a little mound, at the edge of a declivity on the side of the mountain, and said, "There
where him lay—poor Massa Garrett lay there! See buckras plenty ever since, but no buckra like poor Massa Garrett;—him hab good word for every body; black man lob Massa very much; plenty people sorry when him die."

I watched the old man’s countenance while he was speaking of the white man who had been buried there forty years ago, but whose kindness to the negroes and humanity of disposition were remembered by them when his name was almost forgotten by his family; and if I have any knowledge of human nature, I am quite sure the emotion the old man evinced was not affected for any purpose of imposition. It is the fashion to represent the negroes as a race that is utterly devoid of gratitude: I can only say, in all my dealings with them,—and perhaps I have observed them as closely as any of the traducers of their character,—I have not found them ungrateful; but I have known benefits charged to the account of their obligations, which I am not persuaded their gratitude was fairly called upon to pay.

"Poor Massa Garrett" was literally planted among sugar-canes. Shakspeare’s poetical idea of having "violets spring from the sweet body of Ophelia" seemed to me less appropriate imagery than that of the sugar-canes growing out of the soil that covered the remains of a planter.

On my return to Claremont, I took a circuitous route of six or seven miles, for the purpose of visiting the properties of a friend of mine in England—Berry Hill, and Ballard’s Valley. The overseer was unfortunately absent when I arrived. I took the liberty of visiting the larder, and getting the negroes to set a very excellent dinner before me. Here I took my ease, the same as if I had been in mine own Pen, in the enjoyment of a comfortable repast, and a very different sort of scenery to that which I had left at Marley.

Every thing here gave evidence of a flourishing plantation: the negroes looked happy—the fields were
covered with a luxurious growth of maize and Guineagrass. In short, I was on the first plantation I had yet visited which had neither debt nor mortgage. When the overseer returned, it was too late to proceed to Ballard's Valley, which was a few miles' distant, in the vicinity of Port Maria. It was already sunset, and I had three hours' ride before me, over a mountainous country, the roads of which, I fear, are never destined to have the blessings of Macadamization bestowed on them.

I am, my dear Sir,
Yours, very truly,
R. R. M.

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LETTER XVIII.

NATURAL HISTORY.

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To Dr. Gregory.

St. Andrews, July 3, 1834.

My dear Sir,

The wear-and-tear of life in London, according to our friend Dr. Johnson, is greater than in any capitol in the world; and the slave of intellectual industry is the bondsman of all others that is most cruelly worked, and the most desirous at particular seasons to escape from slavery.

I believe the Doctor is right; but there is another kind of bondage in these countries which chains a man's energies, both moral and physical, down to the very earth his habitation stands on—the slavery of indolence, which makes his happiness a state of muscular repose, his mental luxury a condition of dreamy tranquillity, a monotony of thought that abhors any
rapid succession of unusual ideas. An old philosopher has said that "leisure without books was the sepulchre of the living soul;" another sage will have it that "life is motion:" consequently, exercise, both mental and corporeal, is essential to existence: this may hold good in the Old World, but we intertropical philosophers maintain no such doctrines in the West Indies. We know that matter is naturally inert; ergo, inactivity is natural to man. We find that mental exertion speedily exhausts our energies; ergo, we eat and drink as much as we can to repair exhaustion, and we do as little as we can to avoid excitement, except a little now and then in the shape of polities, by way of recreation. Nevertheless it is some time before a stranger falls into this happy state of negative felicity: he does not succumb without a struggle to the bondage of indolence, nor "forego all customary exercises" without indulging his locomotive members in an occasional frisk in the mountains, by way of trying experiments on the climate for the purpose of ascertaining how many excursions a man may make in the broiling sun, or in the beautiful beams of that pernicious moon (which kills so many of its worshippers) without sunstrokes and bilious remittent fevers.

I have been trying these experiments for some time with impunity; but not so some of my companions, who thought themselves seasoned, as it is called, but have gone "kickeraboo" for all that, poor fellows; so that Mr. Jordan, Captain Oldrey, and myself console ourselves with frequent wondering of whose turn is to come next, and which of us the land-crabs may like best. This was the theme of Mr. J. and myself the other day, in one of our customary pedestrian excursions in the St. Andrew's Mountains; and a very fit subject of conversation it was, in a walk of some fifteen miles in the forenoon of a summer's day, in such a country as Jamaica. But any thing in good truth is preferable, to a stranger in this country, to the miserable monotony of a country life in the West In-
dies. "The wear-and-tear of its eternal" sameness consumes his spirits; food for the mind there is none about him; his heart, as it were, feeds upon itself; and, according to our great poet, it can diet on nothing more difficult of digestion. Our excursion to the mountains enabled us to procure some beautiful specimens of birds and insects; and of the variety and beauty of each of these a stranger can have no idea: some of the smallest humming-birds are not bigger than a middling-sized beetle, but their plumage of golden green is most beautiful. Of the insect tribe, the emperor butterfly, which abounds in these mountains, is the most esteemed for its exquisite colours and wings of dotted pearl. But these countries so abound with life and beauty, that it seems as if nature had no other purpose in view than the greatest possible development and diffusion of the vital principle both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. But beauty and utility, evident or apparent, are not always discernible in the insect or reptile tribe of this country. There is a species of optimism in vogue among the lovers—I had almost said, the idolaters—of natural history, that suffers its disciples to see nothing but excellence in the most obvious deformity, and to view no excrecence but as an evidence of design, and therefore a manifest proof of its utility. This is what the Yankees call going the whole hog for a favourite pursuit.

I am indebted for the following account of the game of this island to Dr. Chamberlaine, an indefatigable sportsman, which is the smallest of the merits of that gentleman, whom Captain Chamier has not unaptly designated the Astley Cooper of Jamaica:—

1. Wild guinea fowl—Numidia meleagris.
2. Quail, tetrao coturnix—A bastard partridge.
3. Wild pigeons:—
   Ring-tail species in mountainous districts.
   Bald pate, in mountainous districts.
   Blue pigeon, Lowlands.
   Pea dove, ditto.
   White breast, ditto.
White wing, Lowlands.
Mountain witch—The high mountains.
Red-legged partridge (a dove)—Woodlands.
Ground dove, Lowlands.
4. Snipe, common—Scolopax galinago.
5. Wild duck—Anas boschas.
7. Teal—Anas crecca.
8. Widgeon—Anas Penelope.
Ring plover—Charadrius hiaticula.

Water fowl:—Coots, divers, herons, rails, and sandpipers.

According to Sloane’s account, there was hardly a bird in the island, in his time, that was not eaten. He says, “The small maccaws, which abound in the woods, are eaten as pigeons.”

“The common parrot is eaten baked in pies, and tastes as pigeons.”

“The mountain partridge is a sort of pigeon, very good food.”

“The mocking-bird, or nightingale, is likewise very good food.”

“The spoonbill pelican frequenting marshy places, good food.”

The same of the curlew and the sea-plover, which frequents marshes.

The gray plover, he says, differs only from the European in size, but the larger snipe he thinks a distinct species wanting the back toe which distinguishes it from ours. Teal is the only bird of the water-fowl which he says has not a fishy flavour, but this bird is plentiful, fat, and delicate.”

So you will perceive there is no dearth of game in Jamaica; but the only kind of hunting is that of the wild boar, which is not unfrequent in the wild inland districts; but deer, hares, foxes, and wild rabbits, there are none; and it is not be regretted, for the danger of attending field-sports in this climate is very great.
In shooting, the sportsman has to wade through marshes, and perhaps for hours to be more than knee-deep in water; or, if in the high lands, in jungles where malaria is as prevalent in many places as in marshy grounds.

There is a great variety of birds in Jamaica; but where nature has been most lavish of beauty, her bounty prevails at the expense of melody. The bird commonly called the nightingale, though it has no resemblance to ours, is the only warbler that is remarkable for its notes. Brown says it is like the mocking-bird of America in shape and size; and I think with him that "it excels all other birds both in sweetness of melody and variety of notes." The bird next in beauty to the long-tailed humming-bird is a small martin, all the upper part of whose plumage is of a bright golden green, and the under part white. There is a variety of woodpeckers, blue and red-throat birds, resembling our bullfinches and robin red-breasts, but of a larger size.

Of the humming-bird there are several varieties, the most remarkable of which is the long-tailed one, with the terminating plumes crossing each other about six inches in length. Bryan Edwards, in his description of this bird, which appears to connect its species with the insect creation, has very truly said, "The consummate green of the emerald, the rich purple of the amethyst, and the vivid flame of the ruby, all happily blended and enveloped beneath a transparent veil of waving gold, are distinguishable in every species, but differently arranged and apportioned in each." But as to the minuteness of its size, Sloane's account of one that he had seen almost staggers credibility: "on being put into a balance when just killed, it weighed not over twenty grains." I certainly have never seen any in the great number that Mr. Jordan killed at my residence in Liguanaea, that would not have weighed three times as much.

This beautiful little bird derives its food from the
calices of flowers, over which it flutters on the wing without perching while it feeds, and from the humming noise of this fluttering it derives its name. There are two kinds of birds which abound about the place I am now living at—the carrion crow or turkey buzzard, and that beautiful little creature I have just mentioned; and no contrast can be greater. The former is a bird of hideous aspect and evil augury; like the angel of death, wherever he flaps his heavy wings, a lifeless body is not far from him. The negroes hold these birds in superstitious dread; they fancy that the steam of mortality which attract the Johnny Crows, are not only emitted from the dead, but also from the dying. I am inclined to think that the negroes' opinion, absurd as it seems, has some foundation in truth, and that there is a peculiar odour which one accustomed to life's closing scenes is fully sensible of at the bed-side of the sick in the last extremity; but I doubt if the Johnny Crow has the sense of smelling to such an extent as negroes, and even naturalists attribute to him. Mr. Jordan and I were led to believe that the carrion crow is guided to his prey as much by the quickness of sight as by that of the sense of smelling. We found, by placing a piece of brown cloth over a stone in a hedge opposite the house, at some distance from the trees which these birds frequented, we could at any time collect a number of them to the spot from a distance of fifty or sixty yards; and from their immediate flight when they discovered their mistake, it was evident enough it was the sense of sight which attracted them to the place. The carrion crow has a striking resemblance to a turkey, but is smaller in size; the upper part of the beak is covered with a loose red skin, which, together with the baldness of the head, gives them a most disgusting appearance. But ugly as they are, I do not think these islands would be habitable without them; for human scavengers there are none in Jamaica, and they do their filthy business with wonderful celerity.
The bare enumeration of the insect tribe of Jamaica would occupy some pages. There are three plagues in the West Indies which never cease their depredations and annoyances—mosquitoes, ants, and cockroaches. The latter eat your boots, for to them “there is nothing like leather;” and likewise corks, which must be a tender morsel for the delicate stomach of an insect; the ants eat your provisions, and one species of them your house, at least so much of it as is made of wood, while the mosquitoes eat nothing but yourself; or if you are an elderly gentleman of a toughish cuticle, they may prefer your wife, especially if she is a new-comer, and of a delicate complexion. In proportion to its size, the mosquito is the most venomous of creatures, with the exception of the small black spider of this country, whose bite produces the most alarming, and I have been told even fatal effects; were the mosquito the size of a cockroach, and its venom in proportion to such a magnitude, I think its bite would produce death. The small puncture that is made by the common mosquito, it is difficult to conceive how any but the most subtle poison could find its way through. I attended a lady who had newly arrived from England, and had a severe attack of fever arising from the irritation occasioned by mosquito bites; and I have seen poor infants so disfigured by the swelling and inflammation, as scarcely to have a feature distinguishable. I was informed by the bishop who had lately visited the Camanas, that horses are known to be stung to madness by the myriads of these insects that swarm in the island at certain periods; and his lordship had been told that these tortured animals have been even seen tempting to destroy themselves by knocking their heads against the walls of their stables. But I must add that the bishop did not appear to believe the latter part of the account.

The formica omnivora was most sagaciously imported from Cuba for the purpose of clearing the island of the smaller species; the remedy, however, has proved
worse than the disease: the small ants are not eaten up, and the omnivorous ones are an intolerable nuisance.

Some other sagacious colonial naturalist introduced the large rat into the island to destroy the smaller species, and with similar success to that of the ant importation.

The ant, I am inclined to think, in point of instinct, is superior to every other insect. I consider their labours, their habits of order and government, as even more wonderful than those of the bee. The white ant and the beetle seem to live together in great harmony: I have seldom cut into one of those ant-nests that I have not found beetles. If the ants chose to attack them, they could easily overpower them. It is surprising to see them attack any disabled insect, no matter how large; if a dozen cannot carry him off, another dozen arrives; and if that is not sufficient, another reinforcement; and so on in successive augmentation of their numbers till the great insect is trundled away to their nest; and if the aperture be too small, it is either enlarged, or their prey is conveyed to some sequestered corner. In a very few days they will devour a dead serpent, a rat, or a lizard, and leave nothing but the skins and skeletons, which remain entire. The white ant always travels in a tunnel or covered way, whether it be across a path, or up a tree or a house; this tunnel is built with amazing rapidity. I have an arbour here of my own formation, cut out of a thick foliage of tamarind and cashew trees, on the side of a beautiful ravine covered with the richest verdure; and here in my very pretty arbour, to which I have given the name of "Lizard's Delight," from the abundance and apparent felicity of those little creatures, with Captain Mason I am in the habit of spending the most agreeable, assuredly, of my hours in Jamaica, observing the habits of the various tribes which live and gambol in the shade; but it might be more agreeable if we only saw them gambol, and not destroy
and devour one another, which seems to be the great object of almost all life around me, from the smallest humming-bird which regales itself on the nectar of the flower that is known to teem with minute animacula, to the large lazy lizard, which skulks from the serpents, and keeps his wary eye over the aperture in the tunnel of the white ant, and deliberately gobbles one after the other; and in its turn, when disabled by its enemies, is carried away by the ant in spite of all resistance. I have the scene of life in all its joyousness, of death with all its concomitant events, and of reproduction, as it would seem, its never failing consequence, daily before me. You will hardly believe that the contemplation of such scenes during the last six months, in my secluded abode, so insensibly augmented the interest I felt in them; that what with the solitude of a lonesome dwelling, with owls every evening screaming before my door, and bats nestling in my hall, and with provoking punctuality, and undeviating regard to the exact time after sunset, commencing their incessant wheeling flight from end to end of the apartment, and flapping their large wings against the walls and windows; I began to feel the pleasure of melancholy steal over my spirits, and to think the company of nature the best of all society; I had my doubts whether the depths of her solitudes were not preferable to the crowded circles of the latter; and I have yet my suspicions that the contentions of pride and poverty, of ardent enterprise and panting competition, of humbled honour and insolent prosperity, are more terrible than the contentions of the ravaging tribes that prey on one another and obey their instinct, while the marauder of society prowls in polished circles, and mangles reputation with the simper of an assassin, which seems to obey the suggestion of some malignant spirit, while it mantles over every impulse of a vitiated disposition. But I am talking like one of those "young gentlemen who would be sad as night, only for wantonness."

The ingenuity and indefatigable perseverance of the
small ant is surprising. If you cut off its access to your stores in one direction, it takes another route, and generally the best that offers. I had a large tin tray made, which I had filled with water, and placed an insulated shelf on the necks of four bottles which stood in the water. For the first two or three days the ants were baffled; but one day while I was regarding the stores on the shelf, a swarm of them suddenly appeared: they had crawled up my feet and established a communication with the shelf by means of my clothes touching it.

I was more careful the next time I went to it; but the ants had now made a bridge over the water of the dead bodies of their companions, and walked without impediment over its surface and up the bottles.

Some chemical philosopher had told me that the formation of the ant was of such an intensely acid nature, that the very contact of a dead ant with an alkali had a sensible effect. I had no doubt of their acidity, but I soon had reason to doubt the assertion founded on this hypothesis, that no ant would pass over a line formed of carbonate of soda. I now suspended my shelf by two ropes from the ceiling, having observed that the ants never descended from the roof, but crawled from the basement, and outer parts, into the interior. However, in a few days, the shelf was covered, and I traced their invasion along the rope to the ceiling, and from the ceiling to the floor, along the wall in their customary straight-forward unbroken line. I now smeared the lower part of each rope with grease, and over this a thick coat of carbonate of soda, but the acid gentry passed over the alkali without any impediment. I was now told by a scientific lady, that if I daubed the ropes over with tar, the insects would infallibly stick in the petroleum, and never could surmount this obstacle. For a day or two the experiment was completely successful. I lauded the discovery to the utmost, but I found I had cried "eureka" too soon, for the ropes absorbed the tar, and the wicked ants passed
over as usual. I now grew desperate, and meditated a plan for the destruction of the invaders, by removing the stores, and strewing gunpowder and sugar over the shelf, and blowing up the insects; but the humanity of a naturalist prevented the explosion.

The most extraordinary insect of Jamaica is the fire-fly. Myriads of these insects hover at night over the cane-fields, and illuminate the hedges with innumerable sparkles of phosphoric fire. This extraordinary appearance surprises the stranger in the West Indies more than any other that he witnesses. The smaller species is about the size of the common fly; the larger one somewhat less than an inch in length. They have four lights, according to Sloane's account, which I believe to be the correct one—two about the eyes, two under the wings; and that the luminous rays continue in full vigour till they grow feeble,—when they then begin gradually to languish. But Brown says "That all its internal parts are at times luminous, and that it has the power of interrupting them at pleasure." In this respect it resembles the electrical cell described by Humboldt, which has the power of intercepting its electrical properties, and of regulating the intensity of their emission. It is possessed of great elasticity, and, when placed on its back, has the power of springing to the height of four or five inches. When the insect is irritated, its phosphorescence is so strong, that in a dark room I was able to read some lines of a letter by holding it over the lines, and moving it along them.

The cotton-tree worm, or cusi, is a large, fat, whitish worm, which the negroes are in the habit of eating. Lopez de Gomara tells us that the Indians were very partial to these worms, and that they "were made slaves for these reasons,—that they eat piojos and cusi, and intoxicated themselves with wines made of maize and smoke of tobacco; and if they had any hairs that grew, they plucked them out." After this, who will deny that slavery has no justification? Who will not perceive that its infliction was a just and necessary
punishment on a people capable of eating cusli and piojos!

The reptile tribe, especially that of the lacerta, from the tiny lizard of about two inches and a half in length, to the guana, with all its intermediate varieties; and from the guana, whose length is about two feet, to the crocodile, which varies from twelve to twenty,—the whole of this tribe, with the exception of the crocodile, is perfectly innoxious. The small brown lizard, though not so beautiful as the larger, is remarkably fond of the society of man, and its attention is strongly attracted by music. I was in the habit of feeding one in the arbour I have mentioned with crumbs of bread, which I used to place on my knee; and the little creature would descend from a branch above me, where it would remain reconnoitring me for some few minutes previously, and then crawl on my knee and feed on the bread without any apprehension. I remember seeing one at Barbadoes in the governor's drawing-room, which I was informed was so docile and domesticated, as to be a regular inmate of the king's house.

Sloane says that this species of lizard was the ordinary food of a Monsieur Surian. Most of the lizards here have a membranous pouch under the throat, which they have the power of inflating at pleasure to a considerable size. It has no communication with the gullet; I could form no idea of its use.

Many people here say the cameleon is to be found in Jamaica. I have seen lizards that could partially change colour; but the cameleon of Egypt, with which I was familiar, has no resemblance to the lacerta, which is sometimes mistaken for it here. Dr. Coke says that "it may be reckoned among the residents of Jamaica, and was originally imported into the island from the coast of Guinea." He likewise asserts that it has the power "of changing its colour with its station, and putting on the complexion of every twig and branch over which it passes, exhibiting one of the most astonishing phenomena in nature." I have endeavoured
to show, in my Eastern Travels, that the cameleon has
no such power of conforming its colour to the sur-
rounding foliage.

The guana, or large lizard, has been found here three
feet in length, and proportionally bulky; it lives among
fruit-trees, and is generally of a beautiful bright green
colour. It was formerly considered a great delicacy in
Jamaica, and was much esteemed by the French and
Spaniards.

But it is no longer used as food, except it be by the
negroes, who are said to be fond of it; and as they
undoubtedly eat the common field-rat, there is no rea-
son to suppose they would be squeamish about food,
which one author represents as "equal in flavour and
wholesomeness to the finest green turtle;" and another
as flesh that is "white, mawkish, and chicken-like."
But by all accounts the gastronomic world has lost
much by its disuse. Father Lebar gives an interesting
account of the manner he saw used of catching them,
and "good sport," says the worthy divine, "it afforded
me to see the creature swell like a turkey-cock at find-
ing himself entrapped: we kept one of them alive seven
or eight days." But the good father who appears to
have been a man of sensibility, humanely adds, "it
grieved me, however, to the heart, to find that the
creature lost much delicious fat." Sloane says that
the guana formerly sold for half-a-crown a piece in the
public market.

The galley wasp resembles the guana in shape and
size, but is of a dirty greenish colour, striped with
yellow: it is chiefly found in marshy places: it is said
to be the only venomous reptile that is to be found in
Jamaica. Sloane calls it the largest scinc, and says it is
reckoned poisonous. It is however very doubtful that
it is really venomous; no apertures have been disco-
vered for the emission of the poison; and, if any such
exist, it must be diffused in the saliva.

The alligator or cayman of Jamaica, which is incor-
rectly called crocodile, differs from that of the Nile 1
believe in only one particular. The feet of the alligator are not dentated at the external edges. It appears, from Humboldt's description of those monstrous reptiles in South America, that the real crocodile abounds in some of the rivers, and that in every zone in America, as in Egypt, this animal attains the same size; that the male, at the age of puberty, when it is ten years old, is then eight feet long; and he concludes that one dissected by Monsieur Bonpland, which was twenty-two feet three inches long, must have been twenty-eight years old.

I have seen the dead crocodile in Egypt exceed five and twenty feet, but I never heard of one of that length in Jamaica. I believe very few have been found beyond sixteen. I lately saw two of the eggs which were brought into Kingston by the negroes: these eggs were larger than those of a goose, and in one of these the size and form of the young alligator were distinctly visible through the thin shell. The experiment has been tried in Jamaica of keeping them in a reservoir of water without sustenance for a considerable time, and it has been found that they have lived for months without food. The negroes have a great dread of them, but I believe with very little real ground for their apprehension. During the best part of four years I was in Egypt, I only heard of one instance of a crocodile attacking a human being; and since I have been in Jamaica no similar instance has been known. Humboldt was told in South America, by the Indians of San Fernando, that scarcely a year passed without two or three persons, particularly women, being destroyed by the crocodiles; and he cites as a curious coincidence in the means of escaping from these monsters, practised by the inhabitants of South America and those of Africa, the instance of a young woman of Uritucu, who saved herself from the jaws of a crocodile by plunging her fingers into the eyes of the animal, and with the loss of her hand escaped by swimming to the shore. Mungo Park relates a similar instance of his
guide escaping in the same circumstances, by placing his fingers when he was seized by the animal in both its eyes. The largest crocodile which Sloane saw in Jamaica measured nineteen feet; another only seven: each had four musk pods, two under the jaws, and two under the abdomen near the termination of the intestinal canal.

The serpents of Jamaica, like the lizard tribe, are innoxious: the largest and most formidable is the yellow snake, from eight to fourteen feet in length, and the size of the body varying from the thickness of a man's arm to that of a stout leg. They are usually found coiled up in the woods. Sloane says they are not hurtful unless irritated, and will not bite unless they have their young near them, and in their defence: their bites rarely prove mortal, although often the wounds are greatly inflamed, and are much worse than those inflicted by the black snake. But the description of this celebrated naturalist of the mode which the Indians here practised in catching them, is precisely similar to the account of a recent traveller, whose descriptions of his extraordinary rencontres with the largest of the serpents of South America have been received with more than suspicion: I allude to the Travels of Mr. Waterton. This gentleman has been held up to the public as a second Munchausen; but it may be some consolation to him to know that so was Bruce, and that time has vindicated his veracity. I have good reason to believe that Mr. Waterton's accounts, marvellous as they seem, are substantially correct, and that he is better acquainted with the ferae naturae of South America than any man living. I know nothing of this gentleman personally, and I am not ignorant that in expressing this opinion I am not serving my own assertions: I only feel that I am not suppressing truth when I express the conviction I feel that Waterton's accounts are substantially correct. A great many foreign South American travellers touch at Jamaica on their return from that country. Many na-
tives of the southern provinces are resident in this island; and from the information of these persons I derive the opinion that I have just expressed. The ridiculous picture of the traveller seated on the back of a crocodile, perhaps, did more to invalidate his statements than the written account of any exploit in his book; but perhaps in this matter the judgment of the publisher was more in error than that of the author. But I would ask; even in this extraordinary situation, is there anything more marvellous than the intrepidity and presence of mind of the Indian girl thrusting her fingers into the eyes of the crocodile, in whose jaws she was at that moment writhing? Or, if this is not satisfactory, because Humboldt was not an eye-witness of what he described, I would cite that instance of Mungo Park's guide, which is equally marvellous, though perhaps not more worthy of credit.

But the most startling account in Waterton's work is that of his frightful rencontre with the large serpent which he dragged out of its lurking place. Sloane's account of the mode of taking the large yellow snake in Jamaica is scarcely less marvellous. He says, an Indian who had brought him several of these serpents, used to take them behind the neck, so that they could not bite him, and then permit them to twist about his arm with their bodies as they pleased. When disposed to kill them, his method was to put the tail of what he had taken under his foot, and to hold the neck in his hands; and then stretching the snake till the back bone was either injured or dislocated, and pinching or twisting the lungs with violence, he soon accomplished his purpose.

Now, when we conceive the snake thus described, a monster of twelve or fourteen feet in length, and some accounts describe them even as exceeding twenty, and of the thickness of a man's thigh, the possibility of a man grappling such an animal seems almost doubtful. Yet Sloane says the Indians used to catch them thus without difficulty.
I might cite other analogous descriptions, but I have no other object than to induce others more competent than I am to inquire into the statements of an enterprising traveller, who has spent years in the pursuit of knowledge in distant lands, amidst toils and privations of no ordinary kind; and if the impression which prevails against these statements has done him injustice, to endeavour to remove them.*

There are three other varieties of the serpent which abound in Jamaica—the silver snake, about sixteen inches in length, and is generally found in decayed trees; the large black snake, which varies from four to ten feet; and the small black snake, which is seldom above three feet in length, and seldom so thick as the common eel. I have frequently seen the latter erect itself in a threatening attitude when closely pursued. I believe it chiefly feeds on lizards.

Of the four-footed tribe which formerly existed in these islands, the Agouti, or Coney, the Peccary, or Mexican Hog, the Raccoon, and the Alco, or Native Indian Dog, are now extinct in Jamaica. The small monkey is still met with in the unfrequented mountain districts; but the larger species, I believe, exist no longer.

Of sea animals, the two most extraordinary mentioned by the old Spanish historians of the West Indies, the Manati, or sea-cow, and the Remora, or sucking-fish, are now so rarely met with on those shores, that they have been almost considered as extinct tribes. The Manati, however, I have lately seen in Kingston, where it has been stuffed, for the purpose of sending it to England, by Captain Harris. Edwards, during

* I am informed by one of the most intelligent of modern travellers, who is disposed to think that justice has not been done to the traveller in question, that he is now residing in one of the largest of our shires, in the possession of an ample income; that he is a man of amiable character but eccentric habits, and lives in a state of almost monastic seclusion in his country mansion. What influence on his mode of life may not the injustice he has met with have exerted!
his long residence in Jamaica, only know of one having been taken. He describes this huge animal as being neither a quadruped, nor, properly speaking, a fish: he says it has two legs, is covered with hair, and suckles its young; that it never leaves the water, but lives on grass that grows at the bottom of the sea, and is commonly ten or fifteen feet long, and weighs from twelve to fifteen hundred weight. The flesh, he says, tastes somewhat like pork, and is good both fresh and salted. The one I saw at Mr. Miller's was about twelve feet long, and might probably have weighed eight or nine hundred pounds. It had no feet, but two fore-paws, or rather fins resembling these, terminating in tapering extremities, not unlike claws. The head was more like that of a calf than of any other animal I can compare to it; the teeth were decidedly like those of a land animal; the molar very large. A coarse black hair was very thinly scattered over the body; the tail broad and large, of a crescent shape, and very muscular. Sloane says, "they are the best fish in the world, and appear like beef or veal: it is like to English beef in sight, and tunny fish in taste;" but when he states that there are two stones over the eyes found near the brain, "which cures the stone in an hour," we have more reason to lament the disappearance of the great sea-cow from these shores, for the loss of such a speedy remedy than for the lard of its tail, which the naturalist informs us "was very proper to fry eggs in."

I cannot conclude this account without a few words concerning the mountain-crab, which is the most celebrated of Jamaica delicacies. In Edwards's words, it is without doubt one of the "eldest and morsels in nature;" whilst Du Tertre, alluding to its abundance and delicacy, calls it a living and perpetual supply of manna in the wilderness. His account, however, of the habits of this creature, are of rather too romantic a character for the sober accounts of a natural historian. Brown may be consulted with more advantage. However distant they may be from the sea, they go down
to it once a year to deposit their spawn. They direct their march in a straight line by the shortest course; but like our straightforward forefathers, who in road-making usually preferred going over a mountain to winding round it, the crabs invariably attempt to scale every obstacle they meet, in order to keep the tenor of their way unbroken. When they have deposited their spawn, they return to the mountains, where they remain, and the young ones follow them to their habitations as soon as they are able to crawl, these habitations seldom exceeding three miles from the shore by the latter end of June. In December and January they are esteemed fit for the table, and continue in perfection till May. They perform their annual journey towards the shore in February or April. After the month of May they lose their flavour, and, when poor, are full of a black bitter fluid, which decreases as they get into condition, in July and August; after which they retire to their homes, and remain inactive, till they cast their own shell, at which time they are covered only with a thin membranous skin, variegated with red veins, about which testaceous concretions are found, which disappear when the shell is formed. In this state they are esteemed in their highest perfection.

The fish of Jamaica, in variety and excellence of flavour, is not inferior to that of any other country, except our own. I shall merely notice the different kinds that are to be found in the Kingston market:—

1. Calipever. The white salmon of Jamaica; from six to eighteen lbs.; caught in the brackish waters at the Ferry.

2. Snook. Both salt and fresh water; from ten to sixteen lbs.; delicate.

3. Mullet. Various kinds; salt water, white; the mountain species, red; one of the three delicacies of Jamaica.

4. Stone Bass. Both fresh and salt water; much esteemed; from two to four lbs.
5. Snapper, black. Salt water; four or five lbs.; delicate.
6. Ditto, red. Ditto; not so much prized.
7. Ditto, or Mangola Drummer; caught about Hunt's Bay; from one to two lbs.
8. King Fish. Caught on Port Royal bank; from ten to twenty lbs.; very delicate.
9. June Fish, or Jew. In great estimation with the Jews; from four to thirty lbs.
10. Old Fish. Jamaica John A'Dory; about two lbs.
12. Chuck. Fresh water; delicate; about six lbs.
14. Mud Fish. Fresh water; resembles trout.
15. Hog. A good species of Bass; about four lbs.
16. Boney Fish. Coarse; from four to eight lbs.
17. Rock Fish. A species of Bass, from four to six lbs.; salt water; good.
18. Doctor. Salt water; about one and a half lbs.; so called from a lancet-shaped spine.
19. Parrot Fish. Salt water; variegated colour; three or four pounds; coarse.
20. Baracouta. Said to frequent copper banks in some islands; sometimes poisonous; six lbs.
21. Sand Fish. Species of mud fish; fresh and salt water; three quarters of a pound.
22. Mackerel. Mottled skin; size of ours.
23. Whiting. Not unlike ours, but smaller.
24. White Bait. The anchovy of Jamaica.*

* One of my fellow-passengers from Jamaica to New York thought my list incomplete, without another specimen to complete my catalogue: all sorts of sea-monsters were suggested for that purpose. I could get no peace till I completed the desired number with my friend himself, and he accordingly stood in the list thus:—

25. Scrymgeour: alias Jem of the Ocean. An odd fish; described by Miller; about twelve and a half stone; supposed to be amphibious; never swallows his native element; very voracious; spouts like a whale; destruct-
Having trepanned you into a description—no, not a description, but an enumeration of all the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and the fishes of the sea, which are worthy of mention in Jamaica, I shall conclude my account of the inquiries that have been the result of my numerous excursions in highlands and lowlands with my friend Jordan, to whom, as an agreeable companion and an indefatigable follower of the most pleasing of all pursuits, that of natural history, I am indebted for a great deal of amusement.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours, very truly,

R. R. M.

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LETTER XX.

LORD MULGRAVE’S GOVERNMENT.

To HOWARD ELPHINSTONE, Esq.

Kingston, July 21, 1834.

My dear Sir,

Lord Mulgrave was the first Governor who had a fixed residence in Kingston since the time of Admiral Knowles, whose effigy was burned with public execrations, and a great display of patriotic fury, for having wisely endeavoured to remove the seat of government from Spanish Town to Kingston. The admiral had so far succeeded in this attempt as to have had the public documents conveyed to Kingston; but the change, which would have been of the greatest advantage to the colony, was fiercely opposed. The admiral was recalled, and the public records were sent back to tive to turtle, and possesses electrical properties, whence American naturalists have styled him the Jem-notus of New York.
Spanish Town. The ruinous condition of the houses in this place, and the utter want of regularity in every part of the town, strike a new comer with astonishment, while the marsh, that is midway between the two towns, causes the road, for upwards of a mile, to be constantly inundated; and those who have business with the governor, the courts of law, or the House of Assembly, have daily to traverse this pernicious swamp at the peril of their lives. The late governor, I believe, was not insensible of the great disadvantages of Spanish Town for the transaction of public business; and if any governor possessed firmness enough to have meditated so important a change, or conciliatory qualities to gain over the opponents to any measure of great public utility, Lord Mulgrave was that person. At the time of his departure his real merits began to be appreciated by the colony, and I have no doubt had he remained (the causes of opposition to his government being no longer in operation) that he would have become as popular with one class of the community as he was idolized by the other. And when the colony was preparing its customary paeans for the advent of a new governor, the departing one might have appropriately said to his excellency, as D'Oyley did to Lord Windsor, "My Lord, you will probably hear many complaints against me, but which are false, and by the time your Lordship has been one year in the government, you must expect the same to be said of yourself."

There is a thing that crawls in the mire of party politics in these countries, and usually slavers like a fulsome toad the prey it glints on, but which becomes, when it is hungry, unusually daring in its ferocity, and reckless in its audacity. It is not like the crocodile, for it does possess the power of turning in all directions, and can twist and shuffle with such facility as even to perform the Hibernian exploit of turning its back upon itself. It is not like the serpent of Jamaica, for it does possess fangs which are not destitute of venom. It is a nondescript reptile, partaking of the nature
of the bull-frog and the galley-wasp—a press that can so exaggerate the idea of its natural dimensions as to diminish its powers by the very effort it makes to enlarge its volume, but that fortunately scatters its venom on all sides with such lavish prodigality, that no individual is injured by its virus.*

Lord Mulgrave was the object of its insatiable ferocity during his stay here, and likewise of its fickleness at his departure. But I really thought a new era had commenced in colonial politics when the arrival of the new governor was greeted with universal approbation. The press was perfectly overpowered with loyalty; but it was of that sort which

—"waits on each governor's landing,
But has not a leg at departure for standing."

I expressed the satisfaction I felt at the sudden change in its sentiments to an old inhabitant of Kingston.

"Stop a little," said the gentleman I addressed, who had seen many governors and lieutenant-governors in his time, "have patience only for a fortnight; within that time you will see the new governor most impartially abused; the colonial press is by no means inconsistent."

The Speaker of the House of Assembly, however, whose urbanity is commonly called on to do the congratulatory honours of the Assembly on all new arrivals, let slip the opportunity of addressing the Marchioness, though the admirable address of a former speaker to the Duchess of Albermarle on a similar occasion might have been easily had recourse to for this emergency.

"This is an honour," said his eloquent predecessor, on the occasion alluded to, "which the opulent kingdoms of Mexico and Peru could never arrive at; and

* There are gentlemen connected with the press of Kingston, some of whose political opinions are not mine, but for whose worth and excellence I entertain the highest respect; the editors of The Gazette, The Watchman, and The Herald, are persons for whom it is impossible to entertain any other sentiment.
even Columbus's ghost would be appeased for all the indignities he endured of the Spaniards, could he but know that his own beloved soil was hallowed by such footsteps!" But, trifling apart, I believe there is nothing less understood in England than the nature of the difficulties which the Earl of Mulgrave had to encounter during his government in this island, or the merit of the firmness and forbearance which overcame them.

The Earl of Mulgrave arrived in Jamaica in July 1832, at the termination of a rebellion, during which some atrocities were committed by the negroes, and a considerable number of executions sanctioned by the forms of martial law, though not always authorized by the commander-in-chief, were carried into effect. This rebellion was now over, but the angry passions which it engendered were not extinct.

In July his Excellency visited those parts of the island where disturbances either had occurred or were apprehended. In consequence of a representation from the Custos of some outrages having been committed, and the liberation of certain white persons imprisoned for a former riot being apprehended by the authorities, his Excellency proceeded to Savanna la Mar. On his arrival he found the flags of the Colonial Union flying on the walls of the jail, and a number of unionists assembled; but on remonstrating with them they were eventually prevailed on to disperse; a company of the eighty-fourth regiment was left there; and the jailors, for aiding and abetting the rioters, were dismissed.

In November, in his Lordship's address to the House of Assembly, he alluded to these and other outrages in the following terms:—

"I regret at the same time to say, that in some parts of the country I remarked a turbulent and lawless spirit occasionally betraying itself in open acts of outrage, and consequent symptoms of alienation between different classes of the free population, which I do not believe to be general, but which if continued, must be most injurious to the welfare of the colony. It will
be my duty, and one from which I will not shrink, to suppress the violent and illegal outbursts of this spirit, wherever it may appear, and by whomsoever fomented; but its lasting ill effects can only be averted by mutual forbearance and conciliation amongst the parties themselves."

In another speech he endeavoured to remove any misapprehension that might have arisen respecting the line of conduct he intended to pursue.

"I cannot at the same time but be aware, that there are many circumstances of embarrassment infinitely beyond my control; but whilst I acknowledge with regret my inability to do all I might wish, I take this opportunity of repeating my determination to examine thoroughly, and report faithfully upon, the state of things here; and if, as has been complained to me, you believe that distance, and want of adequate information, cause you often to be misrepresented in the mother-country, I can at least assure you that on any occasions when this may appear to me to be the case, justice shall be rendered to you so far at least as my opportunities of observations here, and my public character at home, may combine to give weight to any statement of mine; and the same candour, which in your behalf I would thus exert, I will maintain towards you in suggesting the correction of any abuses I may observe. On these suggestions of mine it will be in some cases for you afterwards to exercise your own discretion; but I look to you with confidence on any occasion on which it should be necessary to appeal to you for the discouragement of seditious and inflammatory language, which is not only reprehensible in itself, but which, acting upon the uncontrolled passions of the ill-disposed amongst the lower orders, inevitably tends to produce tumult and confusion."

The House of Assembly returned an answer to the address, in which they deprecated all legislative interference on the part of the imperial parliament. The least that can be said of this address is, that it was
neither temperate nor judicious; less so perhaps than any one that ever issued from that Assembly.

To this address his Excellency replied in the speech from which I have extracted the following paragraphs:

"I wish that, consistently with my sense of duty, I could here close my reply, and refrain from expressing to you the extreme surprise—the deep disappointment excited in my mind by various sentiments, and by much of the general tone of your address. The speech with which I thought fit to open your session was one which, there is none amongst you can doubt, was conceived in the most conciliatory spirit; nor do I believe that any one has thought of accusing it of containing one word at variance with such a spirit. It broached no theory, it required no sacrifice. It announced, only for the present, a boon and a concession; and for the future patient examination at home, and a determination, on my part, to report fully and faithfully from hence. I know not therefore how it called for a reply of so extraordinary and desultory a nature.—You state mutual forbearance and conciliation to be the principles by which the legislature of Jamaica has always been guided; I regret the more that this day, when I thought I had least right to expect it, you should have shown towards me this exception of your general rule. Many of the topics you have introduced, I consider most inopportune addressed to me on this occasion, and to them, therefore, I hold it to be needless to make any reply.

"It certainly would not become me to enter into any discussion with you as to the principles on which you suppose the representation of the people of England to have been amended by the bill passed for its reform: nor do I know by what right you assume in addressing me, that the West Indies were ever indirectly more represented in parliament than they will be now. It was then, as now, only as representatives, legally elected by the people of the United Kingdom, to superintend
the interests of the whole empire, that gentlemen con-
nected with this island could have a seat in that house,
or could belong to one branch of that imperial legisla-
ture, the omnipotence of whose united voice to legislate
for the whole empire, if it so think fit, is beyond dis-
pute. This is a subject which nothing should have in-
duced me to originate. (It is one whose fruitless agi-
tation can only lead to unnecessary irritation.) I regret
most deeply that on such an occasion you should have
chosen gratuitously to raise so invidious a question, by
stating that you never did admit the right of the House
of Commons to legislate on the internal affairs of Ja-
maica. For all your established privileges I shall
always maintain the most inviolable respect. But as
the representative here of your sovereign and of mine,
I cannot listen to the declaration of any such doubt
addressed to me without asserting, in the most unequi-
vocal terms, the transcendent power of the imperial
legislature, regulated only by its own discretion,
and limited only by restrictions they may them-
selves have imposed. The long experience of the
past, as to a right which has always existed, is your
best security for the future, that it will never be exerted
but in extreme cases; and no one would more deplore
than myself, should imperious necessity ever require
such direct interference. But it is unfortunate at this
moment, that you should not rather have preferred a
temperate appeal to the justice, than a vain denial of
the rights of the British nation. The undisturbed con-
sciousness of strength on the part of a great and gene-
rous people, is the surest safeguard that the nicest
sense of equity will continue to act as a self-imposed
restraint, on the exercise of unusual, but indisputable
power."

In December the council sent a bill to the House of
Assembly, the power of originating which was denied
by the Assembly and maintained by the council. The
former declined to transact any further business with
the council. A collision had thus taken place over
which the Governor had no control. The business of the country was now completely at a stand, and the following day his Lordship dissolved the house. The colonial unions which had been established since the termination of the rebellion, now openly set the power of the executive at defiance. The attorney-general had declared these societies to be illegal; but more than that, Lord Mulgrave had received a proclamation from the government at home denouncing these societies. The general idea is, that his Lordship acted on his own opinion of the illegality of these unions, and that his dismissal of the two officers of the St. Anne's regiment was a summary proceeding, without any previous inquiry or communication with them; both opinions are most erroneous.

Colonel Hilton, the president of St. Anne's Colonial Union, had convened a meeting; at which very strong resolutions were passed and signed by him, expressive of a determination to maintain the Union in defiance of the executive, and censuring the Governor for having, as Captain-General, dismissed two officers of the St. Anne's regiment for having induced the men under their command to enroll their names as unionists when on military duty. Ample opportunity was given to Colonel Hilton to retrace the step he had taken, but the result of a long correspondence was an utter impossibility to effect this object, and ultimately his dismissal from the command of his regiment. After this proceeding the corps was mustered, and Lieutenant-Colonel Brown addressed the men on the subject of Colonel Hilton's dismissal, certainly under the influence of very angry feelings. From this time all moderation was at an end on the part of the unionists. A correspondence took place; Colonel Brown tendered his resignation, but it was not received at that time. A hope, I believe, was still entertained by the Executive, that this gentleman would think better of the matter on further consideration. But, even if no such hope induced him to decline this resignation, the fearful condition of the
country required very prompt and decisive measures, to prevent the whole militia of the country from following the example of the St. Anne’s regiment. The week following, the Governor ordered the corps to be mustered for inspection. In the interim, active preparations were made for giving his Lordship a reception which his immediate friends had much reason to be apprehensive of. Foolish placards were posted in various places, with such expressions as the following: “Tar and feather him!” “No, d—n him, shoot him!” “Emancipation is his object! Rebellion is his forte!” The existence of these placards cannot be denied, for they were made the subject of legal investigation. The Governor, however, very properly disregarded their menaces; he proceeded to St. Anne’s without any other corvège than that of his household, and two or three gentlemen of the country.

Lieutenant-Colonel Brown was on the ground at the head of his regiment, when the Governor arrived. His Lordship addressed the regiment, and Lieutenant-Colonel Brown was ordered by him to sheathe his sword, and consider himself removed from the regiment. Upon his dismissal three-fourths of the regiment broke and quitted the ranks: some of the officers tore off their epauletts and trampled on them; the men were however re-collected in the ranks, and marched past in review-order under the command of the officer next in rank,—not, however, without every attempt by persuasion and abuse alternately, from the mutinous officers, to induce the men to refuse to perform their duty. A stone of a large size was thrown at the Governor, which fortunately fell short of his person. The officer, however, who was charged with this disgraceful outrage, denied having committed it, and no further investigation took place. Thus ended the memorable review at the Huntly pastures.

Now, if measures are to be estimated by their success, whatever offence might have been given to Lieutenant-Colonel Brown, (who I believe is an honourable
man, but who then acted under the influence of very strongly excited feelings) the result of this proceeding completely vindicates the conduct of the Governor in having had recourse to it. The colonial unions gave no further trouble to the Executive, and no further disturbance to the peace of the community.

The next important measures in which his Lordship was engaged, were those which were consequent to the passing of the act at home for the abolition of slavery. The opposition which that act had to encounter in the colony, even under the most favourable circumstances of subdued resentment for the interference of the Imperial Parliament with the right of property and the privileges of the colonial legislature, could not be expected to be otherwise than strenuous in the extreme. The Governor at that period had certainly great difficulties to contend with; and to meet them it required talents of no common kind, and no little tact and temper were necessary to conciliate the various parties who considered their privileges invaded, or had their prejudices assailed, to appease the virulence of colonial politics, to gain the acquiescence of the legislature, and to amalgamate the views of complicated interests. In this difficult position the whole course of Lord Mulgrave's conduct was distinguished by a spirit of conciliation which gave to firmness additional efficiency. In his private relations with those who sought him, the fascination of his manners, and the strong influence of unsuspected honour, gave his character a title to general respect.

I was present when he gave his assent to the bill for the abolition of slavery, when presented to his Lordship by the House of Assembly in its amended form, and that scene is one of the green spots in my memory, which I do not think will ever lose the vividness of its bright colouring. I was in the gallery where the Countess of Mulgrave and some other ladies were assembled; the council was seated below in the grand saloon, the Members of the House of Assembly stand-
ing on their right hand, and his Excellency, the Governor, at the head of the table, in his splendid military uniform, decorated with his various insignia, the broad blue ribbon, and the grand cross of the Royal Hanoverian order; while Colonel Smelt, and the officers of his staff, the grandson of Sheridan, the Honourable Captain Phipps, and Colonel York, the secretary, were standing on either hand of his Lordship.

There was a vast number of bills to get through, before the title of the Abolition Bill came to be read by the Clerk of the Council. The crowd of negroes and brown people that were thronged before the bar, and had hitherto been somewhat impatient, now became extremely attentive; and his Lordship signified his assent to the Bill without any other external evidence of gratification than an emphatic enunciation of every word of the customary form, which was not to be mistaken. I thanked my God that, having wandered over some portions of that land, in another hemisphere, which had been the cradle of slavery, and having visited the New World, where its baneful influence had desecrated every soil it touched, I had lived to see that infamous system receive its death-blow, and now had the happiness to walk after its hearse.

His Lordship, after disposing of the several bills, then proceeded to prorogue the Assembly, and addressed the members of the Council and the House of Assembly in these words:

“Gentlemen of the Council,

“Mr. Speaker, and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly,

“Slavery, that greatest curse that can afflict the social system, has now received its death-blow. You, who collectively were not responsible for its origin, and who individually have, in many instances, mitigated its evils, have recorded your acquiescence in its speedy and final extinction. The influence of your example will be left far beyond the sphere of your di-
rect control. It has long been evident that the protracted continuation of slavery could only lead to the dissolution of that society, the powers of which were paralysed by its baneful effects. But that transition by which alone a cure could be effected was one of great difficulty, and requiring some courage to undertake. It has been thought by the British Government, that the dangers of this critical operation might be lessened, by an intermediate state of probation; and, in conformity with their suggestion, you have adopted that plan. But this is a part of the subject which will, of course, be open to your subsequent revision. The extreme duration of this period is already fixed; but should you hereafter, in the exercise of your discretion, founded on your observation of the disposition and conduct of the negroes, think that the term of apprenticeship could be either safely diminished, or shortly abrogated, there is no determination which would be hailed with greater satisfaction by the British Government and people; and no one would more rejoice than myself at the last traces being utterly effaced, of that state of things of which I have personally witnessed the inseparable evils. For, notwithstanding the existence of humane regulations and laws of protection, and in spite of the precautions taken by many influential persons (to which I am happy to bear witness) no one who had held any situation during the same period, and who had taken due pains to investigate the real truth, could honestly deny that, occasionally, cases of flagrant abuse of power have been found to exist. I say this from no desire to record the worse traits of an expiring system, but from an anxiety, once again at parting, to impress upon your most serious attention the extreme importance of judicious management during that momentous interval on which we are now entering. Neither for the present tranquillity of the country, nor the future efficiency of its labour, is it to be desired that the weapon of arbitrary punishment should be exercised with undiminished severity, on individual responsibility, up to the last mo-
ment when the law shall abruptly arrest the arm that
wields it.”

In the concluding part of this speech, in expressing
the deep interest which his Lordship took in the suc-
cess of the measure, some allusion was made to the
period when he might feel the satisfaction he then ex-
perienced, in the remembrance of that day elsewhere.
The observation was understood as an intimation of
his intended departure at no distant period, and that
opinion was correct. His Lordship’s health had suf-
f ered materially for the last two or three months, from
incessant fatigue both of mind and body. As a medi-
cal man, I have no hesitation in saying that he would
not have survived six months longer, had he remained
in Jamaica, in the discharge of the duties of his most
arduous office.

There are not wanting, however, persons who have
made some painful efforts in biographical literature,
who assert that his Lordship’s indisposition was feign-
ed, to avoid the disgrace of an impending recall.
Those who are in the habit of ascribing paltry mo-
tives to exalted individuals are seldom qualified to ap-
preciate any other.

Lord Mulgrave took his departure the 15th of March
1834, after a residence of a year and eight months in
Jamaica. His decisions in the Court of Chancery
have given general satisfaction; and even those of the
legal profession, who were opposed to his politics,
acknowledge that in his capacity as Chancellor he
was equalled by very few, if, indeed, by any of his
predecessors.

I have now given you a few of the leading events
in the history of Lord Mulgrave’s government. I be-
lieve I have stated them fairly, and without injustice
to his opponents; and I now leave you to form your
own conclusions of his Lordship’s character, as the
governor of a distracted colony, at a period of almost
phrenzied excitement.

I am, my dear Sir, yours, very truly,

R. R. M.
LETTER XXI.

EARLY HISTORY OF JAMAICA.

To John Davidson, Esq.

Kingston, July 25, 1834.

My dear Sir,

You have been so long in the East, that I need not remind you it is the fashion to commence every narrative with the beginning of the world; therefore, having something to write to you about Jamaica, I go back to the beginning of its colonial existence, to inform you of that which the present condition of its inhabitants, or its improvements, would hardly suggest;—that it has been 325 years a European colony—nearly 180 years an English one—and that, of the 4,000,000 of acres which it contains, hardly one-third is in a state of cultivation. Edwards estimated the unappropriated lands in his time at 2,000,000 of acres. At a period when the island was at the height of its prosperity, there were 767 sugar plantations,* comprising 690,000 acres, and 1000 pens, containing 7000 acres; the remainder of the cultivated land being laid out in coffee, pimento, and provision grounds, leaving upwards of 2,000,000 of waste lands, of which, says Edwards, "not more than one-fourth part is, I imagine, fit for any kind of profitable cultivation, great part of the interior country being both impracticable and inaccessible." These lands are deemed unfit for cultivation, on account of their mountainous situation; but

* In 1670 there were seventy sugar-works in Jamaica; in 1739 there were 429; and in 1768, there were 651.
the mountains of Jamaica, however, are very far from sterile; and there are immense tracts of land in the higher regions of the Blue Mountains, which are utterly unknown to the white people, though the Maroons are said to be acquainted with them, and speak of large tracts of country, which no white man has ever visited. If any good is to be done by emigration to the West Indies, it is only in the mountain districts where there is a chance of its success.

It is hardly to be credited that any considerable portion of an island not inaccessible, and of so small an extent (for Jamaica does not exceed 160 miles in length and 45 in breadth) should remain unknown after being so long in our possession.

The Spaniards never appeared to have attached much importance to Jamaica. It was discovered by Columbus in his second voyage in 1494. He landed at a place to which he gave the name of Santa Gloria, now called St. Anne's Bay. The natives evinced the most determined hostility, hurled javelins at his ships, and approached them with ferocious yells and war-whoops. The admiral despatched the boats ashore well manned and armed; and on landing they let fly a volley of arrows, which killed several of the Indians, and put the terrified body of savages to flight; the Spaniards in pursuit, in the words of Washington Irving, "let loose upon them a dog, who pursued them with sanguinary fury."  *This was the first employment of dogs against human beings;—afterwards used with such frightful effect against the natives of the other islands.

A document discovered in the State-Paper Office, and quoted by Mr. Montgomery Martin, deprives the Earl of Balcarras of a part of the glory which was attached to the introduction of Spanish blood-hounds into a British colony in recent times. The British peer must yield the honours of priority not only to the Governor D'Oyley, as appears from the Jamaica order in question, but also to the mother-country, thirty years before
his Lordship's claim to the merit of the first employment of dogs in our colonies. In 1705 it is stated, in the annual register, that "forty-eight couples of bloodhounds were lately shipped from Bristol for North America, where it is thought they will be very serviceable in finding out the tract of the hostile Indians."

The Jamaica order runs thus:

August 26th, 1659.—"Order issued this day unto Mr. Peter Hugh, treasurer, to pay unto John Hay the sum of twenty pounds sterling out of the impost-money, to pay for fifteen dogs brought by him for the hunting of the negroes." I find in Long's History of Jamaica an account not only of the purchase of dogs, but of the practice of hunting human beings with them. "The English," says Long, "procured some bloodhounds, and hunted these blacks like wild-beasts." This, however, was one hundred and seventy-five years ago. But what will you think of the use of dogs for hunting down negroes so recently as forty years ago, in a British colony, and of a British peer commanding the troops of which the blood-hounds of Cuba are made the comrades, and of a minister of the gospel, in his recent "Annals" of the country they were employed in, speaking in these terms of their use?—"At length, in a lucky moment, it was suggested to work on the well-known fears of the barbarians from Cuba, (erroneously assuming that the rebel negroes were strangers and foreigners): The assistance of habitual chasseurs was procured; who, in the mountains of Basuald and in their country's service, are employed with these trained blood-hounds in the pursuit of the numerous banditti who infest that island."

The lucky moment that suggested the use of dogs for the destruction of human beings is not likely to be forgotten in the annals of Jamaica. But the Rev. Mr. Brydges asserts they were only used to terrify the barbarians, and not to tear them. But if Mr. Brydges will take the trouble to consult Dallas's Maroon war, he will find that on two occasions accidents did occur
with the blood-hounds, and that negroes were the vic-
tims of them. The cry of Lord Balcarras, forsooth, was only "havoc;" but he did not "let slip the dogs of war"—the leash we are told in triumph was never loosed; but if it was not, thanks to the humanity of General Walpole for his forbearance,—to that same brave officer who made the treaty of peace with the Maroons which Lord Balcarras refused to ratify, and who rejected the grant of five hundred guineas for a sword from the Assembly, when its "patriotic perfidy," as Mr. Brydges terms it, sanctioned the rupture of the treaty, and the removal of six hundred persons from the island, to whom the faith of a British officer was pledged for their undisturbed security.

Regarding the employment of dogs in human war-
fare, I apprehend the defensibility of such an atrocity is not a question that will find many advocates in Eu-
rope. But it is curious to see the amiable and pious Dr. Paley appealed to by Bryan Edwards for the propriety of such a proceeding. Poor Dr. Paley never dreamt what an authority he was to become with the planters and colonial parsons; or that a plea for slavery or a pretext for savagery was to be found in his admirable writings. The passage cited by Edwards is one lay-
ing down a general principle, "that if the cause and end of war be justifiable, all the means that are neces-
sary to attend that end are justifiable also." It has been well observed by Dr. Coke, that Paley had in view those modern modes of warfare which have come into use of late years—shells, rockets, red-hot balls, &c.; but that such implements of mischief are in the hands of man against man, and that the service of the horse or the elephant, on a similar principle, might be had recourse to so long as the ferocity of the animal is not called into operation against human beings, and its savagery trained and taught to do mischief to man-
kind. I should like to know what were the feelings of the British soldiers who were associated with the blood-hounds on this occasion, and what were the
deserts of those who offered this outrage to human nature, and this indignity to "the majesty (if we may use the words of a military historian) of a British soldier."

The second visit of Columbus to Jamaica was in 1503, when he was shipwrecked on the northern coast of the island; Long says it is supposed near the place now called Port Maria.

This is probably incorrect: Washington Irving says he first ran his vessels into Puerto Bueno, now called Dry Harbour, and the next day sailed eastward to the harbour now called Don Christopher's Cove. The island he says was found "extremely populous and fertile." A treaty was made with the natives, and not only the footing of the strangers in the island, but the supplying of them with provisions in daily ratios, was purchased by the customary equivalent "knives, combs, beads, fish-hooks, hawks'-bells, and other articles."

I very nearly got drowned in fording a large river in the neighbourhood of Annotto Bay, on my way to the coast in the vicinity of Port Maria in search of the cove where the admiral is said to have remained so many dreary months. A single shower of rain is sufficient to swell these rivers to an extent that it is at the peril of one's life they are crossed. My horse at one time was all but carried down the stream; I felt the horrible sensation of clinging to an animal that is slipping out of his depth, and it was only by a fortunate plunge that he regained his footing. There are a great number of accidents in this way, but if there were ten times the number, I fear it would not induce the people of the different parishes to build bridges. It was only in 1509, fifteen years after the first discovery of the island, that Don Diego Columbus, by his locum tenens Esquivel, settled a Spanish colony here. The Spaniards built three cities,—Sevilla Nueva and Melélla on the north side, and Orestan on the south. St. Jago de la Vega was long subsequently founded.
Long estimates the number of Indians expelled or exterminated, 60,000—and this, too, in the short space of a century and a half; for when Gage visited the island in 1655, the natives were extinct. Peter Martyr declares that the island of Jamaica was inhabited by a race of Indians more enlightened, kind, and gentle, than any its discoverers had met with. All the Spanish writers speak of the native inhabitants of the Bahamas, Cuba, St. Domingo, and Jamaica, as of a distinct race, and of a character wholly different from the savages of the Carib Islands, with whom they were always at war. The three latter islands and Porto Rico, Columbus speaks of as of one common origin, having the same language, institutions, and superstitions. And according to Las Casas, Sir Walter Raleigh, and others, the inhabitants of Trinidad were of the same race, though placed at the southern extremity of the Caribbean Islands, and opposite the coast whence the Carib savages were supposed to come. The antipathy of the Caribs to the natives of the larger islands is said to have descended from their ancestors of Guiana. They considered those of the large islands as a colony of Arowauk Indians of South America, with whom the continental Caribs were continually at war. There is great reason to believe that the fierce Caribs of the Windward Islands were of the same stock as the Galibis of the continent. Even Rochefort, who maintains that they spring from the Apalachian Indians of Florida, acknowledges that a number of their traditions refer to Guiana. Raleigh, in his account of his expedition to Guiana, says the Caribs of that part spoke the language of one of the Windward Islands, Martyr holds the same opinion; and Bryan Edwards, who favours that opinion, says he is even "inclined to adopt the opinion of Hornius and other writers, who ascribe to them an Oriental ancestry from across the Atlantic." On the question of the probable foundation for that opinion, I hope to bring your Oriental experience to bear hereafter.
The Windward Island natives differed entirely in their habits and conformation from those of the large islands—the former were cannibals. Columbus saw the remains of some of their human banquets at Guadaloupe; and the heads and limbs of the recent dead laid by for future repasts. He released some of the victims who had been brought from Porto Rico for the same purpose. Martyr and Herrera confirm the account of their eating human flesh; and Bancroft, in his history of Guiana, says no other tribe of Indians in Guiana eat human flesh but the Caribs. Edwards expresses himself in strange terms on the subject of cannibalism; he seems to regard the predilection for human flesh as one of the easily understood weaknesses of the savage character—"The custom of eating the bodies of those," (says the amiable historian of the West Indies,) "whom they had slain in battle, excites an abhorrence, yet it may be doubted whether this abhorrence does not arise as much from the bias of our education as from the spontaneous and original dictates of our nature." This argument savours marvellously of slavery. Mr. Edwards has elsewhere told us that the negroes who were brought to the West Indies were in most cases captives who had been taken in war, and were saved from death by the happy facility afforded the conquerors of selling their captives into slavery.

Now here it is inferred that the Caribs only eat their enemies because thus they happened to be killed; but as the poor negroes were really captured only to be enslaved, so the poor Indians, it is evident from the account of Columbus, were only captured and killed in order to be eaten. But it is as difficult a task to mitigate the character of cannibalism, as it is to defend the crimes of slavery. The native population of Jamaica, when the Spaniards took possession of the island, is estimated, as I have stated, by Long at 60,000; that of St. Domingo, when discovered by Columbus, Oviedo says amounted to a million. Martyr
exceeds that estimate by two hundred thousand, and most of the Spanish writers agree with him. Within a century these millions were utterly exterminated. When Sir Francis Drake made a descent on St. Domingo in 1685, the native Indians were extinct:—when Penn and Venables made the conquest of Jamaica in 1655, there was not a native in existence. The work of extermination went on equally quick in the other islands. Fifteen years posterior to the discovery of St. Domingo, Robertson says the inhabitants were reduced from a million to 60,000; and forty-three posterior to that event Oviedo mentions that when he himself was on the spot, "there were not left alive above 500." The drain on the population of the larger islands was supplied from the smaller for some time, the Court of Spain having given permission, according to Martyr, to seize and transport the natives of the Lacayos or Bahamas, to St. Domingo, to work for life in the mines of that country. Before you suffer your English indignation to break forth into any anathema on that infamous court, which sanctioned such an outrage on the rights of an unoffending people, pause, I pray you, and call to your recollection the similar permission that was given by the Court of England to seize the unoffending inhabitants of Africa, and transport them to our own colonies. But "the conquest of the New World was" only "effected (if Edwards is to be credited) by the murder of ten millions of the species!"—The cultivation of the colonial part of it has been effected (if Montgomery Martin is to be depended on) by the robbery of the rights of thirty millions of the inhabitants of Africa!

I am, my dear Sir,
Your, very truly,

R. R. M.
LETTER XXII.

ORIENTAL ORIGIN OF THE CARIBS AND OTHER INDIANS OF THE NEW WORLD.

To John Davidson, Esq. Kingston, July 29, 1834.

My dear Sir,

Every account I have met of the manners and customs of the Caribs, and other natives of these islands, at the time of their discovery, reminds me so forcibly of the East, that I have been induced to make a memorandum of those coincidences which appear to me most singular.

If we admit the Oriental origin of these Indians, the first impression will be, that Africa must be the country from which they came; but the more we inquire into this subject (conjectural as all the knowledge must be that can be brought to bear upon it) the more we shall be induced to think that the chain of communication from east to west, if, indeed, the communication did exist, and there appears to be strong arguments in favour of its existence, is to be traced from Asia to America, along the southern chain of the intervening islands of the Pacific. Edwards, who believed that the Old World was partially peopled from the New, was of opinion that the argument in favour of this Eastern origin of the natives of these islands applied only to the Caribs. The Caribs and the Malays, indeed, in character, customs, and superstitions, have a most singular resemblance to each other; while, to the South Sea Islanders, the diversity of language, and difference of character of the Caribs and the Indians of the great
Antilles, and, indeed, of all the tribes of the new continent, oppose many difficulties to the supposition of their common origin; but there is more reason to regard them as the scattered tribes of a common stock, than as different varieties of the human race. Humboldt, speaking of the various tribes of South America, mentions fourteen tribes, including the Caribbees and the Arrawawks (from whom the natives of the larger West India Islands were supposed to have sprung), nine or ten of which tribes consider themselves as of a race entirely different; but, continues Humboldt, "we shall presently see that they seem to belong to the same stock, and that they exhibit, in their grammatical forms, those intimate affinities which, compared with languages more known, connect the Greek, the German, the Prussian, and the Sanscrit." Elsewhere, speaking of the American tribes, he says, "We observe in the men of copper-hue a moral inflexibility, a steadfast perseverance in habits and manners, which, though modified in each tribe, characterize the whole race. These dispositions are found under every climate, from the equator to Hudson’s Bay on the one hand, and to the Straits of Magellan on the other." His remarks on the striking analogies of the grammatical construction of the various American languages, and on the strange conformity in the structure of languages on spots so distant and among three races of men so different as the white Cantabrians, the black Congos, and the copper-coloured Americans, are very important, as they tend to strengthen the opinion of the descent of the Indians from one common stock, and that stock it would seem of an Oriental origin. That no vessel ever returned from America before that of Columbus is very probable; but that barks or vessels may have reached America, and have been prevented by the constantly prevailing winds and currents, from returning, is more than probable. In Hakluyt’s collection of Travels, the honour of the first discovery of America, about the year 1170, on rather doubtful authority,
is given to the Welsh. A few years ago some manuscript charts were found in St. Mark's library, with an account of the voyages of one Sanudo, a great Venetian navigator, dated 1480, by which it would appear that the West India Islands, and even the northern shores of America, were known near a century before the discoveries of Columbus. Spanish writers have even asserted that Columbus undertook his voyage of discovery after having previously received information of the Western World from a tempest-tost pilot who had died in his house, bequeathing him written accounts of an unknown voyage in the West, upon which he had been driven by adverse winds. But Washington Irving designates this and other similar accounts, as "attempts to cast a shade upon his fame, which had been diligently examined and refuted."

The voyages of the early navigators are little known. The Phœnicians and Carthaginians, it is admitted, had early discovered the Azores and Canary Islands. The celebrated expedition of Hanno, about 250 years before our era, is said to have approached within five degrees of the Line, while the fleets of Solomon are said to have proceeded from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean; but which, like Herodotus's account of Pharo Neco's expedition by the Cape of Good-Hope, is objected to by Robertson on the ground of the ignorance of Ptolemy, and later geographers of the southern coast of Africa. But the importance of this objection appears to be overrated, when it is recollected, that in a shorter time than elapsed between Pharo Neco and Ptolemy, arts and sciences, of greater importance to the Egyptians than discoveries of remote and barbarous countries, were wholly lost. The navigation, however, along the coast of Africa there is good reason to suppose was well known in ancient times, and taking into consideration the course of the prevailing winds and currents, and the probability in bad weather of coasting vessels being driven out to sea in stress of weather; it is evident, once within the influence of the trade winds,
they would most likely be carried to the West Indies. Diodorus Siculus relates that some Phoenicians were driven by a tempest beyond the pillars of Hercules, and were ultimately carried to an island of the richest verdure. Roger Bacon is said to have "pointed with the finger of prophecy to the probability of the existence of the Western World," which was not discovered till 200 years afterwards. The distance between the Old and the New World, where the Atlantic is narrowest, between Greenland and Europe, is upwards of a thousand miles, and opening thence to the south-west spreads to a breadth of 4170 miles.

From Cape de Verd, on the coast of Africa to Barbadoes, the exact distance I am informed by Captain Coul is 2400 miles; and from the Cape de Verd Islands to Barbadoes 2100,—a distance which, at the moderate rate of five miles an hour, might with the prevailing wind and tide be easily accomplished in a fortnight, and which a steamer at the present day might perform within ten days. The magnitude of the voyage across the Atlantic, considering the frail vessels and slender knowledge of navigation in ancient times, is one of the objections to the argument in question, that much stress is laid on. But it is difficult to conceive any coasting vessel, however ill contrived or badly provided, which, if blown off the coast, might not have been drifted to the West Indies. A vessel, bound to Teneriffe, has been driven by the prevailing winds to La Guayra; another vessel bound for the Canaries has been taken to Trinidad by stress of weather. Columbus found a stern-post of a large vessel on his arrival at St. Domingo. Casualties in modern times have carried vessels to the shores and islands of America; similar accidents may have carried the canoes of natives of Africa to the Windward Islands or the galleys of the Phoenician and Carthaginian settlers on its shores to the continent of the New World. The probability is not only that such accidents did take place, but that in so brief a period even
of coasting navigation on the shores of those African colonies as twenty years, such casualties must have occurred; but, nevertheless, fifty such casualties might have occurred, and not a female have been aboard the vessels that were drifted to the New World. The probability is there would not. In this case the population of the New World is inexplicable; but even if there had been, it would still remain to show that the copper-coloured Indians* of America and the neighbouring islands, whether Caribs or other Indian natives, were of the same race as the dusky inhabitants of Africa or the civilized Phenician and Carthaginian settlers on its shores. In the absence of any authentic account either of negroes or white people being found in America by the first discoverers, it may be reasonably inferred that the population of the New World was antecedent to the arrival of any settlers or natives of Africa who may have been carried to its shores. It is asserted, I think by Martyr, that some negroes were seen on the southern coast of America by the first discoverers, whose origin was unknown, and their existence there could never be accounted for; but the account, so far as I know, is not confirmed by any other writer.

Some of the Spanish historians assert that the first navigators saw white men with fair hair at the promontory of Paria. Ferdinand Columbus adds, "They wore round their heads a striped cotton handkerchief. Humboldt expresses his surprise that the people of these regions should wear such a head-dress. Comarra, speaking of the natives of Cumana seen by Columbus, says, las donzellaz eran amorosas desnudas y blancas (las de la casa); los Indios que van al campo estan negros del sol.

The accounts of Ferdinand Columbus drawn from his father's papers respecting the white people of Paria

* The Pariagotoes (says Humboldt) are of a brown-red, as are the Caribbees, the Chaymas, and almost all the nations of the New World.
are in these words: "The admiral was surprised to see the inhabitants of Paria and those of the island of Trinidad better made, more civilized, and whiter than the natives which he had till then seen." But if the population of America ever received any accession from the shores of Africa, it is evident from the wide difference between both races, that the origin of the population of the New World is not to be sought in Africa. Bullock, in alluding to the splendid ruins of Tezcuco in Mexico, and the undescribed remains of its ancient monuments, speaks of the people coeval with these structures, as "existing and flourishing long before the continent of America was known to Europe, a people whose customs, religion, and architecture strongly resembled those of an enlightened nation of Africa, which may be said to have ceased to exist twenty years before the continent was discovered." If the country is alluded to which derived its arts and architecture especially from the continent of Asia, and the antiquity of whose structure recedes as we advance from Egypt to Hindostan, the resemblance of its earliest monuments to those of Mexico, the models of which were exhibited in England a few years ago, is indeed most striking; and specimens of the sculpture of the latter might be almost mistaken for facsimiles of Nubian Egyptian figures. More stress, however, is laid on points of analogy in language than of coincidence in architectural style or sculptural resemblances in similar inquiries. We are informed by Humboldt that "the great variety of languages still spoken in the kingdom of Mexico proves a great variety of nations and origins." He enumerated twenty different Indian languages, the most part of which, far from being dialects of the same, are at least as different from one another as the Greek and the German, or the French and the Polish. But notwithstanding the variety, he concludes his account of the various dialects with these words: "We think we perceive that they all descend from the same stock, notwithstanding the enormous
diversity of language which separates them from one another."

When he speaks of the frequent communications between Acapulco and the Philippine Islands, he admits that many individuals of Asiatic origin, both Chinese and Malay, have settled in New Spain. "In asserting," he adds that, "the Toultee Indians are an Asiatic race, it is not maintaining that all the Americans came originally from Thibet or Oriental Siberia." De Guignes attempted to prove by the Chinese Annals that they visited America posterior to 458; and Hornius, in his historical researches respecting the New World, and more recent writers, have made it appear extremely probable that old relations existed between Asia and America. The Toultees he surmises had a Chinese origin, and alludes to some analogy between the languages of Tartary and those of the new continent. But it is between the Esquimaux of America and those of Asia (the Tschongazes,) notwithstanding the enormous distance of eight hundred leagues which separates them, who, according to Humboldt, "are united by the most intimate analogy of language, that the connexion of the people of the two worlds is most evident. This analogy," he says, "extends, as has been recently proved in the most evident manner, even to the inhabitants of the north-east of Asia." But though northern Asia may be referred to as the most probable point of communication with Greenland, and the origin of the Esquimaux be traced to that part of the Old World, if the peopling of the whole continent is ascribed to that northern origin, the supposition will be found encumbered with difficulties which it will be impossible to surmount.

"If we assert," says the Abbé Raynal, "that the Greenlanders first came from Norway, and then went over the coast of Labrador, others will tell us it is more natural to suppose that the Greenlanders are sprung from the Esquimaux, to whom they bear a greater resemblance than to the Europeans. If we
should suppose that California was peopled from Kamchata, it may be asked what motive or what chance could have led the Tartars to the north-west of Africa. Can we conceive that in America the torrid zone can have been peopled from one of the frozen zones? Population will indeed spread from north to south, but it must naturally have sprung from the equator, where life is cherished by a genial climate.” But if we suppose the first visitants of the New World from Southern Asia, or at least those which peopled the southern continent of America, whether Malays or Chinese, who might have advanced in the course of ages from island to island of the Southern Ocean till they reached the Southern continent of America, or the Caribbean Islands, what climate could they find more similar to their own or more congenial to them?

From the strong resemblance between the Caribs and Malays, the striking analogies between the manners and customs that prevail amongst the Indians in the Western World, and those of the inhabitants of Oriental countries, with the customs of which I am myself familiar,—it is difficult to conceive any other than a common origin for the southern nations of each, whose character and ancient customs and superstitions have so much resemblance.

But what similarity, it may be asked, is there between the Caribs and the Esquimaux, or the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands and those of Greenland? so little, indeed, that it is almost impossible to conceive any length of time, any modification of climate, any influence of national customs, or local peculiarities sufficient to account for the violent transition of the ferocious character, the muscular conformation, the swarthy complexion, the predatory habits, and even cannibal propensities of the Carib of the Windward Island, into the timid nature, the diminutive stature, the whitish-brown complexion,* the lank, black hair, the

* “Their skin is very characteristic of their race—it is originally whitish. It is certain that the children of the Greenlanders are born white.”—HUMBOLDT.
hyperborean attachment to the sea-coasts, the chief dependence for food on employment as fishermen, and the patient endurance of hunger and fatigue of the Esquimaux. Foster's researches on the origin of this people are as conclusive as the result of any inquiries can be (grounded on similar analogies,) of the identity of the Greenlanders and the Norwegians.

It cannot be forgotten, however, that the authority of Dr. Robertson is against the opinion of any Eastern communication with America, either by design or accident. "Such events," he says, alluding to the drifting of vessels from the Old World to the New, "are barely possible, and may have happened; but that they ever did happen, we have no testimony, either from the clear testimony of history or the obscure intimations of tradition."

I have already stated the grounds for believing that such events not only are possible, but highly probable; but the latter part of the observation admits of no denial.

The Abbé Raynal entertains an opinion on this subject by no means in conformity with the diluvian accounts of sacred history, and, indeed, not much in conformity with the speculations of any modern writer; namely that the old inhabitants of America, at the period of the Deluge, "took refuge upon the Alpachian mountains"—"and we must allow" he continues, "in spite of all objections, that America was peopled from the wretched remains of this great devastation." And again speaking of the natives of America he continues; "All circumstances confirm the opinion that they did not proceed from any foreign hemisphere, with which they have no kind of affinity that can indicate an immediate descent." Now my notion of the Eastern origin of the Indians is grounded wholly on the great affinity I find between the Indians, the Carib race, (especially as I find it described by the Spanish historians of the sixteenth century, and other writers of authority of a more recent date,) and those
of the Eastern tribes which are still in existence on the south-west shores of Asia, as well as those of an Egyptian and Ethiopic origin.

AFFINITIES IN THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS, SUPERSTITIONS, ARTS, CHARACTER, AND HISTORICAL TRADITIONS OF THE NATIVES OF AMERICA AND THOSE OF THE EAST.

AMERICAN NATIONS.
1. The Caribs were in the habit of chewing betel prepared with calcined shells.—*Vide Mar
 tyr's Decad.*

2. Un soupçon d'infidélité bien ou mal fondé suffit sans autre formalité pour les mettre (the Caribs) en droit de leur casser la tête : cela est un peu sauvage à la vérité, mais c'est un frein bien propre pour retenir les femmes dans leur devoir! —*Père Labat.*

3. The dead were buried by the Caribs in a bent posture, with the knees to the chin.—*Du Tertre.*

4. The lamentations of the Caribs for the dead were accompanied with gashes made in the flesh; cutting the hair short was also practised by mourners.—*Edwards.*

5. On the death of a Cacique, the most beloved of his wives were immolated at his funeral.—*Martyr.*

ORIENTAL NATIONS.
1. At all times of the day, and even in the night, the Indians chew the leaves of the betel. There is constantly mixed with it the chinam, a kind of burnt lime made of shells.—*Heynal's Account of Ceylon.*

2. One would think the worthy father had been educated in a medressah of the Turkish capital, and had seen and sanctioned the punishment of inconstancy with the sack. He speaks with such complacency of the beneficial results of a similar barbarity.

3. The Nasamones, we are told by Herodotus, buried their dead in a similar manner.

4. Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of your beards: ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print any mark upon you.—*Levit. ch. xix.*

5. The Negroes of the Gold Coast "tell me that whenever a great man expires, several of his wives and a great many of his slaves are sacrificed at his funeral."—*Edwards.*
AMERICAN NATIONS.

6. The Caribs, on the death of a warrior, offered some of his captive slaves in sacrifice.—Purchas.
7. The Magicians or Boyez of the Caribs wounded themselves with gashes when performing their devotions.—Du Tertre.
8. One of the Carib notions of future punishment is captivity with their enemies.
9. The high altar of the great temple of Mexico was a pyramid.
10. When a Cacique died, his body was disembowelled and the orifice closed. It was then put into a kind of oven, and heated so as rather to dry than shrivel the skin and muscles.—Herrera.
11. The Caribs were forbidden the use of certain meats, the peccary or Mexican hog, turtle, &c.—Rochefort.
12. The use of depilatory powders was general in the Caribbean Islands.—Du Tertre.
13. Polygamy was common among all the Indians. The chief of Paraguay had thirty wives.
14. The Magistrates of the Indians were the old men of the community.—Coke.
15. The wives of the Caribs were not allowed to eat in the presence of their husbands.
16. The Carib women devoted

ORIENTAL NATIONS.

6. Then last of all, and horrible to tell, Sad sacrifice! twelve Trojan captives fell.—Iliad.
7. The whirling dervishes of Stamboul still do the same in the fervour of their religious enthusiasm.
8. The couch of the wicked shall be in hell with the infidels, and a grievous couch it shall be.—The Koran.
9. The quadrangular pyramid was the symbol of immortality, not only amongst the Egyptians, but with the Indians and Chinese.—Brydges.
10. The first part of this mode of embalming was practised by the Egyptians, and is described by Herodotus. The desiccation of the body was effected by a slower process than by the oven.
11. The prohibition of the flesh of swine by the Mosaic and Mahometan law.
12. A powder of this sort, one of the ingredients of which is quick-lime, is in general use in the Levant.
13. The plurality of wives prevails in almost all the countries of the East: the law of Islam allows four; the sultan is unlimited.
14. The sheiks el belled of Egypt, chosen from the aged inhabitants of the towns.
15. The custom still prevails among the Turks, the Levantines, and the Egyptians.
16. Park’s account of the occu-
17. The Carib youth at puberty underwent a sort of ordeal, in which cruelties were practised to test his courage; the ceremony terminated in feasting.

18. The Bolitoe or priests of the Caribs were physicians and jugglers as well as priests. Columbus relates the detection of a tube in a hollow statue of one of these divinities by his sailors, for the purpose of deceiving the people with sounds pretended to be oracular.

19. The Caribs supposed the Supreme Being left the world to the guidance of malignant spirits.

20. The Zemi, or idols of the Caribs, were generally representations of noxious animals and frightful monsters; many of these in terra cotta are found in the islands. The great Mexican Deity disturbed by Bullock, the trunk that of a human creature, the members represented serpents, the drapery wreathed snakes, the feet made to represent the claws of a tiger; it is a colossal statue hewn out of one solid block of basalt.—See Bullock's Mexico.

21. The Indian Coyaba, a place where tranquillity was enjoyed in communion with former friends in secluded gardens watered with pleasant streams, while the Carib notion of mi-
AMERICAN NATIONS.

Military glory and savage recreation predominated in their paradise.—P. Columbus.

22. The Caribs had innumerable deities, but one supreme being whom they called Jorahuma; for the habitation of his father and mother they assigned the sun and moon. Rochefort says the insular Caribs had no name for the deity—"they considered the earth their good and bountiful parent."—Rochefort and Du Tertre.

23. The father, on the birth of his first son, observed a most rigorous fast.—Laftan.

24. When the master of a family died, he was buried in the centre of his own dwelling, which was then abandoned by his family, and another house was erected at some distance.—Laftan.

25. The Caribs allowed not their slaves and captives to wear their hair long.—Du Tertre.

26. Both sexes painted their bodies red. They scored their features, and painted black circles round the eyes; perfoated their nostrils, and inserted bones of fish, parrots’ feathers; and fragments of tortoise-shell.

ORIENTAL NATIONS.

and the gratification of revengeful passions.

22. The Egyptians, with all idols, acknowledged one Supreme Being, whom they worshipped under a multiplicity of forms. Isis and Osiris were the emblems of the sun and moon. These, according to Dupuis, were the two chief deities of the Egyptians; La Pluché regards Horus Apollo as the deity under whose form the Earth was worshipped.

23. Laftan refers this custom to an Asiatic origin, and says it is still practised in Japan.

24. This singular custom, I almost doubted, oriental. Plato, however, alludes to it; and Potter says—"The primitive Grecians were buried in places prepared for that purpose, in their own houses."

25. The Egyptian captives are generally represented divested of hair, except the tuft, by which they are held by the victors. "In those cities of Greece where they let their hair grow long, for a servant to have long hair was an unpardonable offence."—Potter.

26. The male Egyptian figures are usually painted red. Scoring of the features prevails all over Africa. Both Turks and Egyptians use an antimonial pigment to stain their eyelids and eyebrows, The Alme beautify themselves still more, by boring holes in their nostrils, and hanging a large ring therefrom.
27. The Caribs wore the teeth of their enemies as trophies, strung together.

28. At the court of Montezuma, none could enter the palace, either to serve the king or to confer with him, without taking off his shoes at the gate. —Ancient Spanish MS.

29. The Nabobs of India are carried thus on their palanquins. But it is not every nobility whose shoulders can bear the weight of royalty.

30. When Montezuma went abroad, he was carried on a litter, covered with a rich canopy, on the shoulders of his nobles.—Same MS.

30. The cloth on which the Mexicans painted was made of the threads of the Mauguey, an American aloe, macerated, stretched and smoothed.

31. Human sacrifices were made in Mexico to an enormous extent: 20,000 a year, says the bishop of Mexico, Zumarrago; 50,000 we are told by Gomara.

31. Aristomones, the Messenian, sacrificed 300 men, among whom was Theopompos, one of the kings of Sparta, to Jupiter.—Potter’s Antiquities.

32. The splendid ruins of Tezcuco, and the pieces of sculpture described by Bullock as the remains of an ancient city, that flourished long before the continent of America was known to Europe, near which were found the pyramids, the models of which were exhibited in England.

32. The head-gear of the Egyptian statues, similar to that of the Mexican idols, of which Mr. Bullock has given drawings; the figures of terra cotta, found in the Theban tombs, in number and workmanship equalled by similar ones of burnt earth, found in the Mexican ruins.

33. The pyramids of the sun, near Otumba, surrounded by a system of smaller pyramids. Mr. Bullock, on ascending the largest, observed the terrace covered with a coat of red cement, eight or ten inches thick,

33. The pyramids at Ghiza have a similar distribution of smaller structures. Herodotus says, the granite-coating of the walls was brought from Ethiopia; yet this granite-coating turns out to be a red cement, part
American nations.

Over a surface of thirty-eight feet wide.

34. Dr. Olearia makes the height of the largest 171 feet; length of the base, 649; while Humboldt describes the great pyramid of Cheops, in height 172 feet, and length of base 1356, — a square four times the dimensions of the Place Vendome, covered with a heap of bricks twice the elevation of the Louvre. A great analogy exists between these brick monuments and the temple of Belus, at Babylon, and the pyramids in Egypt.—Humboldt.

35. The idea of a universal deluge prevails among almost all the tribes of the Upper Oroonoko. When the Tamanacks are asked how the human race survived this great deluge, the age of water of the Mexicans, they say a man and a woman saved themselves on a high mountain called Tamanacu.—Humboldt.

Oriental nations.

Of which coating is yet on the exterior.

34. The perpendicular height of the greater pyramid at Ghiza, I have elsewhere stated, is 456 feet, and the base is 684 feet; while, of the great pyramid, the perpendicular height is 600 feet, and the base 728 feet. The base of this pyramid occupies eleven acres of ground, and measures 480,000 feet—an area little less in extent than that of the whole of Lincoln's Inn Fields.

35. The Chinese and Egyptians, as well as the Hebrews, had a belief in the destruction of the ancient world by a deluge. Thus, says Humboldt, "we find, in all its simplicity, among nations now savage, a tradition which the Greeks have embellished with all the charms of imagination."

Such are "the ancient traditions of the human race, which," in the eloquent language of Humboldt, "we find dispersed over the whole surface of the globe, like the relics of a vast shipwreck on the ocean." They display everywhere the same aspect, and preserve features of resemblance which astonish us.

I think you will find some points of analogy in the preceding pages. Your knowledge of the people, and of the monuments of both hemispheres, will doubtless enable you to put them in a clearer light than I have done.

I will not occupy your time any further, than while I repeat my conviction that the Caribs and Indians of
America are of an Asiatic origin; that the South Sea Islanders are intimately connected with the superstitions and customs of the Indians, as well as the Malays, which people they strongly resemble; and that it is to that continuous group of islands, from the Malaccas to the south-east coast of America, we must direct our attention, when we hazard a conjecture on the subject of an early communication between the New and the Old World.

I am, my dear Sir, ...

Yours, very truly,

R. R. M.

END OF VOL. I.